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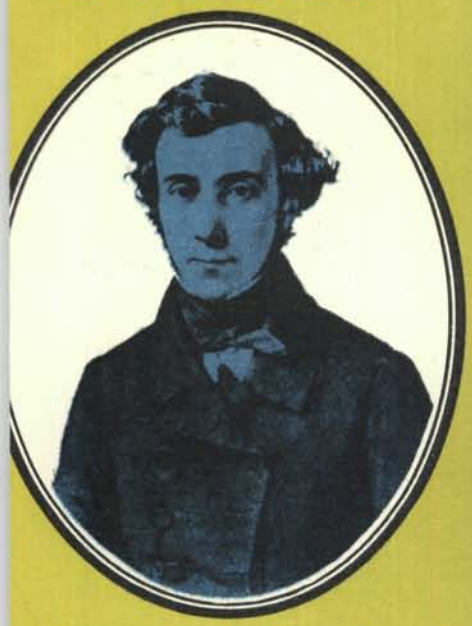

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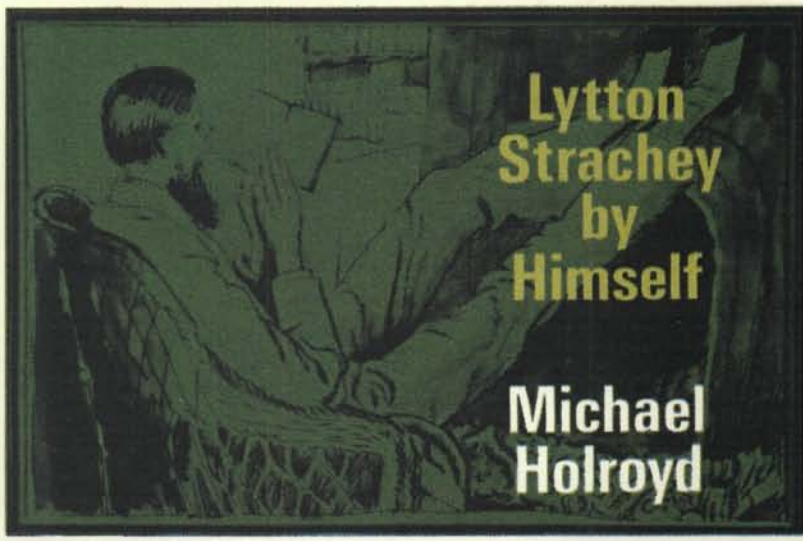

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Yours sincerely,

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* *This is the text of a personal letter from the Editors of* ENCOUNTER *which is being sent to every* ENCOUNTER *subscriber in Britain, America, and elsewhere.*

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John Grigg

Irish Crossroads

THE TRAGEDY of Ireland is that it has never been properly conquered. Even the Gaels established no more than an ascendancy over the prehistoric inhabitants. The Romans never attempted to conquer the island. The Norsemen were unable to master it and the Normans only nibbled at it. The Tudors ultimately failed to impose their religious settlement, and the Cromwellian régime was too brief to be effective. Finally, the attempt to combine Ireland with Great Britain in a legislative union had to be abandoned after more than a century of bitterness and frustration.

To lament the absence in Irish history of a thoroughgoing conquest such as many other countries have experienced at least once, and often to their lasting benefit, is not to overlook the wretched fact of Ireland's chronic subjection to foreigners, which has perhaps been all the more painful for being incomplete. The Irish have neither been allowed to remain what they were nor compelled to become something else. They have been left in an ambivalent state, both politically and psychologically. The territory of Ireland is divided and so, more profoundly, are the minds of most Irishmen. Their national identity exists—only a fool could doubt it—but it is a singularly complex identity which will never cease to bewilder and bedevil those who seek easy answers to the Irish Question.

Some patriots would have us believe that Ireland was once a united nation, but this was true only in the cultural sense, and anyway a thousand years and more ago. In the Golden Age when Irish saints and scholars were shedding their light over Western Europe, chieftains who ruled the different parts of Ireland seldom owed more than a formal allegiance to the so-called High King, and he was in any case just one of them who happened to achieve a temporary pre-eminence. Even the great Brian Boru was resisted by many as a usurper. Personal feuds have remained, to the present day, a notable feature of Irish politics. The disastrous civil war which marked the inauguration of the Irish Free State was, so far as the leaders were concerned, as much a clash of personalities as of principles; and the same could be said of the more recent events in Northern Ireland, which led to the fall of Captain O'Neill.

IRELAND'S IMPORTANCE is out of all proportion to its size partly because of its strategic position and partly because the Irish diaspora has an influence in the Western world second only to that of Jewry. When Ireland is in a state of crisis (as it is once again at the present moment) the world takes notice and people far and near contribute thoughts on the subject with an enthusiasm and earnestness not always

JOHN GRIGG *is a freelance journalist who was editor of the "National & English Review" for six years and a regular columnist in "The Guardian" for seven (1960-67). As Lord Altrincham he did not apply for a writ of summons to the House of Lords, and disclaimed the title in 1963. He is working on a biography of Lloyd George.*

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matched by any obvious solicitude for factual truth.

Bias, of course, enters into all human assessments, but it seems peculiarly difficult for anyone, Irish or non-Irish, to take a dispassionate view of Irish affairs. The most that can be attempted is an assessment free from deliberate inaccuracy or distortion, with the author making, at the outset, a clean breast of anything in his dossier which might be liable to give him a bias.

In my own case the essential facts are these. My native links with Ireland are rather tenuous, but they give me the satisfaction of collateral kinship with Edmund Burke. My father drafted the speech which King George V delivered at the opening of the Northern Ireland Parliament on June 22nd, 1921, in which he said:

> I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and forget, and to join in making for the land they love a new era of peace, contentment and goodwill. . . .

My wife is a Northern Protestant, educated at Trinity College, Dublin; my father-in-law, also a Trinity graduate, an Ulster businessman of conspicuously moderate views; my brother-in-law a barrister now attached, as a junior counsel, to the Scarman Tribunal. The only other thing worth mentioning is that I am very conscious, as an Englishman, of my country's on the whole deplorable record in Ireland, although irritated when past events are judged by moral standards not applicable at the time.

Three in One

ONE OF THE FEW uncontroversial statements that can be made about Ireland is that it is an island, less than half the size of Great Britain and smaller even than Cuba, but larger than Hispaniola (which is also, incidentally, partitioned) and larger than Ceylon.

There are two striking facts about Ireland's place on the map. First, it lies athwart the Western sea approaches to Great Britain, while Britain in turn intervenes massively between Ireland and the Continent of Europe. Secondly, by far the closest part of Ireland to Britain is the north-east corner, the channel between Fair Head in County Antrim and the Mull of Kintyre in Argyllshire being considerably narrower than the English Channel at Dover, and the crossing from Stranraer to Larne being decidedly shorter than the only comparable ones further south: Dublin to Holyhead and Rosslare to Fishguard. It is only natural that the people who inhabit north-eastern Ireland should bear a Scottish, rather than a southern Irish, imprint.

The Irish community consists of three elements—the original Gaelic Irish, the Scotch Irish (also, of course, Celts) and the Anglo-Irish. The last-named are different from the other two, in that they have no solid geographical base. They are spread thinly throughout the whole of Ireland, having a very significant economic hold in the Republic and an appreciable (but diminishing) political hold in Ulster. Socially, their outlook is varied, at one end of the scale recalling the aloofness of the Ascendancy (English accents, children sent to school in England, very little social contact with the "natives"), at the other achieving a degree of integration which has not infrequently turned Anglo-Irishmen into Irish super-patriots. Such characters were much in evidence during the final, successful revolt against British rule, which coincided with a period of over-ripe Romanticism and a rather frenzied search for secular ideals by the English intelligentsia. Incontestably, the Anglo-Irish have been a highly creative, (as well as an oppressive and, occasionally, destructive) element in Ireland, but their special flavour was so well caught by James Morris in the October issue of ENCOUNTER that no more need be said of them here.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH are concentrated, for obvious reasons, in the north-east of the country, which had been settled and permeated by Scotsmen long before James I's "Plantation of Ulster"—an event which has been given an exaggerated status in history, comparable with the Balfour Declaration.[1] When Scotland became a largely Protestant country it was likely, in any case, that the part of Ireland nearest to Scotland would gradually acquire a Protestant character. What happened was in the nature of things; it was not just a consequence of royal caprice. But the causes are less important than the fact itself, which is that about a million Protestants of Scottish descent (half of them Pres-

[1] The area "planted" in 1609 did not include the counties of Antrim and Down, which are now the heartland of Protestant Ulster.

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byterians) occupy the north-eastern corner of Ireland, manifesting, as is only to be expected, such distinctively Scottish traits as industry, probity and thrift, as well as a number of other qualities and defects absorbed from their environment. They have never been loved by the autochthonous Irish in their vicinity, although until the 19th century they were also in general ill-disposed towards the Crown and the Anglican Ascendancy. Many emigrated to the New World where they provided an élite cadre in the struggle for American independence.[2] In 1798 several thousand Presbyterian farmers joined with Catholics in the great Irish rebellion of that year, but after the Act of Union in 1800 the Ulster Protestants were reconciled (by special favours) to the Crown and with the growth of the Catholic-dominated national movement in the South the situation that we see today slowly crystallised. The economic, social and religious separateness of the Scotch-Irish community is, moreover, accentuated by the lie of the land. The Border is a natural frontier, as anyone who travels from Dublin to Belfast by road or rail can see. Further west the line of hills gives way to a line of lakes. From earliest times Ulster was a place apart; so even on the landward side historical developments in recent centuries have been conditioned by the facts of geography.

BUT EASILY THE LARGEST ELEMENT in the Irish population—about 3.3 million—are descendants of the Gaelic race which established itself in Ireland before the birth of Christ. Roughly 2.9 million of these "Irish" Irish live in what is now the Republic of Ireland, where they constitute an overwhelming majority; the rest (apart from the migrant communities) live in what is now Northern Ireland, where they form a large, unassimilated minority. The have remained marvellously true to the Church of Rome, in spite of the strongest worldly inducements to turn Protestant; and until the 19th century most of them communicated with each other in the Irish language.[3] They are a very gifted people, but the circumstances of their history have left many of them with a resigned, even feckless, attitude to life and a marked lack of ambition. This is above all true of the peasantry. After the Anglo-Irish landlords were bought out during the closing decades of British rule, Ireland (apart from the industrial North) became what it still remains—predominantly a nation of peasant proprietors farming small, uneconomic holdings. Among the nations of Western Europe only Greece and Portugal have a larger percentage of their people working on the land;[4] and in spite of recent attempts to promote industrialisation in the Republic only Greece has a smaller percentage of its manpower engaged in industry. In Northern Ireland the "Irish" have to some extent been treated as second-class citizens, but they have always been perfectly free to vote in Parliamentary elections and (if they were rate-payers) in local elections. They have also enjoyed material advantages not available to their kith and kin south of the Border and have, as a result, tended to develop a slightly less conservative outlook. The impetus for radical change in Ireland as a whole comes largely from Catholics (lapsed or otherwise) in Ulster.

YET FOR ALL THEIR DIFFERENCES and divisions the people of Ireland have vital characteristics in common. The country has a potent, mysterious effect upon all who live there. The Irish, North and South, Protestant and Catholic, are notably God-fearing, quarrelsome, talkative and convivial. They are much addicted to symbolism and theory, even to fantasy.[5] Whereas Englishmen find it hard to recognise

[2] It is estimated that ten American Presidents have been of Scotch-Irish stock, including the admirable Andrew Jackson and the not so admirable Woodrow Wilson.

[3] The language was virtually knocked out by the combined effects of the Famine and British-imposed State education. Strenuous and costly efforts to revive it in modern times have so far met with only a limited degree of success. Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator"—himself an Irish speaker—felt that the Irish language was a barrier to progress.

[4] Greece, 50.1%; Portugal, 32.3%; Ireland, 29.6%; Italy, 22.5%; France, 15.8%; Denmark, 13.1%; West Germany, 10.2%; United Kingdom, 3.1% (1967 figures).

[5] Irish qualities and defects are often enhanced by the stimulus of liquor. The number of pubs per head of the population is much higher in both parts of Ireland than in Great Britain. It is a tenable view that the rebel cause in 1798 was lost through the influence of drink. Samuel Neilson, sent to alert the rebel colonels in Dublin on May 23rd, succumbed to "his old weakness," and when he emerged from the pub of his choice "had lost all sense of direction and had even forgotten the purpose of his mission. . . ." Thomas Packenham, *The Year of Liberty* (1969).

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a general principle even when it stares them in the face, Irishmen are perhaps rather too ready to discern one, and to fight for it. By the same token they have a very pronounced, often fatal, distaste for compromise. But the strongest bond of all among Irishmen consists in their deep love of Ireland and their suspicion of all foreigners, especially Englishmen.

Traditions of Violence

NOT ONCE OR TWICE, but almost invariably, in our rough island story the path of violence has been the only way to freedom—or even to ameliorative reform—for a subject people. Ireland is an outstanding case in point. The concessions made by the British Government towards the end of the 18th century, although much less than were needed to meet Irish grievances, were only made because a large native force had been brought into being to resist a possible foreign invasion during the War of American Independence. These original Irish Volunteers, raised to fight foreigners, were in fact used to blackmail the British Government. As someone said at the time: "England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth and they have sprung up armed men."

In the 19th century, force—actual and threatened—proved again to be the only effective weapon. Catholic emancipation was granted in 1829 because the Duke of Wellington (Prime Minister at the time, and the greatest Anglo-Irishman of his day) thought it was the only alternative to civil war. Later in the century far-reaching land reform was undertaken under the pressure of agrarian crime. Finally, in 1921, the Twenty-Six Counties achieved virtual independence (in the political sense) after a campaign of ambush and murder directed against a Britain exhausted by four years of very serious war and increasingly disgusted by the exigencies of repression. Meanwhile the Ulster Protestants had successfully defied both the British Government and the forces of Irish separatism, by a *levée en masse* combined with the import of foreign arms; with the result that Six Counties of Ulster emerged as a federal entity within the United Kingdom, known as Northern Ireland.[6]

The extent to which the "Irish" Irish wanted political independence and separation as distinct from Home Rule (*i.e.* local self-government within a federal union of the British Isles) will always be problematical. Even Home Rule seems to have been desired with less intensity than Catholic emancipation and land reform. Daniel O'Connell, who mobilised the triumphant demand for the former, failed to use his Parliamentary stranglehold over the Melbourne Government in 1835-41 to obtain political devolution; yet his people did not reject him. Charles Stewart Parnell became the most formidable Irish leader of the age because he united behind him the forces fighting for land reform and those working for Home Rule; but it is noteworthy that the defeat of Gladstone's two Home Rule Bills (in 1886 and 1892) was accepted in Ireland with surprising passivity. A lasting settlement seemed near when George Wyndham was Chief Secretary early in the present century,[7] and at the outbreak of war in 1914—Home Rule having meanwhile been enacted but put into cold storage for the duration—John Redmond, leader of the Irish National Party, pledged Ireland's support for the war effort and in doing so seemed to have the enthusiastic backing of most Irishmen. It is at least arguable that if subsequent actions by the British Government had been less foolish and small-minded, the union of the British Isles would never have been broken.

ON THE OTHER HAND it is also strongly maintained by good authorities that the cause of

[6] The nomenclature is confusing, because what is called Northern Ireland is in reality north-eastern Ireland and because the historic province of Ulster comprises not only the Six Counties of Northern Ireland, but Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan as well. The use of "Ulster" as a synonym for Northern Ireland is therefore strictly incorrect, although it has become established usage and is obviously convenient. The rationale of the Six-County area is that it was the largest area that the Ulster Protestants felt they could be sure of dominating. Many would now say it was a mistake they did not include County Donegal, which forms the natural hinterland to Derry City. Certainly its inclusion would have been most helpful to the Allied cause in World War II. Others (with equal or perhaps greater justice) would say it was a scandal that the whole of Fermanagh and Tyrone were included in Northern Ireland.

[7] "In the summer of 1903 I visited Ireland and travelled everywhere up and down the country. I remember the contentment which prevailed everywhere, the warm welcome given to King Edward in August, the sorrowful admissions of former agitators, compelled to live in the obscurity of their villages on the memories of their old struggles, that Irish patriotism had apparently found a new outlet. . . ." Elie Halévy, *Imperialism and the Rise of Labour* (1934).

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national independence underlay the demands for religious freedom and land reform, but that it could only come into its own as a purely political cause when the more immediate grievances had been removed. Attention is drawn to Parnell's most famous utterance (which is inscribed on the base of his statue in O'Connell Street, Dublin):

> No man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation. No man has a right to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther"; and we have never attempted to fix the *ne plus ultra* to the progress of Ireland's nationhood, and we never shall.

Ever since the 18th-century days of Wolfe Tone, Irish separatism had smouldered and occasionally burst into flame, only to be extinguished brutally but—after 1798—with ease. The separatist tradition was on the whole republican, but Arthur Griffith (who founded Sinn Fein in 1905) originally favoured a "dual monarchy" solution on the Austro-Hungarian model. Meanwhile the Irish Republican Brotherhood had come into being, following the Fenians; an oath-bound society bent upon gaining its ends by violence. And it was the IRB which eventually got rid of the British.

On Easter Monday, 1916, Patrick Pearse proclaimed the Irish Republic outside the General Post Office in Dublin. The "Easter Rising" was exceedingly unpopular at the time in Ireland, and when the rebels laid down their arms they were hissed by their fellow-countrymen. But the British turned the leaders into martyrs by executing them, so creating a myth which will probably never lose its power. Even so, separatism might not necessarily have supplanted the Irish National Party, with its federal unionist goal, but for the further British mistake of applying conscription to Ireland in the spring of 1918. As a result, Sinn Fein swept the polls at the general election in December.

The immediate concession of Dominion status might have averted the savagery which followed. But Lloyd George, as leader of a Coalition dominated by Conservatives, was in no position to concede Dominion status. It was thus the turn of a young man of genius, Michael Collins, who had nothing but contempt for Pearse's military amateurishness in 1916, to lead the IRB through slaughter to the Treaty of 1921, in which Ireland (less the Six Counties) gained a variant of Dominion status—freedom (as Collins put it) to become free. That such a result could be achieved only by violence is sadly attested by the fact that Mohandas Gandhi, leading a nation more than a hundred times as numerous as the Irish, but committed to non-violent methods, failed utterly to win Dominion status for India throughout the inter-war years.

The Treaty was ratified by the Dail and endorsed by the Irish people in a general election. All the same a minority regarded it as a betrayal of the Republican cause and a civil war ensued whose evil consequences have yet to be exorcised. The Republic was at length established, *de jure*, in 1949 (having long existed in all but name), but the Irish Republican Army, successor to the IRB, is still trying to extend it by violent means to the Six Counties. The IRA is an illegal body, North and South, and so is the Ulster Volunteer Force, a small-scale parody of the pre-1914 Ulster Volunteers. But the tradition of violence, which fifty years ago destroyed the Union of Britain and Ireland, and partitioned Ireland itself, remains to plague modern Irish leaders whose outlook is sober and pacific.

Two Old Men

FOR A GENERATION (roughly 1930-60) Ireland was dominated by the views and prejudices, and to a large extent personally dominated, by two men who are still alive: Lord Brookeborough in the North, Mr Eamon De Valera in the South. They are outstandingly important both as representatives and as individuals.

Of the two, De Valera is by far the more eminent figure. If it was Collins who made the Irish Republic physically, it was De Valera who made it metaphysically. He invented the idea of "external association," anticipating by many years the formula which later reconciled India and other republics—although not, in the event, Ireland—to the Commonwealth. While his methods have been tortuous, his insistence upon absolute national sovereignty for Ireland has never wavered. For better or worse, the Republic of today is largely his creature.[8]

In 1921, although President of the Dail, he chose not to lead, or even accompany, the delegation which went to London to negotiate

[8] Although, ironically, the decision to give the Irish State the formal title of Republic was not taken by a De Valera Government but—with De Valera's support—by a coalition led by Mr John A. Costello.

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with the British Government. When the Treaty was signed he denounced it and later gave his full moral support to those who resisted it by force. The issue in the civil war was not, oddly enough, the exclusion of the Six Counties, but the oath of allegiance to the Crown (which at that date, was inseparable from Dominion status). Many would say that it was also, very largely, a personal issue.[9] In 1927 De Valera went through the motions of subscribing the oath, and so led his party back into the fold of constitutional government. This *volte-face* was performed after what his latest biographers describe as "a nightmarish crisis of conscience."[10]

Like other Southern Irish leaders of his generation De Valera has a blind spot about Ulster. To him Northern Ireland has always been simply a British colony, and all his words and actions have been based upon the supremely dubious assumption that Britain could at any time have forced the Protestants of Ulster into a united Ireland. Certainly Lord Randolph Churchill played "the Orange card" in 1886, but it was because of the genuine strength of feeling in Ulster that it turned out to be "the ace of trumps" and not (as he feared it might be) "the two." Even the partisanship of the Tory Party under Bonar Law, which went to unconstitutional lengths, and the mutinous collusion of senior officers in the armed forces, could not have made the Ulster resistance to Home Rule effective if that resistance had been other than it was—the spontaneous movement of a large, tough, dogged community.

The supposedly British outrage of Partition gave De Valera an excuse for what is, perhaps, the most debatable policy of his career: Irish neutrality throughout World War II followed by refusal to join NATO. It is fairly easy to justify his decision not to enter the war in 1939. Neutrality at that moment was a good way of making Ireland's sovereign independence manifest, and any other decision would almost certainly have split the country down the middle. But in 1940, when Britain was no longer the proud oppressor, but the lone, almost naked champion of liberty? Or the end of 1941, when the United States, with its large Irish population and long record of support for Ireland's national struggle, was attacked and dragged into the war? It would seem that on either of those occasions De Valera might have brought his country in. Public opinion had by then become fairly receptive, and his prestige would surely have turned the scale. No doubt the first occasion would have been the more difficult, but it would also have been the more rewarding, because if Eire[11] had entered the war during the crisis of 1940 an atmosphere of goodwill would have been created in which North-South relations might have been transformed. As it is, the policy of neutrality, both during and since the War, has merely deepened the rift between the two Irelands.[12]

De Valera was Prime Minister three times, 1932-48, 1951-4 and 1957-9. Since 1959 he has been President of the Irish Republic, and is surely the only man still in high office who became world-famous as long ago as the second decade of the century. Lord Brookeborough (formerly Sir Basil Brooke) was Prime Minister of Northern Ireland from 1943 to 1963, but he first became a Minister in 1933 and during the early part of his career he made his name as a "hard-liner", putting backbone (as many Protestant Ulstermen of the time must have liked to think) into the Craigavon Administration.

The Unionist Party which brought Northern Ireland into being was originally opposed to any form of Home Rule, and it is one of the many ironies of Irish history that the only

[9] Some of the protagonists on both sides were influenced by a spirit of rivalry of which they may have been scarcely conscious—*e.g.* De Valera and Collins.

[10] The Earl of Longford and Thomas P. O'Neill *Eamon De Valera* (Hutchinson, 1970, £4). This is a work of piety, written with the subject's cooperation. In the main it is a cogent defence but on some major issues fails to give sufficient weight to the case against him.

[11] "*Eire*" is the Irish word for the whole of Ireland, which De Valera's 1937 Constitution treats as being the territory for which that Constitution is the valid instrument. Thus since 1937 "*Eire*" has served as a handy, if inaccurate, term to denote Southern Ireland, which is now officially the Republic of Ireland.

[12] As an alternative to the view that Partition warranted Irish neutrality in World War II one might reasonably suggest that if the Allies had had no legal foothold in any part of Ireland during that war it would have been necessary for them to acquire one forcibly. In that case what price Irish neutrality? Since Neville Chamberlain had surrendered, in 1938, the Southern Irish ports whose use had been guaranteed to Britain under the Treaty, Northern Ireland was literally vital. Without it the Battle of the Atlantic would probably have been lost.

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part of Ireland which now has "Gladstonian" Home Rule is the part which did not want it. Carson, who led the movement which resulted in Ulster Home Rule, was neither a Home Ruler nor an Ulsterman. Moreover, his interest in the Ulster cause was that of a British Imperialist, whereas most of his followers were more interested in maintaining the integrity and privileged status of Ulster Protestants.

THAT, CERTAINLY, was the attitude which Brookeborough typified. In 1933 he said: "There are a great number of Protestants and Orangemen who employ Roman Catholics. I feel I can speak freely on this subject as I have not a Roman Catholic about my own place." (His "own place" is in County Fermanagh, where Protestants are in a minority.) A year later he said that 99% of Roman Catholics in Northern Ireland were "disloyal."[13]

As Prime Minister, Brookeborough had the wisdom to apply the Welfare legislation of the 1945 Labour Government "step by step" in Northern Ireland, and so gave the Unionist régime a new material appeal to Roman Catholics. But he made no attempt at all to win their minds and hearts. The immobilism of his outlook, and of the public outlook which he fostered, is best illustrated by the fact that when his successor, Captain Terence (now Lord) O'Neill, took the step of visiting a Roman Catholic school in Northern Ireland the reaction was one of amazement and incredulity.[14]

The O'Neill Experiment

WHEN O'Neill took over in 1963 the time was ripe for change. Mr Sean Lemass, De Valera's successor as *Taoiseach* (Prime Minister) of the Republic, was obviously much more interested in remedying his country's grave economic weakness than in harping on old grievances. In the North, traditional postures were becoming increasingly wearisome, especially to the middle class. The view of Roman Catholicism held by all Protestants not in the grip of invincible bigotry had been softened by the genial spirit of Pope John XXIII (at whose death the flag was flown at half-mast over Belfast City Hall). Many people felt that the Province needed to move forward not only economically, but in the sphere of community relations. But they were waiting for a lead, and it was hardly to be expected that a leader of the Ulster Unionist party, with its ossified mentality, would be able to give one. Fortunately O'Neill was the man for the hour.

In some respects he was a misfit, being not only Anglo-Irish, but positively English in his orientation, in spite of his prestigious Irish name. He never made any secret of the fact that his first ambition, when he came out of the Army, was to win a seat at Westminster, and that he gravitated into Ulster politics only as a *pis aller*. On one occasion, when addressing the boys of Campbell College, Belfast (Northern Ireland's top public school), he dilated to them on the incomparable merits of his own old school, Eton. His accent is a particularly languid version of upper-class English, his wife is English, and his maternal grandfather was Lord Crewe, a senior member of Asquith's Home Rule Cabinet. Finally, he lacks altogether his predecessor's easy manner and good memory for names and faces. In O'Neill a natural aloofness is aggravated by genuine shyness.

All the same, he has the precious quality of political vision, combined with a steady nerve and exceptional moral courage. He could see that the static Unionism which he had inherited was a bad bet for the future; that only a dynamic policy could, in the long run, preserve the Union. But he also knew that time would be necessary to bring about peacefully the changes which he desired. The stage had to be set and die-hard opinion educated. At first he contented himself with a few symbolic gestures towards the minority, while initiating a vigorous programme of economic expansion which helped to reduce quite significantly the number of unemployed.

[13] This emotive term requires definition. If it is taken to mean, in the Ulster context, an unwillingness to accept Partition as permanent, 99% of Roman Catholics may in 1934 have been guilty of disloyalty, and a similar percentage may be guilty now. But if it means that they would like to see the existing Constitution overthrown by force, and are unwilling meanwhile to act as law-abiding citizens, the charge was and is a disgraceful slur on most of them.

[14] One major cause of the prevalence of sectarian feeling in Ulster is that the R.C. Church insists upon segregated education. Since it shows no sign of budging on this issue the State has to do all that it can to promote good community relations "out of school," especially by establishing youth centres. Even now, too little is being done in this line.

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In February 1965 he made the dramatic gesture of inviting Sean Lemass to meet him in Belfast, and soon afterwards paid a return visit to Dublin. This attempt to break the ice between North and South was much to the credit of both men, but it had awkward consequences for O'Neill. Extreme Protestants were alarmed and alerted, seeing the opening of a dialogue with the Republic as the prelude to a sell-out. Many of O'Neill's colleagues were resentful because he had not taken them into his confidence about the invitation to Lemass, and some began to work against his policies as a means of injuring him. In 1966 he was faced with an agonising dilemma. Should he or should he not ban Republican demonstrations in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising? To do so would be a violation of his liberal creed, yet not to do so was to invite a Protestant backlash. He chose the liberal course, but the results were much as he feared. Hard-line Unionism was given an opening and there was a leader available to exploit it. It was at that moment that the Reverend Dr Ian Paisley became a serious political force in Ulster.

PAISLEY was already well-known for his protests against the ecumenical movement—protests which often took what to many seemed a ludicrous form. A religious revivalist in the austere tradition of Calvin, leader of an esoteric Presbyterian sect, an old-fashioned preacher with a dominating voice, height, intellect and will, Paisley also has an inborn flair for politics which his religious crankiness should not be allowed to obscure. His rise, in four years, to membership of both the Northern Ireland and Westminster Parliaments has been due to two distinct, but converging, themes in his propaganda. He hates the existing Unionist establishment both because it is (in his view) betraying its trust, and because it is out of touch with, and unrepresentative of, the ordinary people. His vendetta against O'Neill and Chichester-Clark has contained an unmistakable flavour of social bitterness,[15] and support for him is strongest among what might be termed the Protestant "poor whites" of Ulster, who feel their status and self-respect being undermined by leaders who can better afford to be tolerant. It must be said, however, that Paisley's support is by no means confined to the working class.

Early in 1967 O'Neill had to face trouble from the opposite quarter. In February of that year the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association was founded. Expectations had been aroused by the new political climate in Ulster, which the election, in 1964, of a Labour Government in Britain had further stimulated. Many of the Civil Rights leaders were moderate reformists, and some of them were Protestants. But the movement was soon infiltrated by people with special ideological axes to grind. When, at the beginning of October 1968, Mr William Craig (then Minister of Home Affairs, but later sacked by O'Neill) banned a Civil Rights march in Derry, a young Left-wing agitator, Mr Eamonn McCann, made sure that a fair number of marchers defied the ban. The result, on 5 October, was an ugly confrontation with the police, which the television cameras vividly recorded. As one account puts it: "Mr Craig had walked the Unionist government into Mr McCann's trap."[16] What seemed to be outrageous behaviour by the police on 5 October aroused, among others, the students of Queen's University, Belfast, and thus another political group was born—the "People's Democracy." From this group emerged a very young woman who was soon to become the most charismatic figure both for the radical Left and (paradoxically) for Roman Catholics in Ulster, perhaps in the whole of Ireland: Miss Bernadette Devlin.

BERNADETTE DEVLIN'S father was a passionate Republican with IRA sympathies; her mother an exceptionally devout Catholic. During her childhood her family was housed by the Northern Ireland Housing Trust (whose record is unimpeachably non-sectarian) and befriended by Protestants. After attending a Catholic school she went to Queen's University, where she was studying psychology until politics claimed her. Beyond a doubt she has

[15] It must have given him considerable satisfaction when the infant son and heir of Lord Hamilton (at the time official Unionist MP for Fermanagh and South Tyrone), who would normally have been given the courtesy title "Lord Paisley," was for obvious reasons fobbed off with another family title.

[16] Liam de Paor, *Divided Ulster* (Penguin, 1970, 5s.). Some allowance must be made for the Left-wing bias of this book which, although a Penguin Special, gives as much space to the words and actions of McCann as to those of O'Neill.

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political talent of a high order; she is also conceited, articulate and brave. When she was first elected as Westminster MP for Mid-Ulster in the spring of 1969 she spoke of her contempt for the Parliamentary system and announced that she would not be standing at the next election. But when the time came she changed her mind and was returned with an increased majority. Her commitment to "socialism," although vehemently expressed, is vague. It is too early even to guess at what the future may hold for her, but she is certainly one of the more interesting personalities on the contemporary scene. Like Paisley, she now has the useful credential of having served a prison sentence for political agitation. She also resembles him in her underdog opposition to the establishment, both Green and Orange. But in spite of her blistering attacks on the Church she is probably more crypto-Catholic than crypto-Communist. In any case, her mind seems capable of developing beyond its present rather muddled state.[17]

THE VIOLENCE WHICH FIRST seriously erupted in Derry on 5 October 1968, has since been repeated on many occasions, both there and in other places, notably in Belfast. Some people have been killed, many injured, and much property has been damaged or destroyed.[18] After grave riots in mid-August 1969 the British Government sent reinforcements of troops to assist, and in some degree to supplant, the local forces of law and order. Whitehall pressure gave urgency to a programme of reforms already initiated, and internal security was brought under the overall control of the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Ian Freeland. An Englishman, Sir Arthur Young, was given command of the Royal Ulster Constabulary (who have since been disarmed) and the "B" Special Reservists[19] were "phased out", to be replaced by a differently constituted body, the Ulster Defence Regiment. At first the British troops were very well received, much to the surprise of those who thought that Nationalists, at any rate, would react with traditional hostility. But the "honeymoon" lasted only through the winter and in 1970 they have had to suffer abuse and even physical attack by hooligans of both communities.

Meanwhile O'Neill had fallen. It was not the Civil Rights movement as such which brought him down, but deliberate wrecking tactics by the extreme Left and the extreme Right, combined with mounting disloyalty—often more personally than politically motivated—within the ranks of his own Government and Parliamentary majority. On 9 December 1968, he broadcast an appeal for moderation which evoked a response as enthusiastic as it was wide-ranging. It seemed that he might be near to attaining his goal of a Unionism based not upon Protestantism alone, but upon the support of moderates of both persuasions. Had he called an election then, and run his own candidates against any Unionists who would not support him, he might have scored an overwhelming victory. But he delayed until the following February, by which time sectarian feeling had reverted to its old virulence, mainly on account of the "long march" and Burntollet ambush in January. The election result was indeterminate. O'Neill did not lose it, and came near to making gains which might have enabled him to survive as Prime Minister. But at the end of the day it seemed that most of his Unionist opponents were not disowned by their electors, and that comparatively few Catholics had voted for O'Neillites. His mistake had been not only to call the election at the wrong time, but also to conduct it in too remote and lordly a fashion. Democracy likes to be wooed, but O'Neill could not bring himself to electioneer with the necessary ardour. His worst humiliation was the large vote for the Rev. Ian Paisley, in his own constituency, and he compounded the harm which it did him by failing to appear at the count. In late April he resigned, but his successor, Major James Chichester-Clark (whose defection from the Cabinet had been the final blow to O'Neill) did not abandon his policies. O'Neill has gone, but the O'Neill experiment continues.

[17] Her book, *The Price of My Soul* (1969), has been a best-seller, in hardback and paperback. It is a most revealing document.

[18] But, oddly enough, the economy of Northern Ireland has not suffered at all disastrously; employment has been maintained and capital is still being attracted to the province. Only tourism has been badly hit.

[19] A sort of Protestant Home Guard brought into being at the time of Partition at the instigation of the British Government, which did not wish to be responsible for defending, with regular troops, the only land frontier in the United Kingdom.

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Realism in the South

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE often raises hopes of a general improvement which cannot be fulfilled, but of few countries has this been more true than the Republic of Ireland. British rule was certainly odious politically, and had in the past been harmful to Ireland economically; but by the 20th century most of the economic burdens had been removed, and Ireland had, in fact, little to gain and much to lose from separation.

During the past half-century, while most countries in the world have experienced a big increase in their populations, the Republic of Ireland has suffered a net loss. In 1926 the population of the Twenty-Six Counties was 2,972,000; in 1966 it was 2,884,000. (The comparative figures for the Six Counties are 1,257,000 and 1,485,000). In the Canadian West, according to Rupert Brooke, "one misses the dead" because everything there is pristine, without the ghostly presence of past generations. In large areas of Southern Ireland there is no shortage of ghosts, but one misses the living. In spite of a birth-rate which, by European standards, is exceptionally high, the Republic has, until very recently, been losing more of its people every year through emigration than it has been gaining in children born. The social implications of this wastage have been well stated by a distinguished Irish economist:

> In other countries one may speak of a "lost generation" caused by the casualties of war and one may point to the loss of continuity and energy which was the result. In Ireland, there is always a lost generation; and the erosion of those qualities with which youth can enrich a society is continuous.[20]

Nor has the loss been disastrous only in numerical terms; it has perhaps been even more so in that those who have left have tended to be the most talented and enterprising citizens.[21]

Hopes that political independence might reduce, and even in the long run eliminate, Irish economic dependence upon Great Britain have been cruelly disappointed. Tariffs have been used to encourage Irish industry, but the country remains overwhelmingly agricultural, and overwhelmingly dependent upon the British market. In 1967 79% of all Irish exports were going to the United Kingdom, and of that figure 60% represented agricultural products. Moreover, Ireland would be quite unable to maintain a standard of living already much lower than the British were it not free to export its unemployed to Britain. In plain language, the Republic is economically and financially a British satellite.[22]

Under the pragmatic leadership of Mr Sean Lemass and his successor, Mr Jack Lynch, Irish policy has been given a new direction. The emphasis now is on "economic development" within the Twenty-Six Counties, and every effort has been made to defuse and demote the Border issue. While the ultimate reunion of Ireland remains a cherished objective, the idea that it can be achieved soon, or against the wishes of the majority in Ulster, is no longer entertained in responsible quarters. There has been much discussion (particularly in the *Irish Times*) of what needs to be done to make "reunion" even thinkable to Northern Protestants.[23] Naturally enough, the Ulster crisis of the past few years has produced repercussions in the South unhelpful to the policy of gradualism and conciliation. But the policy still stands.

False Solutions

MOST OF THE PROBLEMS with which statesmen have to wrestle are not open to any clear-cut, and still less to any quick, solutions. If that is a general truth, it is more especially true of the Irish problem. All the same, a number of false solutions have been propounded, and it is worth examining briefly those which are most often canvassed.

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[20] James Meenan, *The Irish Economy since 1922* (Liverpool University Press, 1970, £5 5s.).

[21] In 1967 a questionnaire put to students at all four Irish university colleges revealed that 32% of commerce students, 59% of engineers and 48% of science students intended to emigrate soon after graduation. Quoted by Richard Lynn in *The Irish Brain Drain* (An Economical and Social Research Institute paper, No. 43).

[22] Unemployment pay in the Republic is little more than half what it is in the North. Pensions are 40% lower. There is no State health service and no legal aid. Personal income in the North is 25% higher than in the South. In July 1968 Mr Brian Lenihan, then Minister of Education (and still, as I write, a Minister) in the Irish Government, told the London *Daily Telegraph* that "the granting of independence to Scotland and Wales would not in itself solve any problems. . . . He was in no doubt that the two countries would be ill-advised to break away from Britain."

[23] For instance, getting rid of theocratic elements in the Irish Constitution, and giving formal recognition to the North.

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For Ulster one "solution" frequently put forward is that the British Government should exercise its unquestionable (if not unquestioned) *legal* right to suspend the Constitution and impose direct rule. This step has a fatal attraction for some British politicians and bureaucrats who fancy themselves in the role of philosopher-kings, regulating the affairs of a turbulent province with sublime efficiency and impartiality. It also appeals to extremists of all kinds in Ulster who calculate that direct rule would play into their hands. Extreme Nationalists believe that it would lead to an all-Ireland settlement enforced by Britain. Extreme Leftists hope that, in the pandemonium which it would provoke, their cause would have a good chance of succeeding. Extreme Protestants (with perhaps most reason) are convinced that direct rule would unite the whole Protestant community behind a policy of "going it alone."

What is certain is that direct rule would create more difficulties than it would remove. The Stormont régime, with all its faults, acts as a genuinely Irish buffer between the people of Ulster and a British Government for which they have no real affection. If that buffer were removed odium would once again be concentrated upon Britain and the clock would be put back more than fifty years. Besides, the Ulster Parliament is a democractically elected body, not an oligarchic body like Mr Ian Smith's in Rhodesia. Britain has no *moral* right to dissolve or suspend Stormont, even if the majority there were to decide on policies repugnant to Britain. The correct British reaction—if Ulster politicians were to go back on the reform programme agreed between the two governments—would be to withdraw British troops and subsidies from Northern Ireland. So long as Northern Ireland is part of the United Kingdom, and has the benefits of belonging, it must conform to United Kingdom standards in the treatment of all its citizens: if it rejects those standards, it must expect to lose the benefits. But it is quite another matter to suggest that Britain should attempt to coerce the majority in Ulster, if all other means of influencing its decisions were to fail. That would be improper, and above all it would be imprudent.

Another idea ventilated a few years ago was that a reunited Ireland might join the Commonwealth, and so everybody be made happy. In fact, the Republic of Ireland's disappearance from the Commonwealth occurred quite informally (in 1949), and might on a strict interpretation be said never to have occurred at all. But in practice the Republic has been out of the Commonwealth for a quarter of a century, and its return after so long an absence would be viewed by many Irishmen as a retrograde step. In any case, there could be no question of Northern Ireland's agreeing to reunification unless conditions in both North and South had undergone a profound change. The Commonwealth "solution" is, therefore, a *canard*.

Of more immediate relevance is the notion, quite widely held that the admission of both the United Kingdom and the Irish Republic to the European Communities would somehow solve the Irish Question. Certainly there would be big and disturbing changes in Ireland if the two countries' applications were to succeed. The Republic, in particular, would be faced with a challenge to its manufacturing industry which might well prove insupportable, and even its agriculture might be able to compete only if the present system of small peasant holdings were to give way to more large-scale and less labour-intensive farming. The social consequences of such an upheaval would obviously be very great, and might conceivably affect the stability of the State.[24] Northern Ireland, too, would be severely tested by EEC membership, but would on the whole be likely to suffer considerably less than the Republic, especially on the industrial side. The control on immigration from the South, through the system of work permits, would almost certainly have to go, but there would be little reason to apprehend a flood of Southern immigrants on a scale even

[24] The two major parties in the Republic, Fianna Fail and Fine Gael, both favour EEC membership, but the Labour Party has come out against it—presumably in the hope of finding, at last, an issue on which it can win nationwide support. The Republic has a written Constitution, and joining EEC would inevitably involve some Constitutional amendment, which would need to be submitted to a popular referendum. Some competent observers are surprised that the Irish Government has applied for full membership. If Britain were admitted, it would, of course, be vital for Ireland to have a special relationship guaranteeing access to the British market; but this might, perhaps, be achieved by some form of associate status.

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approximately capable of upsetting the political balance. On the whole, it would seem that the transformation resulting from EEC entry would be economic and social, and only to a lesser extent, and indirectly, political. Most of the essentials of national sovereignty would remain, and the specific problems deriving from the clash of sovereignties in Ireland would not, therefore, be spirited away.

FINALLY, ONE SHOULD REFER to the radical Left's vision of an Irish workers' republic, however chimerical it may seem. Those who subscribe to it are inspired by the memory of James Connolly, one of the 1916 martyrs, whose slogan was "We are Republicans because we are Socialists." That slogan is now repeated by a variety of Left-wing groups in the North, and in the South the IRA and Sinn Fein have also moved sharply to the Left. But how much does it all add up to? Human nature and society in both parts of Ireland would need to change beyond recognition before there could be any chance at all of the country's peaceful acceptance of Connollyism; and it is hard to see any agency inside Ireland which would impose it upon the Irish people by force. On the remote hypothesis, however, that Ireland might become the European equivalent of Cuba, it is necessary to say that Britain's only vital interest in Ireland is that the country should not fall under unfriendly, let alone enemy, control. The development of Soviet naval power, and more especially Russia's huge fleet of submarines, poses a threat which no British Government can ignore.

Glimmerings of Hope

IN SPITE OF MUCH EVIDENCE to the contrary, the longer-term outlook in Ireland is far from hopeless. Indeed, there are solid grounds for optimism. Through a period of renewed violence and tension what Yeats meant by "the centre" has held, is holding, and will probably continue to hold. Centripetal tendencies are much stronger than they often appear to be on the surface. Things are not falling apart. North and south of the Border moderate governments are in office, and for most of the time in complete control. The forces of anarchy are far from negligible, mainly because they have access to arms; but they are a small minority, and divided.

If Chichester-Clark resigns the Premiership in Ulster he will be replaced, in all probability, by Mr Brian Faulkner who, whatever his twists and turns in the past, is now irrevocably committed to the course of moderate reform. Even Paisley has been striking a more conciliatory note since he left the streets, as it were, and entered the domain of Parliamentary politics. When he was elected to Stormont he declared that nobody had anything to fear, Catholic or Protestant, Hibernian or Orangeman; and he made a similar statement in his maiden speech in the House of Commons. Public and official opinion in Britain would be wise to judge Ulster leaders less by what they may have stood for in the past than by their present attitudes. Definitive adverse judgments on individuals may take too little account of the natural inclination of thinking men to become more moderate when the unthinking turn towards violence and mob rule.

In the Republic Mr Lynch may, like O'Neill, have too rational a temperament for a situation in which many irrational impulses have to be canalised and contained. Although he seems to be holding the allegiance of his party in spite of having dismissed three senior Ministers on suspicion of smuggling arms for use in Ulster, it is possible that he might before long exchange the Premiership for the Presidency. If so, the two most likely contenders for the succession are Dr Patrick Hillery, the present Foreign Minister, and Mr Charles Haughey, son-in-law of Sean Lemass and until recently the heir apparent. Haughey was, however, one of the three ministers dismissed by Lynch and is the only one of them who actually stood trial for alleged conspiracy to bring in arms.[25] If the prospect of someone less obviously quietist than Lynch should arouse misgivings it is worth remembering that the most effective moderate is often the man who either has been, or has been thought to be, an extremist.

BRITAIN FOUND, after long and painful experience, that Irish national feeling could be killed neither by kindness (economic reform) nor by unkindness (the use of force). Most people in the Republic now realise that the

[25] He was acquitted, but the trial must have won him much support among emotional Republicans.

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Border will never be removed by force, but many still believe it would disappear if economic conditions in the South could be raised to the level of the North. That belief is oversanguine, because it assumes that the economic motive is the prime determinant in human affairs—an assumption which has been disproved over and over again, not least by the Irish. The fundamental rift in Ireland is not economic, nor even religious; it is political. And it will be ended, if at all, not by the victory of one side or the other, but by compromise.

The truth is that Irish Nationalism and Irish Unionism represent not only different aspects of the Irish nation, but different aspects of the Irish character. The Nationalist ideal reflects the desire to be a small nation sheltered against the outside world; the Unionist, the desire to be part of a big nation with wider opportunities. Unquestionably nearly all Irishmen are conscious of, and wish to assert, an Irish identity; to that extent they are nationalists. Moreover, for the majority (the Irish Irish) the assertion of Ireland's identity has become inseparable from the concept of a Republican State. To them it is psychologically necessary that their country should be a Republic for the same reason that most Canadians probably feel that theirs has to be a monarchy: to mark its titular independence of a vastly more powerful neighbour.

Yet the Irish have not the pure authentic small-nation psychology of which the Swiss, perhaps, are the best example. Ireland is a small nation with at least some of the hankerings of a big nation. Most citizens of the Republic do not wish their country to become pot-bound. They are gratified when an Irishman is President of the UN General Assembly, or is acting as a neo-proconsul in the Congo. It pleases them to think that most of the priests who are trained and ordained in Ireland go out into the world as missionaries, as in the days of St Columba. Above all, they were filled with an immense pride when a Roman Catholic Irish American became the most powerful man in the world.

No solution will be possible in Ireland until the economic conditions are right, or until both Nationalism and Unionism are purged of religious bigotry. But even if and when that happy time comes it will still be necessary to find a means of reconciling the *political* ideals of Nationalism and Unionism. Clearly there can be no reversion to constitutional arrangements long since discarded: whatever is attempted must be a new departure. The most hopeful basis for an eventual solution would appear to be that of two sovereign nations, one a republic, the other a monarchy, but with common citizenship and parity of esteem for both heads of state. Within that framework much could be done to soothe traditional feelings and salve tender consciences. The way ahead is there for all to see in the unique relationship which already exists between Britain and the Irish Republic. But progress towards a solution depends upon the persistence of moderate, centre government in both parts of Ireland—upon the minimum of interference by British politicians—above all, upon the alchemy of time.

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Derwent May

Crossword with a Kitten

THE CROSSWORD SETTERS of Britain were in town tonight. The crossword setters, at any rate, of the Sunday newspaper James Leacock worked for. As the new features editor of the paper, he was the guest of honour this evening at their annual London dinner. He was standing now in one corner of the upstairs bar that they'd hired, eavesdropping pleasurably, when a new arrival came up and joined two men who were standing by the fireplace.

"Why hallo, Blottesque! Here we are again! I must say I did think your Wodehouse puzzle was first-rate." The newcomer turned to the other man by the fireplace and continued: "Every answer was a phrase of Bertie Wooster's, you know."

"Ah, I cheated a bit," said Blottesque, tapping his sherry glass against some imaginary object in the air. "Yes, I cheated, I'm afraid. There was a bit of Bingo Little in the down clues! You noticed, didn't you, Down-and-Out—you should have done, eh?"

It was amazing. Leacock would never have believed it. All these setters of crosswords were hailing each other by their pseudonyms, remembering each other's puzzles, and getting down all round the room to resurrecting each other's dead clues and producing elegant critiques of them. The bar was ringing with names that he'd been subbing this last six months: "Blottesque", who'd proved to be a very tall, straight-backed solicitor from Ipswich; "Down-and-Out", who was hanging on to the mantelpiece, a little man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a rich purple and green silk tie; "Rumtum" and "Slugabed", both laughing away together in sharp Yorkshire accents; "Tintinnabulum", "Bluebeard", who'd been introduced to him as the only woman setter there, and her husband "Mistress Quickly."

There were at least twenty others, some with wives or daughters, whose names Leacock couldn't remember. He looked round the room as he waited for the chief setter, "Pocus", who checked all the puzzles and got three hundred a year for it, to bring him back another drink.

They'd been polite to him, he thought, but none of them really wanted to talk. He was the guest, the only one who wasn't paying for his dinner; but he felt his life was as uninteresting to them as a cat-owner's is to his cat. Through the door he could see into the big room where they were going to move to have their dinner in a few minutes. The long table was covered by a single black and white table cloth—all black and white squares. He supposed they'd had it specially made for them. They'd been meeting here for twenty-odd years, and then there was the Northern setters' dinner and the Western setters' dinner. Probably the cloth went round quite a lot.

Pocus came back with a double scotch for him. He was an accountant in the city, with a red face and a long ginger moustache. "There you are, Mr Leacock. Now Blottesque! Down-and-Out! Tintinnabulum! Come and join us. This is Mr Leacock, who's looking after the puzzles on the paper now."

"Do you fellows know each other's real names?" asked Leacock as he shook hands all round.

"Pocus is obliged to. I doubt if the rest of us know many," said Blottesque, staring down sternly at him, as though he were some sort of defiant debtor who'd at last been run to earth.

Leacock turned back to Pocus. "Do you compose many crosswords yourself, Pocus?" he asked. It was worth the embarrassment of forcing himself to say the absurd name.

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Down-and-Out and Tintinnabulum both shouted "Hooray", many of the people in the room looked round, he was clapped hard on the back by someone, and his glass, still full, was snatched away to be double-charged. "You'll soon feel one of us, I see", said Blottesque, at last hanging a little smile over Leacock's head.

"But now answer me, Pocus", Leacock persisted. "I'm a journalist, I like to get my facts clear. Do you do any yourself?"

"Well, yes". Pocus's moustache danced. "I've been working on one for several months now, I begin to see the end."

"Takes time, eh. It's difficult to fit the words in, is it?"

"No!" There were two or three cries of scorn—other people were listening now.

"No, that's not the problem", said Pocus. "There are more words in the dictionary than you perhaps imagine—and we all keep a Chamber's under our bed, you know." It was a well-loved joke evidently: the sort of comfortable chuckle that greets well-loved jokes hemmed Leacock in. "No, the art is in the clues", Pocus went on. "That's the lure of the crossword for us, Mr Leacock! That's the lure of that back page of yours."

DINNER WAS ANNOUNCED just then, and they all went into the next room. Leacock, looking for his seat, found that the place cards at the sides of the long table were numbered *1, 2, 3, 4 Down* and so on and those at the head and foot numbered in the same way *1, 2, 3,* and *4 Across.* He found himself at *7 Down:* sitting, he was flattered to find, between Pocus and the lady called Bluebeard. They arrived together and took their places either side of him, an imposing couple, though a bit like a couple of guards, he thought. Pocus's bright ginger moustache seemed to flash a warning whenever he turned his big, pear-shaped head towards Leacock; while Bluebeard, a tall woman too, with a grey, very lined face and a pale bluish dress down to her calves, might have come from the Governor's quarters at Holloway Prison. He asked her where she came from. She answered with a dazzling smile, a white breaker on an overcast sea, and her voice was strangely soft. "Oh, my husband's a landscape designer—we live in Welwyn Garden City. I just stay quietly at home, I've got six children, you know."

"Oh", said Leacock, crushed.

But he was content to let the conversation go on round him at dinner without saying very much. He had a speech to make at the end of it, and as usual he couldn't stop thinking about it. He'd be more and more nervous till he got up on his feet, even though he knew he'd be all right after that. Anyway, there was plenty of red wine, and he sloshed it down all the way through the chicken soup, the roast lamb, and the ice cream. He listened anxiously to the speeches before his: he only had one good story to tell, and it would be ruined if anyone said anything at all like it. But there was nothing to worry him in Blottesque's toast to the guests, or in the reply of the young undergraduate who was the champion solver during the last year. He didn't take in much of what they did say, by now: he was so relieved at what they weren't saying. He began to worry less about his story, than about what he'd intended to say after it. He'd scored rather well with new ideas since he'd been doing features on the paper, and at last he'd got an idea for the crossword, too. But what did these people know about the torments of modern journalism? What did they know about falling circulations, the battle for younger readers, the advertisers dropping off the pages like ice out of those plastic trellises you kept in the fridge? He wasn't sure that his cleverly-gleaned idea would suit them at all. He drank down, rapidly, another glass of wine.

Pocus made a rather short, stiff speech toasting the paper, and Leacock found himself standing up to make the reply before he'd decided what to do. Well, he thought quickly, he had to go on now as he'd intended: he'd have nothing to say if he didn't. The rush of confidence came to him just as he'd hoped, and he began speaking loudly and calmly.

"Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—in fact Greater and Lesser Lights." He got the murmur of laughter he wanted. "Not long ago I was talking to a young lady at a party. I wasn't talking to her because she was well-read—in fact you might say I was talking to her for just the opposite reason.

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It wasn't her brains I'd noticed across the room. Still, somehow or other we got on to talking of books, and in particular we got on to mentioning that book which I'm sure has provided you with many a clue, the old *Pickwick Papers*. And she looked at me with her big blue eyes, and she said 'Do you know, that's my favourite book.' Then she looked very worried, and she added 'And do you know, I don't believe I've ever read the end of it!'" Leacock paused. There were enough chuckles, and he went on, pleased with himself. "Well, it occurred to me, as I came here tonight, that some of you might be at a party sometime, and find yourself saying that our newspaper was your favourite paper. And some of you, I bet, would have to admit that you'd never read the beginning of it!" Leacock paused again. Yes, it had gone down all right. He could even hear Bluebeard laughing gently at his elbow. Well, he'd forge on now.

"But you don't know quite as well as I do, perhaps, that that beloved back page of yours is giving us problems. And I wanted you to be the first to hear a little idea I've had to make it just that much more popular. A good journalist, as you know, is always on the lookout for tips, and a friend of mine recently brought back a weekly paper from Poland. In that paper they also have a crossword every week. But it's not just called 'Crossword.' It's called 'Crossword with a Kitten.' A 'kitten' in Polish, apparently, is quite a polite word for the sort of blue-eyed beauty I was talking to about the *Pickwick Papers*. And what it means is that the crosswords are beautifully composed each week as a sort of frame round pictures of nice Polish girls in all shapes and sizes."

THE TABLE HAD GONE very silent. He'd sensed it even before he'd stopped talking. No, they weren't bored. They were all just staring at him. He looked along the table. He had never seen such a line of shocked and hostile faces where there'd been a line of smiles a few moments before. Down-and-Out's mouth was hanging wide open, and his gold-rimmed spectacles seemed about to fall from his drooping fingers. Blottesque, a few seats away, looked as if he were about to pen the most virulent solicitor's letter that an enemy of his clients had ever received. In the silence, one man breathed a ghastly sigh that seemed to draw his stomach lining out with it. Leacock kept smiling and turned his head about to distribute the smile. He saw Pocus's ginger moustache and blue eyes turned up at him like faint water-colour marks on a circle of white paper. He turned the other way. There Bluebeard had reverted to his first impression of her. She looked as if she were just about to jingle the prison keys.

But Leacock was not to be daunted now. He turned to the front again and concluded: "Anyway, something of that sort is what I'm thinking of for our crossword. I'm delighted to have met you all tonight, and most honoured to have been invited to come. And I hope that after dinner we can put our heads together a bit and think it all out a bit further. On behalf of the paper, thank you!"

THERE WAS HARDLY any applause when he sat down, and both of his neighbours were already engaged in conversation with people the other side of them. He'd refused to be daunted: all the same, it was pretty shattering. He was relieved, if puzzled, when a moment later Pocus did turn to him after all, his colour back in his cheeks and his moustache dancing again. "Mr Leacock, we wondered if you'd like to join in a game now. It's a little game we sometimes play after dinner with our guests."

"Well of course", said Leacock. "Always game!" But he wondered what ever it could be.

Everyone had suddenly turned back towards him, craning to hear his answer; and as soon as he'd spoken they started busily helping the waiters to pile plates and cutlery and bottles on to trays and on to the side tables. They all seemed to know what they were about now. In no time the table was cleared. "Stand back, Mr Leacock", said Pocus. He took him by the arm and gently led him to one side of the room. Then some of the setters carried the table to the opposite side, took off the black and white tablecloth, and spread it out on the bare floor.

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"You see," said Pocus, all good humour again, "it's like a giant crossword."

"Yes", said Leacock, "I noticed it when I was standing in the bar."

"Did you really?" said Pocus. "How quick of you. Well, you see, there are not many squares, but they're almost man-size. What were going to do is to give you a few easy clues to solve. But you've got to answer them in five seconds, and if you don't get the answer by then you've got to get down on the floor and make the shapes of the letters in the squares with your body and your arms and legs".

"Oh!" said Leacock. He never did crosswords, and what with all the whisky and wine he'd drunk, and the way they were gathering round him now, pushing him into the middle of a circle of them all, he was becoming quite confused. He didn't in the least like the idea of rolling about down there on the floor. On the other hand, he couldn't go back now. So he'd better try hard, he thought. Pocus had come with him into the middle of the ring. Suddenly he called out "Blottesque! you begin. Three letters."

Leacock saw Blottesque step forward to face him. He was the tallest man in the room, and he seemed like some sort of sadistic totem as he smiled grimly down at Leacock. "An easy one", he said slowly. "Listen carefully, Mr Leacock. Three letters, and the clue is *'New kind of college—not for the mousy'* ".

Whatever could it be? Leacock didn't know where to begin. His head was spinning. He started to blurt out sounds but didn't know how to continue. Suddenly the whole room was shouting "Time's up!" Then, in the silence, Blottesque said very quietly: "*Cat,* Mr Leacock. C-A-T. *Cat.* College of Advanced Technology. That's what they're called. Not for the mousy."

Leacock tried to smile gallantly as he got down on to the floor. "O.K.", he said. It was true, there was a three-letter space just under his feet. He bent himself into a "C", rolled into the next square and made an "A" by opening his legs and making his hands meet between his knees, then shifted one square further and lay for a moment with arms stretched out wide to form a "T." No-one else moved or made any sound; nor did they as he got up awkwardly and brushed his elbows and the tail of his jacket. "Why am I doing this?" he thought. But they stood so closely round him that it seemed impossible to back down.

"Good, Mr Leacock", said Pocus; and the whole ring around him moved down the room a little way so that he was forced to move too on to a new line of squares.

"Rumtum", said Pocus. "Now you. Six letters this time".

Rumtum stepped into the ring with a bright smile, and in a thick Yorkshire accent said *"Young rabbit"*.

Young rabbit? Leacock's mind was an utter blank. Young rabbit? Was there any such word? In five seconds he was enlightened. A loud cry, mixed with laughter, went up from the crowd: *"Kitten!"*.

"Yes," said Pocus to him calmly, pressing him down to the floor with his hand on his shoulder. "You should read your dictionary more carefully, Mr Leacock. Young rabbit —that's another thing that 'kitten' can quite properly mean you know."

This time Leacock didn't get up after his contortions on the table-cloth. An ache had begun to shoot through the back of his skull as he'd tried to twist his body into the letter "E." But Down-and-Out was bending over him almost immediately. "Three letters again", he muttered, tapping Leacock lightly on the head with his gold spectacles. *"August animal."*

Animal? This time Leacock saw the trick. All the answers were going to be the same, *"Cat"*, he said, breathlessly. There was a howl of laughter. "No," said Down-and-Out, tapping him on the head once more with his spectacles. "*Dog.* Haven't you heard of August being called the Dog-days?"

Leacock just lay flat on the floor after twisting himself into this little, but terrible word. He had no pride left now; he wanted to say he'd had enough, he wouldn't go on anymore, but he was panting too hard to speak. And Pocus gave him no time. He said in a loud voice "This'll be your last Mr Leacock—it's not really a very big table-cloth, you see. Bluebeard, the last one from you, please".

He could only hear Bluebeard's soft voice; he couldn't see her. "Once again just three

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letters, Mr Leacock," she said. "*Characteristic end to a southern county.*" This time, exhausted though he was, Leacock forced his brain to function. Hampshire, he thought —it was where he came from. And then he saw it: *ire*, I-R-E, yes that was it. "*Ire*", he shouted, "Hampshire, I-R-E, *ire*". "No", said Bluebeard, almost whispering now. "*Sex*, Sussex, S-E-X, *sex*".

Then they fell on him. They dragged him across to the next line of squares and bent him into an "S". They lifted him a yard along and stretched his arms and legs in front of him to make an "E". Finally, in the last square, they wrenched his arms and legs wide to form an "X". They held him there, and he saw Bluebeard's grey face bend down over him. At that moment he felt a sharp and agonising kick between his wide open legs. And everything went black.

When he came round a little later, he was sitting on a sofa in the corner of the room. Blottesque was gently tipping brandy between his lips from a big glass, and gave him the most kindly smile that Leacock had seen all the evening when he noticed that Leacock's eyes were open. "There; Mr Leacock," he said. "We're so sorry you passed out when it was only a game. It was only a game, Mr Leacock, a little crossword puzzle to end the evening with."

Pocus leaned over him now from the other side. His ginger moustache, too, was turned up amiably at the ends. "And yet, Mr Leacock," he said, "you might say the whole game was itself—oddly enough—something in the nature of—a clue."

"Yes", mumbled Leacock. "Yes".

He understood. He had got the answer. He had already filled it in.

Amos Confesses His Matchmaking

Feature sittin' in de back seat
of de family Volks, me 'n Biades.
Alci, talkin' shop with de groom 'n
ise eyen de weary looks of de b'-
loved bride in de rear-view.

Cat-fish? jes' us two unhappies
gettin' druv to Bluehill mountain
for a natty picnic—love-sicker
'n hell de bof you might say.

Alci tole me later dat no-sex wuz
always a mistake (wise???). He
sighed and seeked de reason why
i cdn't let things as dey wuz.
Marriages like horseless carriages
he jibed, 'n stuck more names to hers.

Harold Schimmel

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Michael Holroyd

Lytton Strachey by Himself

"I NEVER TRAVEL without my diary," says Gwendolen in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. "One should always have something sensational to read in the train."

Intermittently throughout his life Lytton Strachey kept a diary, but by today's standards none of them are very sensational. They were written, on the whole, in a lower key than his letters. "No good letter," he tells us in an essay on Horace Walpole, "was ever written to convey information or to please the recipient: it may achieve both these results incidentally; but its fundamental purpose is to express the personality of the writer." Strachey himself was a copious letter-writer, and his correspondence certainly does convey many aspects of his strange personality very vividly. But many of his letters *were* written, at least in part, to please their recipients. The Strachey we see in these letters is among friends; his diaries reveal him by himself.

The first two diaries he kept, at the ages of ten and eleven, were obedient documents, composed almost in automatic response to the literary atmosphere in which he grew up. Spurred on by Lady Strachey, he and his brothers and sisters were perpetually producing magazines, turning out quantities of verse, filling notebooks with playlets, grappling with literary puzzles, dutifully copying down passages from Shakespeare. Lytton's own contributions, to judge from these first short diaries, were nothing exceptional. They are amusing, as many children's pieces are, for their combination of directness and inconsequence. What was more unusual for a boy of this age was the absence of tiresome boasting, the honesty and odd self-deflationary humour: "I had some shots at buoys passing with a smaller gun and hit once and missed five times!"

But perhaps the most interesting aspect of these pieces is their revelation of the literary pressure against which all the Strachey children lived. "Mama read the Iliad" sounds like some chorus almost sinister in its repetition.

The journal Strachey kept of his travels between December 1892 and May 1893 was also started as something of a duty. To a limited extent it was not a private diary at all: it was almost certain to be read by his family once he got home. Yet there is no sense of constriction or self-consciousness in the writing of it, little feeling of anyone reading over his shoulder.

THE VOYAGES HE DESCRIBES acted as a temporary severing of the umbilical cord attaching him to Lancaster Gate, that dark architectural monstrosity which so shadowed his spirit. The atmosphere is one of blue sea-skies and blue hills in the distance, of the "heavenly music" of military bands, of "wondrous sights"—mirages and octopuses and powdered horses—which so intoxicated him that "Oh! it is like some beautiful dream." From this enchantment he awoke only after he was back in Lancaster Gate, and, like Caliban, "cried to dream again."

Perhaps because he had escaped some distance from the petticoat circle of his family, he is able to set down his individual personality in these pages with great clarity. He seems to have been a curious mixture of precociousness and conservatism. His precociousness was partly the result of a rapidly-developing mind that gave him the ability to express himself very lucidly, partly a sensitivity to other people which told him what to say, and when to say nothing. He had a natural gift for treating, without incivility, all grown-ups as his equals, and this spared him the embarrassment of adults behaving towards him like children. Quite self-sufficient in his manner, he gave little trouble and was seen by many as being extraordinarily mature. But this "maturity"

WHEN *Michael Holroyd wrote his much-admired 2-volume biography of Lytton Strachey he had access to the unpublished diaries and autobiographical essays, but was requested by the late James Strachey not to deal with them directly. Now for the first time he is able to make a critical estimate of these materials.*

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was really a camouflage, a means of concealing his natural shyness. He did not break up his social timidity or his obsessive self-awareness; he skated successfully round them. So they remained intact to block later on the direct expression of his emotions. Passion, tragedy, outrage, boredom—such things he would convey by humour, often a defensive irony, for this was his "criticism of life."

In one sense, Strachey was "older" at this time than at any other stage of his career. His conservatism was pretty well absolute. It was a romantic quality, and largely visual. He was alive to all the nice distinctions of what rank might inspect the guard on what occasions, of differences in uniform and the rivalries of regiments. He even rose from his bed at 6 a.m. to catch sight of some soldiers disembarking.

> The Cape Highlander (volunteers) played the pipes as they were marching away. They did look so lovely especially after their sea kit which consists of blue trousers and coats and Neapolitan fisherman's hats, only blue. As they marched off there seemed to be a great many of them, although there was only half a regiment. The Cape Highlanders think themselves far superior to the Black Watch ! ! !

A few months later, he became highly indignant on learning that his uncle was resigning his commission and returning to the drabness of civilian life. "I am most disgusted with Uncle Charlie for leaving the army," he told his mother.

LIKE MANY SEMI-INVALIDS, Strachey loved travelling, and his life-long appetite for travel was almost certainly whetted by this first journey. It was, as he explains, "a unique experience", and the pages in which he describes it form a unique journal. Its virtues are many. The mood throughout is light and delicious. He does not weigh it down, as so many boys of twelve or thirteen would have been tempted to do, with chunks of "important" geographical and historical information. His descriptions are brief and vivid, and he conveys his personal response to all he can see, "with the aid of spectacles", about him. The world was a mysterious but uncomplicated place, full of magical beauty and thrilling adventures—donkey rides, pyramids and marvellous carnivals. Above all he communicates his bubbling sense of enjoyment. It is an infectiously happy diary.

It also displays distinct literary ability, especially a natural talent for narrative. Strachey was a keenly observant boy, already slightly cynical about such human frailties as vanity and pride.

> At the end of the table was a young man called d'Alton, he went in for being funny, he is very short and small, dark, with a *very* curly moustachio which he twirls with pride. . . .
>
> There was an old man close by fishing with a bamboo. After some time he caught a beautiful fish about one foot six long, then killed it and put [it] in a nitch in the rock. . . . He was so pleased with his success that he began smoking a cigar.

His tone is one of controlled astonishment which sometimes lifts the story very agreeably to the edge of farce.

> Aunt Aggie said she thought it would be a good idea to go to the sphinx on camels, directly she mentioned this word fifteen camels were on us, all making the most awful noise when sitting down. We were all seized by at least four men who pulled us in four different directions. I got to a Camel and an Arab said it was a lady's one, which it was not so I was hussled off and two men came and lifted me into the air and put [me] on a camel at this moment the sheik interfered and I got onto the one that was supposed to have had a lady's saddle. It was rather a ghastly sensation when the camel got up and you thought you were going to tumble off. We walked on our camels to the sphinx where we dismounted and walked to a place just opposite its face. Although its nose had entirely gone it looked as if all its features were there. What an exquisite face it is—how solemn—how majestic you look, your eyes looking out into the desert with that beautiful expression always on your face so collosal and so perfect. You, who have been there for thousands and thousands of years, you, who have gazed and gazed at that endless sea of sand ever since you existed, tell me oh tell me how to look with that sublime expression on your face at all that comes and all that goes, careless of everything for ever.

Such a passage contains many of the Stracheyesque ingredients that were to make up his mature style: the wonderfully comic vision; the dramatic narrative gift; the romantic and rhetorical rhapsodising which, slightly overpitched, seldom quite brings off the effect for which it strives.

THE MOOD of all his later diaries is entirely different. Those that were the "outcome of excitements"—for example, those of August 1905 and of May 1919—are never sustained. It was so much more intriguing, in the real meaning of that word, to whisper his secrets to people rather than commit them coldly to paper. For Strachey was to find his natural balance by becoming involved, simultaneously, with two types of people: the lover and the confidant. He fell deeply in love about half-a-

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dozen times during his life, and parallel to this band of inamoratos there stretched a line of brother and sister confessors to whom he poured out the narrative of his passion. The first of these intimate friends was Leonard Woolf; and he was succeeded by John Maynard Keynes, James Strachey, Ottoline Morrell, Carrington and Mary Hutchinson. These people eclipsed his diaries, which would have disappeared altogether had his amatory arrangements worked out more tidily. As it was, lovers and confidants sometimes became entangled or else involved with other parties who were already interdependent, forming love-atoms of astonishing molecular complexity. Then there were other times, of course, when Strachey was alone. It was during these solitary periods that his diaries reappear.

Not until he got to Cambridge did Strachey find anyone whom he could trust as his confessor. Before that, at Leamington and Liverpool, he had relied on diaries alone. At Leamington, for instance, when he became infatuated with another boy, he put down his thoughts and feelings about it in a secret book. This book gives us a glimpse into his life at a crucially formative stage, and is of great biographical interest. But from Strachey's own point of view, this diary was not an ideal method of describing such episodes. It could be lost, could run the risk of being read by unsympathetic strangers. The thought of such dangers was inhibiting. One could go so far, and no further.

The Liverpool diary is a cry for love. "The truth is, I want *companionship*," he writes. He had no real friends, and was desperately lonely. At times his isolation seems almost to have obliterated his personality, extinguished his sense of being—but the diary flourished. He began it, he tells us, "in the veriest dog days imaginable," for a special purpose. "I hope it will fulfil the office of safety-valve to my morbidity, which otherwise will become too much to put up with and will have to be abolished." But there are some amusing sketches of academics and of middle-class society in Liverpool, and a quite unromantic description of the slums which seemed to mirror back at him all his physical self-disgust:

> Nearly every street is a slum in this town, except those with the fine shops. Here is nothing intermediate. Hardly anyone lives in the town if they can possibly help it. Pitt Street was painful to me in the extreme; it stank; dirty "furriners" wandered in groups over it; and a dingy barrel-organ rattled its jargon in the yard.... I met an old man today, haggard, and pitiful to behold. His cheeks were a hectic red, and his eyes looked out on me with the weary, desolate expression of one lost and drifting. He tottered along the road in an access of decrepitude, his ragged overcoat clutched over his frail form. . . .
>
> . . . In the afternoon walked down to the docks and thence to the landing stage. The crowds of people were appalling. The landing stage blocked; and *all* hideous. It gave me the shivers in two minutes and I fled. My self-conscious vanity is really most painful. As I walk through the streets I am agonised by the thoughts of my appearance. Of course it is hideous, but what *does* it matter? I only make it worse by peering into people's faces to see what they are thinking. And the worst of it is I hate myself for doing it.

Solitude, failure, the "*absolument rien*" of Liverpool life, and especially the conviction of his own outcast ugliness—these are the dominant themes of this diary. "When I consider that I am now 18 years of age a shudder passes through my mind and I hardly dare look at the creature those years have made me." This is a far cry from the gingerbread figure of Bloomsbury legend, the "extravagant old stage duchess whinnying and trumpeting her pronouncements over the teacups" as P. N. Furbank amusingly pictured him. It is also very far from the Strachey who was shortly to establish himself, by sheer force of character, as a pre-eminent figure at Cambridge, and to delight so many people with his wit and gaiety. Here he reveals the darker side of himself. "I wonder if I shall ever fall 'in love'. I can't help smiling at the question—if they only knew—if they only knew! But it is a tragedy also." This is the other face of that comedy which made up so much of his high-stepping life, a face unseen even by some of his friends who consequently did not take his love-affairs very seriously. Love was the only refuge from the sort of intense loneliness he delineates here, his only method of relinquishing all that he hated in himself. It was important.

Strachey's Liverpool diary appears to have been successful for a time in redressing the balance between the glamour of his fantasies and the degrading spectacle he felt he made of himself in public. But in the end it seems only to have increased his self-preoccupation, and he abandoned it.

THE LAST JOURNAL OF HIS LIFE, "A Fortnight in France", was also written in solitude—but this was a solitude of

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his choosing. By now he was able to contemplate his own image with a certain stylised equanimity.

> Looking at myself in a shop-window mirror I saw for the first time how completely grey my hair was over my temples. So that has come at last! I was beginning to think it never would. Do I feel like it? Perhaps I do a little—a very little. A certain sense of detachment declares itself amid the agitations that continue to strew my path.

This journal is by far his most polished performance as a diarist, and shows what he might have achieved in this vein had his life turned out differently. It is a marvellously fluent piece, full of wit and tenderness, remembrances of loves past and speculations over the future, all effortlessly interwoven. Perhaps better than anything else he wrote, "A Fortnight in France" conveys the peculiar charm that entranced so many men and women who knew him, and that is often so elusive on paper. His stream of consciousness, intensified by solitude, is not entirely uninhibited; there is something slightly contrived: but that was the man. There is little sign, too, of the stomach cancer that, within five months, would kill him—just some fatigue and a lengthening detachment from life (he is very much the spectator). The vacuous boredom of his early days is long since past—he had experienced almost too much. Like Hazlitt, he had "had a happy life", and there is much sheer entertainment in these pages, mixed with some wistfulness. Describing the wine cellars of Reims, he wrote:

> In the middle of the endless avenues, about half a dozen slaves—sweet creatures—sat bottling and corking the wine. Impossible to speak to them, as the odious cripple who was showing me round gave no possible opportunity for any such thing. All I could do, as I vanished down one of the avenues, was to wave my hand to them—and I'm glad to say they waved back.

At the beginning of the Liverpool diary, Strachey warns us that "there will be little recorded here that is not transitory, and there will be much here that is quite untrue. The inquisitive reader should he peep between the covers will find anything but myself—who perhaps after all do not exist but in my own phantasy." This, of course, was a defensive gambit; all these diaries throw searching beams of light into strange corners of his character. But what is true is that they do not portray the whole man.

His other autobiographical writings—pieces such as the facetious "First and Last Will and Testament" and his address to the Conscientious Objectors' Tribunal—show him in a more public role. The most important of these are his two long autobiographical essays "Lancaster Gate" and "Monday June 26, 1916", both of which he read out to the Memoir Club.

THE MEMOIR CLUB was founded in March 1920. Besides Strachey, it consisted of twelve members: Clive and Vanessa Bell, E. M. Forster, Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, Maynard Keynes, Desmond and Molly MacCarthy, Adrian Stephen, Saxon Sydney-Turner and Leonard and Virginia Woolf. The club had developed out of an earlier play-reading and Novel Club invented to bring Desmond MacCarthy to the point of writing his novel, which had collapsed once it was discovered that MacCarthy was speaking spontaneously from blank sheets of paper. It was joined later by some members of the Caroline Club, founded by David Garnett and Francis Birrell as a rival to the Novel Club.

Over a period of thirty-six years the Memoir Club would meet, two or three times a year, dine at a restaurant, and then listen to one or two of its members reading aloud some reminiscences. Several of the group had been Cambridge "Apostles", so it comes as no surprise to learn that "absolute frankness" was insisted upon. But being older now and a little less severely Apostolic than before, this frankness was mitigated by some discretion. One of the long-term achievements of the club was the part it later played in bringing into existence books such as David Garnett's and Leonard Woolf's autobiographies, Virginia Woolf's biography of Roger Fry, and possibly even Desmond MacCarthy's *Humanities*. The two brilliant papers Keynes delivered have been published in book form as *Two Memoirs* (1949), and these and other memoirs will almost certainly be of great service to the official biographies of Keynes and Virginia Woolf by Robert Skidelsky and Quentin Bell respectively, to the forthcoming history of Bloomsbury by Noël Annan, and to Paul Levy's study of G. E. Moore and the Apostles.

Strachey read "Lancaster Gate" to the Memoir Club in 1922. *Queen Victoria* had been published the year before, and he was now at the height of his fame and literary powers. With the single exception of *Elizabeth and Essex*, all his books were based on

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the essay form. Although he longed to write drama and lyric poetry, it was the essay that suited his style and stamina best. He was, in fact, one of the most talented essayists in the English language, and "Lancaster Gate" must be accounted one of his finest essays. Its remarkable evocation of atmosphere, its passages of superb comedy, its analysis of the physiological effects produced on him by this pink and black pile have been orchestrated together by a masterly hand. Here is the clue to Strachey's attitude towards the Victorians. The centre of this house, and its most characteristic feature, he tells us, was the drawing-room.

> When one entered that vast chamber, when, peering through its foggy distances, ill-lit by gas-jets, or casting one's eyes wildly towards the infinitely distant ceiling overhead, one struggled to traverse its dreadful length, to reach a tiny chair or a far-distant fireplace, conscious as one did so that some kind of queer life was clustered thick about one, that heaven knows how many eyes watched from just adumbrated sofas, that brains crouched behind the piano, that there were other presences, remote, aloof, self-occupied, and mysteriously dominating its scene—then, in truth, one had come—whether one realised it or no—into an extraordinary holy of holies. The gigantic door, with its flowing *portière* of pale green silk, swung and shut behind one. One stepped in the direction of the three distant windows covered by their pale green limitless curtains, one looked about, one of the countless groups of persons disintegrated, flowed towards one, one sat and spoke and listened: one was reading the riddle of the Victorian Age.

Here also is the clue to so much in his life. "To reconstruct, however dimly, that grim machine, would be to realise with some real distinctness the essential substance of my biography," he writes. And in reconstructing it, he unconsciously shows it as a womb in which his very soul was entangled, and out of which he had to be born again in order to achieve any sort of freedom and fulfilment.

Strachey remained acutely susceptible to architecture all his life, from the "lovely musharabiyeh windows and sweet arches" of an Egyptian mosque, to Blenheim which, he told Mary Hutchinson, is "entrancing, and life-enhancing. I wish it were mine. It is enormous, but one would not feel it too big. The grounds are beautiful too, and there is a bridge over a lake which positively gives one an erection." Every building he subconsciously compared with Lancaster Gate. But his description of the place is not objective—an estate agent would be prosecuted for it. He magnified its size because of its extraordinary effect upon him; and he exaggerated certain features of his home life because he was an hysteric given, in all his writing, to dramatic extremes. It is more than possible that this hysteria formation had its origins in the influence of Lancaster Gate upon him. Yet his exaggerations are not untruthful. "The life that began then—my Lancaster Gate life—was to continue till I was twenty-eight," he writes, "—a man full grown —all the changes from childhood to adolescence, from youth to manhood, all the developments, the curiosities, the pains, the passions, the despairs, the delights, of a quarter of a century having taken place within those walls." No one could guess from reading this sentence the large amount of time he had spent away from his home—his boarding schools, his holidays in Rothiemurchus, his frequent travels in France and Italy, his two years at Liverpool, six years at Cambridge. Yet the presence of Lancaster Gate did pervade these years, and however long he might stay away, however far he might go, he could not escape its magnetic field. So strong was this influence upon him that, years after he had left the house, he continued, with a curious iteration, to dream the same dream about it.

> For some reason or another—one of those preposterous and yet absolutely satisfying reasons which occur in dreams—we are back again once more, just as we were, in Lancaster Gate. We are in the drawing-room, among the old furniture, arranged in the old way, and it is understood that we are to go on there indefinitely, as if we had never left it. The strange thing is that, when I realise that this has come about, that our successive wanderings have been a mere interlude, that we are once more permanently established at number 69, a feeling of intimate satisfaction comes over me. I am positively delighted. And this is strange because, in my working life, I have never for a moment, so far as I am aware, regretted our departure from the house, and if, in actuality, we were to return to it, I can imagine nothing which would disgust me more. So, when I wake up, and find myself after all at Gordon Square or Tidmarsh, I have the odd sensation of a tremendous relief at finding that my happiness of one second before was a delusion.

THE SECOND PAPER he read to the Memoir Club, "Monday June 26, 1916", was not written specifically for this group, which had not yet been formed. Like "Lancaster Gate", it is an autobiographical fragment of lasting value, yet in every other respect it is quite dissimilar. For here Strachey breaks new ground

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as a writer. "To come close to life!" he writes. "To look at it, not through the eyes of Poets and Novelists, with their beautifying arrangements or their selected realisms, but simply as one actually *does* look at it, when it happens, with its minuteness and its multiplicity and its intensity, *vivid* and complete! To do that! To do that even with a bit of it—with no more than a single day—to realise absolutely the events of a single and not extraordinary day—surely that might be no less marvellous than a novel or even a poem, and still more illuminating. . . ." Abandoning his usual Procrustean technique, he gives a minute reconstruction of a day on which nothing in particular happens, a day spent with friends in talk and strolls and tea and ingenious stratagems concocted for the pursuit of love and in the cause of personal relationships. Instead of compression, of prefabricated and well-rounded shape—what Max Beerbohm called "the serpent swallowing its own tail"—he uses a linear, even a tangential method of composition, similar in some ways to that of Virginia Woolf. Everything is set down with trance-like exactitude and with an unsparing analysis of motives, especially his own; yet as an evocation of Bloomsbury it will probably convert no one. Those who detest the group will be confirmed in their antipathy by this picture of a life of crowded leisure and of easy privilege in the midst of war. But others will undoubtedly be fascinated by what is a unique view of this gifted circle, a spontaneous and brilliant piece of writing, without parallel in Lytton Strachey's career.

STRACHEY'S DIARIES and autobiographical essays call for no major reassessment of his life and work, but none of them have yet been published[1] and a number may well come to be judged among his finest writings. While working on a biography of Strachey, I had access to all this material, but at the request of the late James Strachey did not quote directly from it to any great extent, since he had seen the possibility of publishing a collection one day. Such a collection would constitute, I think, an intermittent but not disconnected autobiography, and serve to show another and more hidden aspect of the man whom Gabriel Merle has called "the sphinx of Bloomsbury."

[1] I have edited a selection of these, to be published later this year by Heinemann (London) and Holt, Rinehart & Winston (New York).

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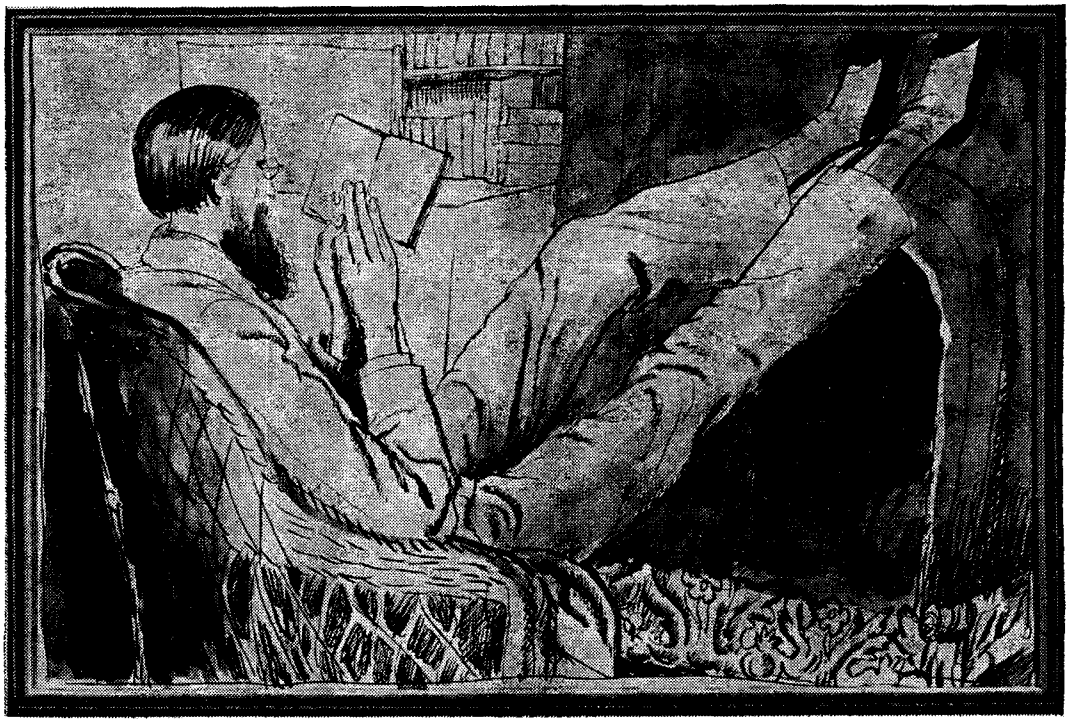

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Alexis de Tocqueville

The Art & Science of Politics

An Unpublished Speech

GENTLEMEN: This Academy in whose name I am privileged to address you today, has from birth been judged in peculiar ways. Even its right to exist has been challenged. It has been readily admitted that man in his private capacity must be subject to permanent discipline, and that ethics is a science. But is there the same agreement about the groupings of men which we call societies? Is there a science of politics? Some go so far as to deny this, and the oddest thing about it is that it is usually politicians, that is to say the practitioners of this very science, who take such liberties with it. They have sometimes allowed themselves to call this science chimerical, or at any rate futile.

It is somewhat childish, so they say, to suppose that there is a particular art which teaches how to rule: the field of politics is too varied and unstable to allow the foundations of a science to be imposed on it. The facts to form the material of such a science never have more than a specious and deceptive resemblance. The age when things took place, the condition of the peoples studied, and the characters of those who act and those who are acted upon are all so profoundly different that each case can only be usefully considered

THIS *speech by Alexis de Tocqueville—which at the time he did not dare deliver in full—has never been published in English. The French text is to be found in the Academy Report of the year 1852. (Cf.* Séances et Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, *Mars et Avril 1852, pp. 301-314, Paris 1852.) The important appendix which we add was published by Gustave de Beaumont in volume IX of his edition of Tocqueville's works (1866, pp. 643 ff.). I have been unable to find the original manuscript. The date of the speech—four months after Louis Napoleon's* coup d'état*—explains why the appendix was not read during the meeting of the Academy.*

To my knowledge no classic in sociology —not even Max Weber in his Politics as a Vocation*—has so closely and so penetratingly examined the essence of politics as theory and its relation to political action. The lessons for our own time are so obvious that they need hardly any other elaboration.*

The speech, written during the second wave of European "plebiscitarian democracy", deserves to be resurrected from oblivion. The unread appendix illustrates how Tocqueville himself had to move with caution in order not to rouse again the wrath of the Master of France and his underlings.

This translation is based on the text given in the Séances et Travaux de l'Académie. *As with other important addresses, Tocqueville's speech was published separately under the auspices of the Institut de France, also in 1852. The texts are in each case identical. Although Beaumont stated that this speech in his edition was based on the manuscript itself, which no longer exists, the text he gives varies sufficiently from those of 1852 to allow me to assume that Beaumont had perhaps inserted certain phrases and altered others. Naturally, I have had, when adding the appendix, to accept Beaumont's version, as no other exists. The speech was originally translated by George Lawrence from Beaumont's version; in view of the discrepancies between it and the 1852 texts, it has proved necessary to revise the translation.*

J. P. Mayer

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separately. The prince who tried to rule his people by putting into practice theories and maxims derived from a study of philosophy and history, might find himself in a sad state; plain common sense would probably have done better for him.

I have heard politicians sometimes speak haughtily in this way about the sciences devoted to the study of politics and about its students. I have always thought them profoundly mistaken.

There are two aspects of politics which should not be confused, one fixed and the other in flux.

The first is based on the very nature of man. It depends on his interests, faculties, and needs as revealed by philosophy and history, his instincts changing their purpose at different times, but without changing their nature, being as immortal as the human race. This aspect of politics shows us those laws best adapted to the general and enduring state of mankind. All this is science.

Then there is also a practical and militant aspect of politics coping with everyday problems and adapting itself to a multitude of varying circumstances. It provides for passing needs and is aided by the ephemeral passions of its contemporaries. That is the art of government.

Of course art and science are different, and practice does not always follow theory. I do not deny this; I would go so far as to concede that, in my opinion, excellence in the one is no guarantee of success in the other. And, gentlemen, although in France great publicists and writers have proved their worth as statesmen, I wonder if you will allow me to say that writing fine books, even books about politics and analogous concerns, is a poor preparation for ruling men and controlling their affairs. But I really do think that the authors who have excelled also as practical statesmen, have done so not because they were fine writers, but in spite of that fact.

The art of writing, indeed, brings about in those who have long practised it habits of mind ill adapted to the conduct of public affairs. It forces them to abide by the logic of ideas, whereas the crowd only obeys the logic of its passions. It gives them a taste for all that is subtle, delicate, ingenious and original, whereas it is gross commonplaces which lead the world.

The study of history often does illuminate the present, but it can also serve to befog it. Think of those with their heads in a mist of learning who have seen 1640 in 1789, and 1688 in 1830. Being always one revolution behind, they always wish to give the second the treatment that would have suited the first, just as learned doctors, who know all about the diseases of past ages, may fail to recognise the symptoms of the complaint they are treating and kill their patient with their erudition! I have sometimes heard regrets that Montesquieu, who made such advances in the science of politics, lived at a time when he could not try to put his theories into practice. Such regrets have always struck me as highly inappropriate. The extreme and even excessive subtlety of his mind might often have led him to miss the moment on which the success of practical affairs depends; instead of the most illuminating of publicists, we might have had quite a poor minister. That often happens.

LET US THEREFORE be clear, gentlemen, that the science of politics and the art of ruling are two very different matters. But does it follow from that that the science of politics either does not exist at all or is futile?

I think it must be the sheer immensity of the subject that makes it impossible for some people to see it. For a science concerned with the conduct of societies does cover all the ground from philosophy to elementary studies of civil law. Having almost no limits, it does not present a distinct outline to view. It gets confused with all studies concerned directly or indirectly with man, and in so vast an area, it gets lost to sight.

But if one concentrates attention on this great science, eliminating everything that goes off at a tangent, then one does see the various elements that make up the whole picture, and that whole stands out clearly. One comes to see the whole process downwards from the general to the particular, in ordered progression from pure theory to written laws and facts.

Seen in this light the famous writers on this subject no longer appear in confusion. They form quite separate groups which can be considered on their own. One group, basing its views either on detailed study of history or on abstract consideration of the nature of man, seeks to find what rights belong naturally to the body social, and which are exercised by the

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individual; what laws are best suited to societies in accordance both with the forms of tradition and of subsequently adopted ideas; what system of government is appropriate to what conditions, places, and times. This group covers the publicists: Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, to mention just a few of the most famous.

Others have attempted a similar task concerning the society of nations in which people count as one citizen. Such a society is always, even in the most civilised ages, rather barbarous, however hard one tries to soften and regulate relations between its members. They have discovered and pointed out what, apart from particular treaties, international law consists of. That is the work of Grotius and of Pufendorf.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

Again, others, without losing sight of the general and theoretical character of political science, have specialised in one part of this vast subject. For example, there is Beccaria's attempt to find out what the rules of criminal justice should be among all nations; and there is Adam Smith's research into the real basis of the wealth of nations.

After that, with even more limited scope, there come the lawyers and great commentators on the laws, such as Cujas, Domat, and Pothier, and all those who interpret and cast light on existing institutions, treaties, constitutions and laws.

The further we descend from ideas towards facts, the narrower and the more defined becomes the field of political science: but it is always the same science. If you need convincing on this point, consider all the writers I have mentioned who deal with such a variety of questions, and note that however far apart they may seem, they are nonetheless continually linking hands and helping one another on. Every commentator has frequently to rely on the abstract, general truths discovered by the publicists, while these latter must always base their theories on the detailed facts and the workings of institutions discovered or described by the commentators.

BUT, GENTLEMEN, it is amazing that I should need to demonstrate the existence of the political sciences in a country where their power is everywhere apparent. You deny the existence and the power of the political sciences? Look around you, and see these monuments and these ruins. What raised the former and brought the latter down? What is it that has changed the face of the world today so that, if your grandfather came back, he would recognise neither the laws, nor the mores, nor the ideas, clothes, customs that he used to know, and scarcely even the language he used to speak? What caused that French Revolution, in a word, one of the greatest events in history? I say the greatest and not the most useful, for this revolution is still in progress, and I await its final effect to be able to characterise it by such a word. But what did cause it? Was it all the politicians, princes, ministers and great lords of the 18th century? They do not need our blessing or our curses, but only our pity, for they almost always did otherwise than they intended, and in the end arrived at a result they detested. The great shapers of this formidable revolution were every one of them men who did not take the smallest part in public affairs: they were, as everyone knows, authors. It was political science, and often that science at its most abstract, which put into our fathers' heads the germs of those new ideas which have since suddenly blossomed into political institutions and civil laws unknown to their forebears.

And we must note that what the political sciences did here with such irresistible power and such wonderful brilliance, is continually done everywhere, although more secretly and slowly. Among all civilised peoples the political sciences create, or at the least give shape to, general ideas; and from these general ideas are formed the problems in the midst of which politicians must struggle, and also the laws

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which they imagine they create. The political sciences form a sort of intellectual atmosphere breathed by both governors and governed in society, and both unwittingly derive from it the principles of their action. Only among barbarians is practice alone recognised in politics.

OUR ACADEMY has a duty to provide a home and rules for these necessary and potent sciences.[1] . . . We should cultivate them in full freedom, but never exceed that freedom, always remembering that this is a learned society, and not a political organisation. The dignity of our endeavours depends on that.

Indeed this Academy has always followed that path, and now only needs to remain true to itself. The Academy has always carefully held aloof from parties, dwelling in the peaceful region of pure theory and abstract science. Not only has the Academy restricted itself in this respect, but it has also made a constant effort to attract and to hold the minds of men distracted by the passions of the day and the tumult of affairs. The subjects proposed for competition prove this, and the competition which we are to judge today drives my point home.

The first point asked by the Academy was this: "Compare the moral and political philosophies of Plato and Aristotle with the theories of the greatest modern philosophers on those same subjects. Make an appreciation of what is ephemeral and false, and what is true and immortal in these different systems."

The issues raised by that question are vast: it embraces almost the whole history of the moral and political sciences; moreover of all branches of science those were the ones with which men's minds have been earliest and most constantly concerned. Such long and deep study was bound to produce an almost infinite number of different notions and diverse systems. To give an account and form a judgment concerning this vast task of the mind seems too much, not for just a memoir, but for a book. It is indeed a difficult undertaking, but not an impossible one.

[1] At this point Tocqueville's manuscript includes a long passage which he did not deliver at the time. Considering the date of the speech—April 3rd, 1852—its omission is not surprising. The omitted portion was published by Gustave de Beaumont in 1866, and is published here as an appendix.

There is this great difference, among many others, between the physical and the moral sciences, in that the field of study of the first is almost unlimited, being bounded by nature alone, whereas the moral sciences are restricted to the study of one subject only, namely man. It is true that within this single object of study there are great differences between individuals and the times they live in; moreover the twilight atmosphere enveloping the whole scene is propitious to all manner of illusions and mistakes. But taking all this into consideration and bearing in mind the number of people who have occupied themselves with this study, one might have expected that more really fertile ideas would have emerged.

It is incredible how many systems of ethics and politics have been successfully found, forgotten, found again and forgotten again, only to make a fresh appearance later on, always enchanting or astonishing the world as if they were quite new, bearing witness to men's ignorance, not to the inventiveness of the human mind.

It would perhaps be permissible to apply to the moral and political sciences, what Madame de Sévigné so pleasingly said about love, that it is a great reviver *(recommenceur)*. For moral and political philosophers often repeat what has been said before in a different way. They present very few truths that are not extremely old, and very few errors which, were their date of birth known, would not appear thoroughly decrepit. That is why most of those who spin social theories nowadays, who justly strike us as so dangerous, would also seem very boring if we had more erudition and better memories.

Consequently it is possible in studying the most famous authors down the centuries who have dealt with ethics and politics, to discover what the main ideas are that have been current among men, to reduce them to a comparatively small number of systems, and to compare and judge them. Nevertheless the difficulty of that task seems to have frightened the competitors. Only one has come forward: his work has attracted the serious attention of the Academy, and deserves it; however, the Academy did not feel justified in giving a prize this year. Our hope is that other competitors will come forward, and we especially hope that the author of the one memoir submitted will perfect his already remarkable work.

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The matter has been referred forward to the competition for 1853. We of the Academy trust that all those concerned with these noble studies that have man as their subject will feel that, while there are few subjects more difficult than that which it has proposed, there are none greater or finer.

THE SECTION CONCERNED with jurisprudence proposed the following question: "What reforms could be made in our civil procedure, from a juridical and philosophical point of view?"

You see, gentlemen, how the horizon narrows here. This subject is as specific as the other was general. We are no longer concerned with man, but with the litigant.

Procedure, we must admit, is not a favourite subject with the public; people often allow themselves to confuse it with splitting hairs. But it deserves a fairer fame than it enjoys and it is a mistake to judge it by the abuses made of it. Without it judges and litigants would have no rules to guide them before and after judgment, and the law's domain would, in many cases, become subject to arbitrary rule. Now all that is arbitrary in justice is the hall-mark of barbarism; and for that reason civilised peoples have always attached great importance to rules of procedure.

Free peoples especially have always been keen on procedure. They have made good use of formalities in the defence of liberty; thousands of little procedural points have been seen to put more obstacles in the way of authority than the general rights guaranteed by the constitution could provide. In much the same way those who live by the sea find that they can often prevent its ravages better by sowing reeds on their beaches, which divide and delay the impetus of the ocean, than by building high dikes which would only be overthrown. However, this part of our laws, important as it is, has remained the least perfected.

The innovators, who over the last sixty years transformed everything in France, have, in spite of their desire to do so, hardly modified the laws concerning the administration of civil justice. Here Napoleon himself failed. All the efforts that were made only shifted it a little without changing its nature. The ordinances of our ancient kings have been taken into our codes. For this reason I have always thought it a slight exaggeration to say that nothing is safe from our revolutions, for our civil procedure does seem safe from them; I am disposed to believe that it will preserve this unusual immunity until some great writer does for it what Filangieri and Beccaria have done for criminal procedure. Such a writer could drag it out of the obscurity of lawyers' journals and court archives, and, bringing it out into the open, could succeed in rescuing it from the self-seeking prejudices of practice, and put it under the light of general philosophic conceptions and of common sense.

That was what the Academy had in mind in framing the question which I have just mentioned, and ten competitors have answered its challenge. Three memoirs have earned the Academy's praise, but although the aim has been approached, it has not been reached. The Academy, encouraged by the memoirs submitted, and aware of the benefits that might spring from further work along these lines, has held the matter over till 1853.

Three prizes were offered this year. The Academy regrets that the first two cannot be awarded, but is happy to announce the award of the third. This prize has been won by M. Bodin, doctor of law and barrister at the Paris Court of Appeal. The subject of M. Bodin's memoir, or rather his book, for he has written a full and valuable treatise on the subject, is as follows: "To trace legal administration in France back to its origins, record its development, and cast light on the principles of its present organisation."

All nations, gentlemen, should take an interest in the history and structure of justice; for all things considered, the judiciary is perhaps the most important of all influences over the day to day existence of every citizen. But consider what cause we French in particular have for studying our legal history. For surely of all classes of society it is writers and judges who have done most to form our national character.

To the former we owe the French temperament in all its vigour and refinement. Its nature is to be curious, bold, restless, often quarrelsome and always hard to tame, and to give no peace to Europe or to ourselves. The latter have given us judicial mores, a real respect for individual independence, and a great taste for judicial formalities and guarantees, a respect which we maintain even amid the dislocations of our revolutions, and the indif-

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ference which is their consequence. To write the history of law and literature in France sends us back to study the sources of our very being.

As far as law is concerned, M. Bodin has accomplished his task remarkably well, tracing the vicissitudes of legal administration in France from the Romans to our own day. He may give us a little too much detail, but this does not prevent the whole picture from standing out clearly and impressively. So the historical part of this memoir well deserves our praise. But the philosophical part is not up to the level of the other, and indeed somewhat detracts from it. Good judgment is harder to attain than good description. The Academy would have welcomed more brilliance in the thought and more colour in the style. But still, it is a great work which does credit both to the author and to the learned society which inspired it.

Having judged the memoirs for 1851, the Academy had to choose new subjects. Two have been selected for this year. The first has been provided by the section concerned with philosophy: it deals with one of the most mysterious phenomena presented by that most mysterious of beings, man.

The question is, what is sleep? What is the essential difference between thinking and dreaming? Does artificial somnambulism, which one might call the perfecting of dreaming and the turning of it to use, really exist? What is this peculiar state in which some of the faculties of the human mind seem increased rather than restricted, whereas the most important of all, the will, remains blind and subordinate? Can one find any rules following a tenable philosophical method to account for these phenomena?

The second question asked this year concerns both society and the family. The Academy requires an examination of the best regulations on which to base contracts of marriage, from an ethical and an economical standpoint.

You know, gentlemen, that Baron Félix de Beaujour has founded a quinquennial prize for the author of the best book calculated to alleviate misery. This year the Academy asks competitors for a manual of ethics and political economy for the use of the working classes.

AT ALL TIMES there have been workers and poor. But what does seem peculiar to our age is a wide-spread idea that somewhere there exists a specific recipe against the hereditary and incurable ill of poverty and work, and that given a little good-will governments could easily find it. People are ready to give each new authority that comes to power a reasonable amount of time in which to discover and apply this new medicine; in case of failure, they are always ready to dismiss so ignorant a doctor and call in another. Experiment follows experiment and generation follows generation, but still this error does not vanish; we still pursue the same chimera through the same ruins.

It is in the hope of combating this false idea which has been responsible for so many ills, that the Academy has proposed the question I have just announced. It wants the competitors to address themselves to the working classes and to spread among them an understanding of some of the most elementary and assured notions of political economy. To make them understand, for example, what there is of permanent and inevitable validity in economic laws which controls the level of wages; and to understand why these laws, being in a sense of divine origin since they spring from nature and the very structure of societies, stand beyond the scope of revolutions, and how the Government cannot make wages rise when the demand for work is falling, any more than one can stop water following the tilt of a glass.

But what the Academy most desires from writers taking up this challenge is that they should make it plain that the main remedy against poverty rests in the hands of the poor man himself, depending on his energy, frugality and forethought; on the good and intelligent use of his faculties, more than anything else; and that, while the laws may play a little part in human welfare, a man owes much to his own efforts: in the last resort one may say that the whole responsibility falls on him, for the worth of the law is only equal to the worth of the citizen.

Is it not strange, gentlemen, that such a simple and clear truth should constantly need rescue from oblivion, and that in our enlightened age it finds a dark hiding place? Unfortunately the reason is easy to see: whereas only observations and facts are necessary to demonstrate mathematical truths, to understand and believe moral truths, mores are needed.

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The Academy does not want the competitors to produce a *Treatise,* but a *Manual;* that is to say it asks them to compose a short, practical work that all can understand. It should be written for the people, but should not try to use the language of the people, for that type of affectation is just as likely to hamper the spread of truth among the lower classes as is an affectation of too fine writing. The importance attached to this little book is proved by the prize of 10,000 francs promised to its author. But the Academy wants to make it clear in advance that no prize will be awarded, unless the competition produces a really remarkable work calculated to meet the stated need.

I will stop here, gentlemen, and allow our permanent secretary to take the floor: he will speak about one of our members whose loss we mourn and whose memory we hold in honour, M. Droz. To praise M. Droz's writings and to remind ourselves of his activities is not irrelevant to our studies, or inappropriate to our high mission; for integrity is better taught by example than by precept, and the best course of ethics, if my respected colleagues in the philosophical section will forgive my saying so, will always be the life of a good man recorded by an historian who understands virtue and knows how to make it loved.

Appendix

OUR ACADEMY, gentlemen, has a duty to provide a home and rules for these necessary and potent sciences; it is a glory for us, but also a danger.

For the most part governments are fairly indifferent to what goes on inside academies, and even, in ordinary times, to the whole world of ideas. When people are only concerned with literature, philosophy, science or even religion, they gladly believe that all that has nothing to do with them. But as soon as somebody somewhere begins to talk politics, then they become extremely attentive; they imagine that one has no effect upon them except when one is talking about them. But do not imagine, gentlemen, that this is just the defect of the small minds who generally take the lead in human affairs. The finest geniuses have fallen into the same error. There are opinions concerning philosophy or religion which have changed the face of empires, and which have come to birth almost under the eyes of the greatest men without their noticing them. Yet probably if those same princes had heard their subjects discussing the maintenance of a local road, they would have been all eyes and ears.

So an academy of moral and political sciences is not, one must realise, equally suited to all countries and all times. There is hardly room for one except in a free country, or a country where discussion about everything is allowed. We have the honour to enjoy such conditions of existence, gentlemen; let us not doubt them.

The *Ancien Régime,* which treated moral and political sciences as an ingenious and respectable occupation for the human intellect, never allowed the people interested therein to come together in an academy. The revolutionary dictatorship, which of all dictatorships is the one most opposed to liberty, suppressed them; and, as the only effective way of preventing writings dealing with such matters, it did its best to suppress the authors. Almost all the survivors from the old 18th-century school of philosophy, Bailly, Condorcet, Malesherbes, perished at its hands. One may feel that the same fate would have befallen Montesquieu, Voltaire, Turgot and even Rousseau himself had they been alive. Luckily for them they were dead before they could see the terrible times for which they have been held responsible. But as soon as the Terror was over, the moral and political sciences at once came back into high favour, and were, one must admit, given an unjust preference; for on the formation of the Institute, which took place at that time, there was a separate section for them, while this was refused for *Belles-Lettres.* A strange piece of ingratitude on the part of a generation nourished and led to power by literature!

THE REVOLUTION continued its course, but soon liberty was lagging behind: for revolution and liberty are two words which in history must be kept carefully apart. The First Consul, who personified the French Revolution and continued it after his own fashion, was nonetheless one of the greatest enemies of liberty the world has ever known. So the First Consul cast a baleful eye on the Academy, or, as it was then called, the moral and political sciences section. It is true that at that time its members were exclusively politicians who had played varying roles in previous events. They included Cabanis, Daunou, Merlin de Douai,

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Dupont de Nemours, Cessac, Roederer, Sieyès, Talleyrand, Lebrun (afterwards Duke of Plaisance), and Destutt de Tracy. It had as a foreign associate the illustrious Jefferson, then President of the United States, a matter which was no great recommendation to the first magistrate of the French Republic. But although its members were famous people, it immediately did its best to let itself be forgotten, seeing its master's attitude which the spirit of the age no longer contained. It voluntarily restricted its sphere and made itself inconspicuous; one can easily see that by going through its final activities.

For the history of philosophy it made the government of France under her two first dynasties its concern. This scarcely seemed to compromise it. However, for the sake of still more perfect innocence, it thought fit to retreat to the Pharaohs. Its last sessions were spent listening to M. de Volney who was given the task of providing interesting information, as the record tells us, about the tunics of Egyptian mummies. For ethics, M. Dupont de Nemours read a paper about instinct; and that, being common to man and beast, was hardly likely to upset the Government. For political economy, it concerned itself with the daily rise and fall of the Seine. As for politics properly speaking, it does not figure at all.

The public treated the Academy much as it treated itself; no serious thoughts were attracted to it from outside, any more than they were generated within it. In its final records there is only mention of one work of any size offered to it, entitled, *Course on Morals for the Use of Young Ladies,* by Citizen Almaric.

All that does not appear very alarming, nevertheless the First Consul was concerned. It was no use the Academy's making itself small; Napoleon's eyes could see it in the dark where it was lurking.

When he had wiped out the very last traces of public liberties, a process which he called abolishing the rule of the lawyers, he wanted to shut down the last refuge for men thinking freely, or *idéologues* as he called them. For he forgot that it was these ideologues who had prepared the ruin of the *Ancien Régime,* and that without the lawyers who brought that ruin to completion, he would never have become the master of France and of Europe, but would surely have remained for all his genius an obscure little gentleman, lost in the lower reaches of that hierarchy which writers and lawyers destroyed.

I HAVE TAKEN great pains reading many documents, especially the administrative records deposited in the national archives, trying to discover how the abolition of the moral and political sciences section by the First Consul came about, but I have not found anything of importance. However, a perusal of these documents does show that it is not in parliamentary democracies alone that those who are in charge of affairs take the trouble to hide their real thoughts in a fog of words. Although they proclaim themselves all-powerful, despotic governments are just as ready as others to resort to deception. From time to time they condescend to use trickery. In the report by the Minister of the Interior, Chaptal, which preceded the decree, and which I have examined in the copy corrected in the Minister's own hand, there is not a single word about the reasons for suppressing the moral and political sciences section. There is no criticism, no insinuations against it; the word suppression is not even mentioned; it is only a question of reorganising the Institute on a better plan, and introducing a division of work more favourable to the interests of letters and of science. Reading the preamble to the decree one would not have supposed that we were thought of at all. Reading the decree itself we discover that we do not exist any more, and we have been gently eliminated by omission.

It is equally clear from the report that the Minister's original idea was purely and simply to return to the old organisation of academies, not only in fact, but also in name; in a word, to do in 1803 what Louis XVIII did in 1816, tying together again the chain of time, as the King was subsequently to call it. The First Consul accepted the substance, but objected to the words. M. de Fontanes, who remained a great lover of the past and who was what in modern parlance would be called a great reactionary, pressed him to give back the name of Academies to the sections. We are told that he replied, "No! No Academy! That would be too Bourbon."

That is how the moral and political sciences section came to an end, shrouded in the flag of Marengo. That was at least a glorious winding sheet.

It was not reborn until France became free again.

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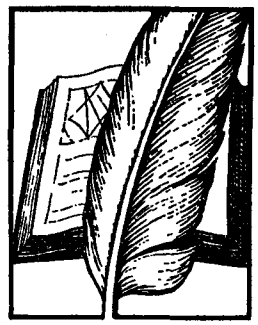
But even in times most favourable to it, the Academy is placed between two reefs. There is danger that it may leave its proper sphere, and danger that it may remain inactive within it.

We must never forget, gentlemen, that we are a learned society, and not a political organisation: the security and the dignity of our endeavours depend on that.

It is, one must admit, easier to define this demarcation line between theory and practice than to keep to it. Some question which at first sight seems purely theoretical will easily turn under the influence of the passions of the moment into a question of facts, and be used as a party weapon. For we are an argumentative people with a quick wit, and we gladly twist the most subtle theories to satisfy the coarsest appetites, often cloaking rather squalid actions in very fine words. So there are some political matters which are by nature questions of practice, and others which circumstance may draw into that sphere. With a restraint that does it credit, the Academy has been able to avoid both these errors. It has remained firmly within the theoretical sphere. Indeed it has done more, for it has tried to make thinking people pay attention to such matters; if it has not always succeeded in this, one should not be too astonished.

One might have supposed that it was at times when all are concerned with government, that the abstract science of government would be most sedulously and successfully cultivated. But the opposite would be nearer the truth. The greatest publicists that the world has known have appeared before or after ages of civic freedom. Aristotle wrote about the Republic at the court of Alexander; *De l'Esprit des Lois* and *Du Contrat Social* were composed under absolute monarchies. Those books have made us what we are, but we should probably be unable to write those books today. The fact turns ceaselessly from the idea, and practice does not conform with knowledge; and in the end politics becomes more no more than a game of chance, often with loaded dice.

It was with the object of attracting minds distracted by the tumult of parties and the pressure of affairs towards political speculation, that the Academy established competitions and distributes annual prizes to writers who have distinguished themselves in this field. It is for the purpose of judging these competitions and distributing these prizes that we are assembled here today . . .



Column

AS I WRITE, it has just been announced that Alexander Solzhenitsyn, author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, Cancer Ward, The First Circle,* will not now travel to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature; on the grounds that if he did, he might not be allowed to return to his native land. His decision illustrates the kind of pressure and the danger to which he is exposed as a result of the award of the prize. For to the Soviet authorities the award has an exclusively political significance. It gives aid and comfort to critics of the Soviet Union both within and without her frontiers, is an expression of the bourgeois prejudice of her capitalist enemies and is a direct encouragement to the "subversive elements" like Solzhenitsyn which threaten her security from within. In such a situation, Solzhenitsyn's literary merits are of only minimal significance, though for reasons of state even these have to be denigrated.

When the Nobel Prize was awarded to Sholokhov, of course, no concessions were required; for Sholokhov is a favourite son of the Russian establishment, impeccably *bien pensant* in his views, and in honouring him the Nobel Committee was, in Soviet eyes, also honouring the Communist party and government of which he is the obedient servant. Solzhenitsyn, however, is in disgrace. His books have been proscribed, and he has been expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union. In awarding him the prize the Nobel Committee has thrown off the mask and revealed itself in its true light as the jackal and running dog of Western imperialism.

IN SUCH A SITUATION, it is quite irrelevant, from the Soviet point of view, that Solzhenitsyn is an immensely gifted writer in the great tradition of Russian literature. If anything, this only makes matters worse, because the award directs international attention to how marvellously he stands out, like some mountain peak, from the steppes and tundra of Russian literature today. It is a very awkward thing for commissars to have a mountain peak suddenly erupt into their meticulously levelled literary landscape. What can one

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do with such a phenomenon? One can pretend to ignore it, but that is difficult, because the hateful object obstinately persists in obtruding itself on one's notice. One can try to bulldoze it out of existence, but even after months and years of digging and shovelling away, it somehow only seems to loom larger than ever. But what makes the situation absolutely intolerable is that interfering foreigners should insist on calling attention to its presence, to the beauty of the snow fields on its slopes and the enormous shadows it throws at evening across the desolate wastes of Soviet literary life. The whole thing becomes insufferable.

ONE SEES HOW AWKWARD the affair is for the Soviet authorities. If one could, one might almost sympathise with them. Just how awkward it is one can learn in detail from the documentary record compiled, with an introduction, by Leo Labedz[1], the editor of that excellent journal, *Survey*. Mr Labedz has worked with exemplary speed and scholarship to present us with a comprehensive survey of Solzhenitsyn's life and work, and the controversy they have aroused in the Soviet Union, at the moment when his long struggle against the Soviet authorities appears to be reaching its climax and he himself has been condemned by them to a perpetual silence.

Perhaps what emerges most clearly from the record is that it is impossible to regard Solzhenitsyn's case simply as an individual one. Untypical though he is because of his great talent and his equally great courage, he stands in the Soviet Union today as a representative figure whose experience reveals a pattern which has been followed by millions of his fellow countrymen and women. In part at least, it is this representative character which lends such force to his writings and has made of him an unacknowledged legislator of all those who hope for a new birth of liberty in Russia.

His life, indeed, seems like one of those great classical dramas which embody a myth that reflects the fate of an entire nation. In the first act, the young Solzhenitsyn, educated as a mathematician and physicist but with an overriding devotion to literature, fights with courage and distinction in the Great Patriotic War which, despite its terrible sufferings, seems to millions of Russians to inaugurate an era of hope and liberation. In the second, the leaden hand of the tyrant falls upon him, and he is condemned to imprisonment and forced labour and contracts cancer. Cured, in the third act he is released and rehabilitated in The Thaw introduced by Khrushchev and the Twentieth Congress and is given the opportunity to publish his writings, including *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* which brought him immediate recognition of his outstanding literary gifts. In the fourth, and perhaps the last act, the darkness drops again, the false dawn is revealed for what it is, and Solzhenitsyn returns to that circle of silence and isolation which the Soviet Union reserves for the gifted, the truthful, and the brave.

This recurring cycle of light and darkness, of liberation and tyranny, of hope and despair, spans the life of an entire generation of Russians and in one man's experience epitomises the life of a nation. In the many public discussions of Solzhenitsyn's work during the period of "de-Stalinisation", nothing is more impressive and moving than the repeated tributes paid to him, both by his readers and his fellow writers, for his capacity to tell the truth, not about *his* experience, but *theirs,* which is the experience of Russia herself. In such tributes there recurs a note of passionate gratitude, as of a people who have suffered for years in darkness and in silence, and at last have found a voice to express their sufferings; at the same time they are infused with the belief that this voice, so profoundly Russian, has not only done justice to the past but announces the advent of a new era in which such sufferings will not be repeated.

The silence to which Solzhenitsyn has now again been condemned is a sign that such a belief can no longer be sustained. That is why his "case" is of significance not only to Russians but to everyone who shares the values which he has asserted so magnificently in his novels. It is precisely his assertion of those values which have earned him the penalties which have now been imposed on him. Again, what Mr Labedz's documents show is that, by Russians, this assertion is felt to be something more than, though it includes, simple opposition to communism or Marxism; it is the positive affirmation of certain aspects of human life with which Marxism is not compatible. Perhaps one of the most striking signs of Solzhenitsyn's literary gifts is that he is able to demonstrate their survival even in those places of torment designed by the Soviet régime to eradicate them. It is because of this that his novels, despite their fundamental criticism of Soviet reality, do not strike a note of despair but rather of hope and joy, a note which is as rare in Western

[1] *Solzhenitsyn, A Documentary Record.* Edited, with an Introduction, by LEO LABEDZ. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 30s; Harper & Row, $5.00.

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as in Soviet literature at the present time, and is all the more moving because it sounds in places and circumstances from which hope and joy have been officially banished. His novels are letters from the underground; what is remarkable is the light that shines through their darkness.

ONE CAN UNDERSTAND why Solzhenitsyn should be an embarrassment, even a danger, to the present Soviet régime, and why they should resent anything which increases his reputation and prestige, both as a writer and as a man. But any society would find it difficult to accommodate a writer like Solzhenitsyn, whose outstanding characteristic is his passion to set down the truth as he sees it without distortion or falsification. The passion for truth is always an awkward and disturbing phenomenon, and some comments inspired in this country by the Nobel Committee's award suggest that if he were among us he might not find himself altogether comfortable.

The Observer, for instance, finds that "he does not denounce the evils of the Soviet system." It is difficult to understand such a comment. No doubt Solzhenitsyn does not parade in Che Guevara *bandeaux* and shriek obscenities at the top of his voice, which is what the West has come to mean by protest. But his novels are none the less the most truthful and devastating exposures of Soviet conditions that have yet been written. There is not a line in them in which the underlying reality does not break through, and the fact that Solzhenitsyn speaks with the voice, not of a demented prophet or a petulant adolescent, but of an authentic human being, makes the condemnation not less, but more, impressive. "He writes," says *The Observer,* "in the spirit of a witness"; but the significant thing is that he is a witness to matters which the Soviet régime makes Herculean efforts to conceal, and he has described them with a realism which no one else has achieved. The fact that his novels are works of art in no way diminishes the severity of his condemnation. For Solzhenitsyn is not only a witness; he is also a judge, and there are no mitigating circumstances in the sentence he passes on the established régime. Truth is not a four-letter word but it is nevertheless the most effective of all forms of protest against an evil reality. In this respect, perhaps, the KGB shows a better understanding of Solzhenitsyn than *The Observer.*

It may be, of course, that *The Observer* is only engaged in a well-meaning attempt to pull the wool over the KGB's eyes, by persuading them that Solzhenitsyn is not really their enemy. I hardly think the attempt will be successful, however well intended. But at least *The Observer* has not proceeded to the contemptible lengths of *The Times Literary Supplement* in an effort to grovel to the KGB. After insisting that the Nobel Committee has been influenced by political (and presumably anti-Soviet) motives in its award of the prize to Solzhenitsyn, the *T.L.S.* goes on to say that this places other countries in a very awkward position. It is not quite clear why this should be so, because the *T.L.S.*'s comments are so veiled in equivocation (though not so thickly as to conceal their malice) that it is extremely difficult to understand what they mean. Their conclusion however is sufficiently clear.

> The position of Solzhenitsyn has become, or should have become, a reason for embarrassment in some western countries, including this one. . . . His books have been received by minds rigorously massaged to read them in a way which intensifies their political meaning and focuses an unnatural attention on their author. Until we find ways of apologising for this kind of distortion, and remedying it, the attitude of official organizations like the Soviet Writers' Union towards Solzhenitsyn cannot be expected to soften.

Until we find ways of apologising . . . ! I presume that the *T.L.S.* is not merely using the editorial *we* in this phrase, nor am I quite sure on whose behalf they wish to apologise. On the other hand, I do not really see the *T.L.S.*'s difficulty in finding a way out of the intolerable position in which Solzhenitsyn and the Nobel Committee has placed it. Indeed, I am willing to venture a modest proposal for alleviating their embarrassment. A first step, surely, would be for the editor of the *T.L.S.* and his staff, and perhaps some of the paper's reviewers, if they can be tempted out of their veil of anonymity, to address a letter to the Soviet Writers' Union, couched in suitably humble terms, denouncing the Nobel Committee and confessing the sins of the West in respect of Solzhenitsyn and his works.[2] It would help, I think, if as penitents they were to admit that, inadvertently and by oversight,

[2] Perhaps the letter should be addressed directly to the KGB to whose defence *The Times,* now publishing the so-called "Khrushchev Memoirs" (presumably emanating from that source), has just astonishingly rallied. According to Louis Heren (*The Times*, 20 November), the KGB "attracts into its ranks increasing numbers of highly intelligent and cultivated Russians . . . they find in this privileged force a freedom, sometimes for good, denied to the great mass of their compatriots".

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they may have contributed to those sins in their own columns, and promise to be more careful in future. They might also practise in their letter their technique of what they call "nuanceing" Solzhenitsyn's character, that is to say, insinuating that he is a man of rather lesser integrity than he is represented by his admirers in the West and not above practising some shady political tricks.

OF COURSE, one cannot promise that the letter would be successful in softening up those official organisations, like the Soviet Writers' Union, or the Soviet censorship, or the KGB, whom Solzhenitsyn has offended. One obstacle might be that the *T.L.S.* might have difficulty in grovelling to the extent required on such occasions in the Soviet Union: Russians themselves usually only achieve it after they have had their lives beaten out of them, or have themselves been softened up by years and months of imprisonment, solitary confinement, torture, degradation, cold and hunger. The *T.L.S.* however should not be discouraged. It is already showing considerable promise in the art of confession *à la Russe*, and in doing so, of its own free will, it can flatter itself that after all it is only continuing that grand old tradition of British journalism celebrated by Humbert Wolfe.

> *You cannot hope to bribe or twist,*
> *(Thank God) the British journalist.*
> *But seeing what the man will do*
> *Unbribed, there's no occasion to.*

OF COURSE, one hopes and believes that the *T.L.S.* might feel there was something ignoble about such methods of appealing to the mercy of "official organisations." Yet I cannot help contrasting, though with a certain sense of shame, the tone and content of the *T.L.S.*'s Commentary on Solzhenitsyn with a letter of congratulation to him from a Russian prison camp which Mr Labedz includes among his documents:

> Barbed wire and automatic weapons prevent us from expressing to you personally the depth of our admiration for your courageous creative work, upholding the sense of human dignity and exposing the trampling down of the human soul and the destruction of human values. . . .

The letter, smuggled out of the Soviet labour camp at Potma in Mordovia, was signed, among others, by Yuri Galanskov, a young Russian poet sentenced in 1968 to seven years of forced labour for editing a do-it-yourself *Samizdat* magazine. It is evidence that the person who to the *T.L.S.* is an "embarrassment," on whom "unnatural attention" has been focused, is to the wretched and oppressed in Russia a source of inspiration and hope. It is also a reminder, once again, that Solzhenitsyn's case is not an individual one but typifies the fate of hundreds and thousands of others. I find it shameful and horrifying that, in this struggle between Solzhenitsyn and those he represents, and the "official organisations", the *T.L.S.*, as a representative organ of British literary opinion, should have aligned itself with the Soviet authorities and against Solzhenitsyn.

THE TRUTH IS that the *T.L.S.* has been playing devious and dangerous literary politics in a situation in which men's lives and liberties are at stake. Since British literary journalists, in the cosy security of their editorial offices, are not very good at this kind of game, it would be better if they gave it up and, instead, stated their position with the same frankness and clarity as Solzhenitsyn has stated his, which is, quite simply, that a writer should be free to express his vision of truth without interference by the state. It is a claim from which I think no honest writer could dissent, without knowing that he betrayed not only his fellow writers but all those for whom he wrote. For where such a claim is not admitted there can be no liberty for anyone. I cannot help wondering what kind of people they can be who find in such a claim, and those who make it in Russia, a reason for embarrassment for which they wish to apologise.

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How Did the Bible Put It?

Some Problems of New Israeli Writing—By AHARON MEGGED

WITH ADMIRATION, but at the same time with much compassion, I look back to my forefathers of a century or two ago, those writers of the Enlightenment period who began to use the Hebrew language for the creation of modern fiction—a language which for some 18 centuries had not been spoken and had been employed almost entirely for sacred, scholarly purposes. What was wanted was a "pure . . . immaculate . . . noble" Hebrew, and they turned to the great source of our poetry and legend and lore, the Bible. But alas, the whole vocabulary of the Bible consisted of scarcely more than 8000 words! With this small number of antique coins they had to barter a whole world of sophisticated objects, relations, and emotions of human life as a modern man sees and conceives it. It was not so absurd when Avraham Mapu in 1850 (in his novel *Love of Zion)* depicted in biblical language biblical life in the time of the prophet Isaiah; the grace of the ornate language served adequately the romantic mood and milieu. But when one reads in another novel of his, centred on Jewish life in Eastern Europe in his own time, paragraphs like:

> While Nehemiah was yet speaking, there came Madheba, the sister of Meir, her face clouded and her lips full of wrath and saith unto her brother: thou shalt not sit longer in the Vale of tears! Now arise, get thee out of here, lest thou shalt repent of this. Is this your resting place?

one realises how the poverty of the vocabulary at his disposal chained his hands and minimised his possibilities of expression, and made his writing appear so naive and florid. In describing landscapes he had to use phrases such as "The rain is over and gone . . . the flowers appear on the earth . . . the vines in blossom give forth their fragrance." Or, "they lay in green pastures, beside still waters, all around them tents of righteousness", which he drew of course from the Song of Songs and from the Psalms. It must have been a matter of despair for him not to know Hebrew names of flowers and trees of his environment, not to be able to name thousands of objects, beating about the bush, circumventing things, calling spectacles "houses of eyes", a train "carriage of iron", a restaurant "house of eating" and a telescope "a tube through which the moss on the wall would seem like the cedar of Lebanon". Mapu (or, for that matter, any of the Hebrew writers of his time) was no less clever, less sensitive, less imaginative than his contemporaries who wrote in Russian, German, English; but his best endeavours were hampered by lack of tools.

SINCE THEN the Hebrew language has made a miraculous leap forward. Even at the end of the last century, the writer Mendele Mokher Seforim enriched the language enormously, adding about 20,000 words to its vocabulary by drawing from the treasury of post-biblical (Mishnaic and Rabbinic) Hebrew. And in the course of building a new life and a new culture in the Land of Israel, a whole revolution took place. The Hebrew of today can serve all the needs of everyday life and everyday literature: natural dialogue, technical terms, processes of construction and destruction, work and battle, fast 200-words-a-minute radio reporting of football matches, swear-words and love words. In contrast to Mapu, a landscape description written in 1950 emerges as in the following excerpt from a story of S. Yizhar:

> The fields are free and wind-swept, their latent heat glistening outward, slowly cooling off, glittering jewel-like from each weed and blade of grass, and it is as if their inner moisture calls out in golden song; the dried up grasses and wheat-stalks are always a-glitter, and interspersed here and there are some green remnants that have not yet burst into flame, despite the parched whiteness of mid-summer. The cicadas fill the air with their harsh ceaseless rasping, far removed from the gentle cooing of the doves, soft and warm and languid, which blankets the house in a downy coverlet.

Still, in spite of this great development of language, which enables the writer to be subtle, sophisticated, and to render minute details of scenery and emotions, one of the main problems of new Israeli writing is that of the usage of the Old/New language. Let me explain.

THE REVIVAL of the Hebrew language is not like Lazarus arising by miracle from the dead. It is more like the Sleeping Beauty awakened by the Prince. She was not dead; she had only been dormant for a long time; and she was not rotten bones but a real

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beauty. Now, when you betroth her and bring her into your house, your problem is how to make this noble, aristocratic Princess, adorned with jewels and clad in purple, do all the domestic work, soil her hands, break her back in cooking, washing and tending the garden in the back yard. Contrary to Eliza Doolittle of *Pygmalion*, she is quite all right at fancy parties, but she misbehaves in the market place. It is a delight to use Hebrew for poetry, philosophy, nature and such-like high purposes: it is not as easy to bend it for the more menial services. Traits of the aristocratic upbringing of bygone days and blue-blood habits show in her even after you are sure that she has accustomed herself to the new democratic life. Jorge Luis Borges (in his story "The South") describes an old man sitting on the floor of an inn, in these words: "His years had reduced and polished him as water does a stone or the generations of men do a sentence . . ." Hebrew sentences, in spite of the language being so old, have not been reduced and polished by generations of men. They have not been used for ages, and every sentence being formed now is composed of words that echo times past, but in structure and flavour is a new-born being, lacking the polish and feel of something that has been used before. Forming such sentences is a pleasurable yet unfulfilling experience at one and the same time.

Let me illustrate this by something of my own experience. In 1938, after graduating Gymnasium, I—like all proper young men of that pioneering period—joined a kibbutz instead of going to University as was the wish of my learned middle-class parents. The kibbutz was situated near Haifa, had very little land of its own, and most of its members worked as hired-labourers at the Haifa harbour. The work was very hard at that time; there was no machinery or modern equipment all the work was done by hand and by back, carrying crates, 100-kilo sacks, loading and unloading ships 14 to 16 hours a day. It was back-breaking, heart-breaking, blood-spitting toil, but it had some rewards. The world of the harbour was a fascinating conglomeration of human species: sailors and seamen from so many countries; and along the wharfs and in the ships' holds we worked side by side with stout, tough Arabs, who were the great majority of labourers, with British clerks and officials, with Jewish new-comers from Eastern Europe, and with those unique proletarian Jews from Salonika, descendants of stevedores and longshoremen way back from Greece, old timers in the profession.

One of my first stories, called "A Load of Oxen", was about life in Haifa harbour. Since writing and working was impossible, and on Shabath I was too tired, I was given a job for a few weeks as night watchman in the vegetable gardens nearby. There, in a small wooden shed, full of tools and sacks of fertilisers, I sat and wrote the story, the rain dripping from the roof, blotching the copybook paper, and the rats running around and chirping, trying to gnaw at a few tasty Hebrew letters.

The first difficulty I had was how to name —in Hebrew—the many parts of the ship, the tools and equipment used, the different processes of work. It was, I think, the first Hebrew story ever written on longshoremanship and there was no terminology available, for the simple reason that Jews speaking Hebrew had never in the last 2000 years worked as longshoremen. At work we used English and Arabic terms. How, then, would you say in Hebrew: keel, beam, deck-planking, top foremast, mizzenmast, winch, bulwarks, etc. etc.? I went to search in the Bible, but couldn't find much except for a description of Noah's Ark, and that was not of great help. There was much more in the *Mishna* but those terms related to old-type sailing craft and row boats. I went to Tel-Aviv to consult my teachers at the Gymnasium. They, too, knew little of sea-going vessels. I eventually had to invent many terms by forming new nouns on the foundation of old roots. Today, 30 years later, when Israel has a merchant navy and thousands of seamen and harbour workers, there is a whole dictionary for this terminology, so that writers, writing about ships and the loading of ships, have nothing to worry about but their own talent to tell a story.

But even then, 30 years ago, that was a soluble problem. There was another problem which still exists, and it is much more serious.

WHEN RENDERING THE SPEECH of the characters in that particular story, I had to translate in my mind the actual speech of most of them from Arabic, English, Yiddish and Ladino, the language of the Salonika stevedores. This can be easily done of course. But how does one render the special flavour of the dialect, the idiom, the slang of longshoremen and seamen, when you put it in Hebrew? Those tones of speech which, when you read a story in most other living languages, you immediately recognise as typical to a certain class, environment, upbringing, background? Which you immediately identify with something very familiar to you from your experience?

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"What are you doing, clumsy, drunken fool?" [says Mrs Morel to her husband in Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*].

"Then tha should get the flamin' thing thysen. Tha should get up, like other women have to, an' wait on a man" [says Walter Morel]. "Wait on you, wait on you? Yes, I see myself." "Yis, an' I'll learn thee tha's got to. Wait on *me*, yes, tha sh'lt wait on me—"

"Never, milord, I'd wait on a dog at the door first."

"What? What?"

This kind of talk, apparently typical to a miner's family in the Midlands, is almost impossible in a Hebrew story, unless an author invents a slang out of his imagination and makes believe that it sounds natural. This is because there is no typical miner's speech in Israel (there are few miners in any case, and those who are were shop-keepers or pedlars or doctors of yesterday). Or, for that matter, sailors' speech, farmers' speech, tramps' speech, etc. There are only a few closed communities who have preserved old traditions of habits, manner and speech—like the Yemenites or the ancient Orthodox, or the old settlers in certain regions—and even these are rapidly changing. Thus, when writing a realistic dialogue in a story or a play, you have the feeling that each sentence is a *one-time* sentence, never uttered before, never to be uttered again; and in many cases it is your own invention.

THIS LEADS ME to another problem of writing in a new, changing society. One of our young writers once lamented to me how distressed he was when writing stories that he didn't have a grandmother. Well, the case with grandmothers is this: when you have them around too much you feel they are bothersome and a nuisance, but when you don't have them at all, you miss them and sometimes are obsessed with a yearning. Most of us Israelis do not have grandmothers, many of us do not even have mothers; they were left behind in Europe, or North Africa, or America. They died or perished or were abandoned. The little we know of them is from stories and memories. We lost touch with them, and the silver thread of continuity of generations has been cut. For writers this is very distressing indeed. T. S. Eliot, in *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*, says:

> There is an aspect in which we can see a religion as the *whole way of life* of a people, from birth to the grave, from morning to night and even in sleep, and that way of life is also its culture.

He goes on to say that the term "culture" embraces such activities and interests as:

> . . . a cup final, the dog races, the pin-table, the dart-board, Wensleydale cheese, boiled cabbage cut into sections, beetroot in vinegar, 19th-century Gothic churches and the music of Elgar.

For generations, the Jewish way of life complied with this general definition. It was a religion and a culture at the same time. It enveloped the life of the individual and the community from the cradle to the grave. You could make your own list of parallel characteristics: the Sabbath candles, the black mantle, gefilte fish, pickled herring, dumplings; playing with a spinning top on *Hanukah* and with nuts on Passover; tearing the hem of the coat as a sign of mourning, kissing a holy book when it dropped to the floor, never kissing your beloved in front of strangers; singing traditional songs for every occasion; your grandmother, her spectacles perched on her nose, reading old tales of the pious from a book on her lap at Saturday twilight . . . thousands of customs and habits that everyone observed and followed and was imbued with. A paradise for writers, as it were. S. Y. Agnon, for instance, who was conceived in the womb of this all-embracing "religion-cum-culture" and grew up in its bosom, demonstrates in every story of his the pleasure of this writer's paradise. Take an excerpt like this from the story "The Kerchief":

> How pleasant that Sabbath was when we returned from the synagogue! The skies were full of stars, the houses full of lamps and candles, people were wearing their Sabbath clothes and walking quietly beside father in order not to disturb the Sabbath angels who accompany one home from the synagogue on Sabbath Eves. Candles were alight in the house and the table prepared and the fine smell of white bread, and the white table cloth spread and two Sabbath loaves on it, covered by a small napkin out of respect, so that they should not feel ashamed when the blessing is said first over the wine. Father bowed and entered and said *"A peaceful and blessed Sabbath"* and Mother answered, *"Peaceful and blessed."* Father looked at the table and began singing *"Peace be unto you, angels of peace"*, while Mother sat at the table, her prayer book in hand, and the big chandelier with the ten candles one for each of the Ten Commandments, hanging from the ceiling, gave light . . . . And the ends of my mother's kerchief, which hung down below her chin, were quivering very gently, because the Sabbath angels were moving their wings and making a wind. It must have been so, for the windows were closed and where could the wind have come from if not from the wings of the angels?

Here are deep-engraved patterns-of-life, deep-rooted customs, popular beliefs, liturgical and mystical associations. And the Hebrew style, typically Agnonian as it is—economical, legend-like, with ironic undertones alluding to the

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naivety of popular beliefs—is at the same time traditional, derived from Hassidic tales and holy Scriptures. The distinction of it lies in this very combination of individuality and convention, when the single voice ripples with the echoes of past generations. Thus, reading a story of Agnon is like looking into a deep well, where your own image is reflected through mysterious half-darkness encircled by ancient stones.

NOW ALL THIS "culture" has almost entirely vanished in the new land. The Sabbath candles, when they are lit, have lost much of their splendour, the black mantle has been replaced by khaki clothes; instead of gefilte fish, you have a mixed vegetable salad and egg-plant pureé. On festivals, children play football instead of pitching nuts at home; adults dance waltzes and rock-n-roll instead of Hassidic dances. Your grandma, if still living, is taking pains to adjust herself to the habits of the young, so strange to her. We do not complain, we have no regrets; we are quite happy with this. This is what we have been aspiring to: to deliver ourselves out of the ghetto-culture and build a new life, based on work, close to Nature and Land, free from anachronistic customs, blending the best of our historical traditions and modern values. All this is exhilarating.

But what about the writer, living in a brand-new white-washed house, sitting at a new unscratched table—not inherited from his ancestors? What about him, walking among the people, so many of whom are new-comers to the country, whose biographies and mentalities are obscure to him, with no access to their past and little knowledge of their present? What about him, trying to grasp in his palm an ever-flowing, ever-evasive handful of water? Trying to capture in Hebrew letters a picture subject to constant mutation?

IN SPITE OF ALL THAT has been said about its problems and difficulties, literature is flourishing in Israel. Realistic, surrealistic, poetic, satirical, *avant-garde,* and what have you. It is all widely read, much appreciated, often admired. In fact the output and circulation of books in Israel is relatively one of the highest in the world; and in poetry it is on average higher in absolute figures than in Britain or the United States. It is quite common to see soldiers carrying books of poems in their knapsacks on their way to the front line, or groups of kibbutz members or factory workers discussing the latest novel by Yizhar or Shamir or Yehoshua, with no less fervour than any topical political subject. How symptomatic it is that in a book called *The Seventh Day,* which is a compilation of interviews with soldiers after the Six Day War, so many of them support their views by quoting lines from Gouri poems or Yizhar stories. Is the present Israeli literature being created in a transitional, uncrystallised society, more shallow, less exalting, less inspiring and artistic than the past Hebrew literature?

It is different. Obviously it is populated by different characters. Its main protagonists are no longer Rabbis, shopkeepers, holy men, scholars, *luftmenschen,* but workers, farmers, settlers, soldiers; and the background is mostly rural rather than urban. Obviously it is entirely devoid of the traditional apologetic theme, confronting Jews with non-Jews, so prevalent in the European and American Jewish literature. Obviously the language is more colloquial and secular. But the fundamental transfiguration it has gone through is in the way of drawing from a different *myth.* While the former two or three generations of Hebrew literature, whose roots were in the diaspora, drew from the myth of the *people,* the present one is drawing from the myth of the *land.* Or to put it more precisely, the shift has taken place from the myth of a *People in search of a Land* to the myth of a *Land in search of a People.*

Indeed, the land—the old land of Israel, under the blazing sun of antiquity, with its bewitching landscapes, with its rich reminiscences of times past, pre-historic, biblical, Byzantine, Islamic, medieval, Ottoman, Christian; desolate and resurrected by pioneers —is for the new Israeli literature what the tradition and customs and folklore of the people were for Mendele, Shalom Aleichem, Peretz, Agnon and Hazaz: a source of inspiration, a wealth of legends, a depth of time and a sense of meaningfulness and belonging.

Sometimes the angry northern winds get scared and break into a frantic dance along the massive Gazeeb mountain-range, howling through the wadis, and roaring round the cliffs before abating. Only those predatory northern gusts which leave no corner unswept know the small village of Yatir, hidden in isolation on the side of a rocky mountain, one of a range stretching as far as the chasms of the Saukin Valley. It is only then, when the winds tear furiously through the houses, shaking up the village, wrecking its tiny gardens and disturbing our quiet lives—that we people of Yatir feel that someone has come to visit us in our solitary retreat. Faces fill the stormy air, hearts throb in excitement. We wander around the village like sleepwalkers, wading through the torrents with a secret sorrow pulling at us. The whirling winds sting and blur our eyes, turning them towards far-off places, distant spots which we cannot see, for they are blocked

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> off from us by the tall, massive hills, the peaks of that winding, wearisome range of the Gazeeb mountains.

This is how A. B. Yehoshua opens his phantasmagoric story "An Evening Journey to Yatir Village", and although all the names of the places are imaginary, every Hebrew reader would feel the spell of the mountainous desert of the southern Negev, with its isolated canyons, haunted by spirits of the past. His inner eye would wander southwards, through the Sinai desert, where his ancestors walked on their way from Egypt to the Promised Land and there received the Law; and northwards to Beersheba, where Abraham dug wells and led his flock of sheep. Past, present and fantasy are all here in one.

I remember myself as a schoolboy, sitting in the classroom in the small village where I grew up, learning Chapter 37 in *Genesis*, all about Joseph and his brethren. While reading how Joseph, being 17 years old, was feeding his father's flock together with the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, and wearing a striped coat, I looked through the window and saw the Arab shepherd boys, also feeding their flock and wearing striped gowns. It all merged into one haze and I could not tell what was real and what was narrative. "Look at the book", the teacher rebuked me. But which was the book?

This attachment to the myth of the land, is a beginning. More and more countenances of people emerge from the sun-flooded background, whose features become clearer and clearer. It is only a matter of time; or, perhaps, of time and peace. Living incessantly in a state of insecurity, war and siege, also blurs the vision of a writer. His writing, as it were, is dictated by pressures other than those of his inner inclinations. He feels he cannot afford the luxuries of sheer fantasy, love, beauty, art for art's sake.

FINALLY, another problem of the new Israeli writing: how to get rid of an old Jewish tradition, that which tended to identify the Writer with the Prophet. The prophet was there to instruct the people, to show the right way, to educate and moralise; so was the writer. In other words, he had to be committed to the national cause. Any deviation from this commitment was considered desertion. Because of historical circumstances—oppression, persecution, living as a minority among hostile peoples—this conception about the nature and purpose of writing had a strong hold on the minds of the people. How can you, a writer, indulge in telling a story of boy-meets-girl when we, all of us, are engaged in a struggle for survival? An old Talmudic legend tells us that after the exodus from Egypt, when Pharoah's horses, riders, and chariots were cast into the Red Sea, a host of angels wished to sing before God—or to be more literal in translation, to speak poetry before Him. God said unto them: *"My creatures are drowning in the sea—and you wish to recite poetry?"* And in our history, there were always creatures drowning in the sea.

Circumstances have largely changed in the new, independent country. We are still living under the pressure of national realities which call for commitment. And there is a constant inner struggle between this need for commitment, which is decreed only by your own conscience, and the yearning to free yourself of it. Here is how one of my generation, Haim Gouri, a poet who fought in every war since his boyhood, expresses this feeling while summing up his 35 years of age:

And I did not have time.
Now I know
That I did not have time.

Half of my life.

I can now stay silent.
My shadow grows long
With the passage of the sun.

I am the man
Who did not have time.

And I did not have time
To grow slowly like a tree
Of thoughts.
Like something more understood,
Less casual and made up
Of shouts,
Of snacks eaten in standing.

My life has passed midst newspapers,
My breath has been cut off,
A short distance run—
For God's sake!

And I did not have time
To be covered by moss
Or rust
And to experience
Birth-burial-birth.
To belong to memories
Or to grow yellow like
Pages and pages of the heavy book.
To be understood.
Definite.
Lost.
Gaining a heritage.

Between me and my father—the sea.

It is on this scorched and thorny ground that the new Israeli literature is growing, striking roots in the ancient rocks, craving for time and peace to spread its boughs, seeking ways to cross the sea between fathers and sons.

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NOTES & TOPICS

The First "Lady Chatterley's Lover"

By Geoffrey Strickland

MANY OF THOSE who have read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* are still perhaps unaware that it was written three times, that each version is a different story, different—often astonishingly so—in mood and characterisation and that the first two versions have survived in manuscript and are still waiting, after forty years, to be published in Lawrence's own country and in Lawrence's own native language.[1] The fact that, except for one or two pages, which leave no serious hiatus in the text, the first two drafts of the novel have survived, may of course appear to be of concern only to those whose interest in Lawrence is specialised or fanatical. And the indifference of publishers, who are understandably supposed to know what it is in their own best interests to put on the market, may have encouraged this view. Yet the few, I find, who have read the three versions agree that the first is by far the best, that it is among the finest things that Lawrence ever wrote and that if he altered a great deal in rewriting the novel, he certainly failed on the whole to improve it.

This is what I wish to argue in this article. I also wish to maintain that it is the novel which provides the most relevant touchstone by which to judge the still notorious third version, to judge it both as a work of art and, since the two considerations are inseparable, as the expression of certain moral beliefs.

THE NATURE OF THESE BELIEFS—the nature, that is, of what in the final version Lawrence wished to make abundantly clear, is suggested by Frieda Lawrence in her preface to *The First Lady Chatterley:*

> He wrote the novel three times and the third version is the published one. My favourite is the first draft. Lawrence said grimly after he had written *The First Lady Chatterley,* "They'll say as they said of Blake: 'It's mysticism', but they shan't get away with it, not this time. Blake's wasn't mysticism, neither is this. The tenderness and gentleness hadn't enough punch and fight in it, it was a bit wistful." Anyhow, another mood came over him and he had to tackle the novel again. He wanted to make the contrast between the cynicism and sophistication of the modern mind and the gamekeeper's attitude sharper. To give a glimpse of living spontaneous tenderness in a man and the other mental, fixed approach to love. *The First Lady Chatterley* he wrote as she came out of him, out of his own immediate self. In the third version he was also aware of his contemporaries' minds.

Frieda is probably referring here to the introduction in the second and third versions of the rather pathetically over-civilised Brigadier Tommy Dukes and in the third version of Michaelis. She might have added, however, that in the third version Lady Chatterley's lover, Oliver Mellors, though not a cynic like Michaelis (Michaelis believes only in the

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[1] The first two versions can be bought only in the Italian translation by Professor Carlo Izzo, published by Mondadori for the first time in 1954 (in *Le tre "Lady Chatterley"*, volume VII of *Tutte le opere di David Herbert Lawrence a cura di Piero Nardi*). The first version was published in 1944 by the Dial Press in New York with a preface by Frieda Lawrence and two years later in Berne in the Phoenix Books series; but both editions have been out of print for many years. The second version, astonishingly enough, has never once been published in English and my own knowledge of it, for what it is worth, is based entirely on Professor Izzo's translation. We owe it to Frieda Lawrence and to Mr William Hougland (formerly of the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe) that the first two versions have survived. It was Mr Hougland who typed up the manuscripts and attempted to find publishers for them. My own page references in this essay are to the 1944 Dial Press edition.

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"bitch goddess", success), is none the less a man of education, a former grammar school boy who can read French and German, a former officer in the war and a perfectly suitable partner for Connie. He is socially at ease with Connie's father, more at ease in fact than Sir Malcolm himself and he is able, with no sense of being overawed by his surroundings, to give what seems like a devastatingly just and far from unsophisticated appraisal of the fashionable Duncan Forbes' would-be "unsentimental" Cubist-inspired "tubular" paintings.

Mellors is not only a suitable partner for Connie. He is also, unlike Lady Chatterley's lover in the first version, ideally suited. Lawrence's overwhelming sense of the absolute rightness of the relationship comes out in the beautiful declamatory prose of Mellors' letter to Connie which concludes the novel. And it is this perhaps which, more than anything else, accounts for the discomfort which many readers feel, at least after several readings of the novel, why they find so many things difficult to "swallow" and why as a consequence they are unable altogether to share the beliefs which inspired the novel. For such readers, and I include myself among them, if *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is an immoral novel, it is not because Connie or her lover say or do anything which in itself seems particularly wrong. It is because of the state of mind in which Lawrence seems to have imagined such a man and the life he offers. The novel is immoral, in other words, in the sense in which Lawrence himself defines the term:

> The novel is not, as a rule, immoral because the novelist has any dominant *idea,* or *purpose.* The immorality lies in the novelist's helpless, unconscious predilection. Love is a great emotion. But if you set out to write a novel, and you yourself are in the throes of the great predilection for love, love as the supreme, the only emotion worth living for, then you will write an immoral novel.
>
> Because *no* emotion is supreme, or exclusively worth living for. . . . If the novelist puts his thumb in the pan, for love, tenderness, sweetness, peace, then he commits an immoral act: he *prevents* the possibility of a pure relationship, a pure relatedness, the only thing that matters: and he makes inevitable the horrible reaction, when he lets his thumb go, towards hate and brutality, cruelty and destruction.[2]

It will by no means be obvious to every reader that in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* we have an example of what Lawrence is describing here. And I don't regard it as necessarily

[2] *Morality and the Novel* in *Phoenix,* (1961) p. 529.

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proof of naïveté or obtuseness on my part that when I first read the novel it was not obvious to me. Similarly it is not perhaps immediately obvious that if Lawrence has "put his thumb in the pan", he also betrays "the horrible reaction . . . towards hate and brutality, cruelty and destruction." Lawrence's most distinguished critic has recently surprised many of his readers by talking of Lawrence's "animus" against Sir Clifford Chatterley.[3] My point is simply that in *The First Lady Chatterley,* these misgivings—and they can grow into certainties—are no longer possible, that the "punch and fight" which (according to Frieda) Lawrence put into the third version, impose a strain on our credulity and our sympathies.

THIS WOULD MATTER LESS if it were not for the obvious importance of what Lawrence has to say in all three versions of the novel, not only about the relationships between men and women, but about fundamental aspects of the England of his day, an England which is recognisably very similar to our own. Perhaps the most striking differences between the first versions and the third lie in Lawrence's presentation of English life, the life of the managers and the working people in the industrial midlands in which he grew up. The difference can be seen for example if one compares one of the most often quoted passages in Lawrence: "The car ploughed uphill through Tevershall . . ." (ch. 11) with the original version which reads as follows:

> The country was looking its most dismal in the rain, the spring not yet burst through. The car ploughed uphill through Tevershall, a long dark-red straggle of small dwellings with glistening black slate roofs like lids and poky shops with stacks of soap, or turnips and pink rhubarb, or huddled drapery; and Wesleyan Chapel, then Methodist Chapel, then Congregational Chapel, then Christadelphians or whatever they were: but all alike dreary and ugly to a degree. And at the top of the hill the old church and old stone cottage of the previous agricultural village, before the mining had started. . . . She sighed. It was the hopeless dismal ugliness that depressed her. She was used to Sussex, and a lovely old house in the fold of the downs. She could never get used to this awful colliery region of the North Midlands. And yet she liked it too: it gave her a certain feeling of blind virility, a certain blind, pathetic forcefulness of life. If only it could realise how ugly it was and change a bit. (pp. 61-2)

Lawrence's sense of dismal ugliness does not blind him to the fact that there are human beings for whom a Tevershall is home and to whom it is not wholly intolerable. There is a reason for which, unexpectedly, Connie should "like it too." Tevershall is her *lover's* home: "And yet . . . in one of those dwellings he was brought up, and his old mother lives in one of them with his child!" In the description of the drive through Tevershall in the third version only hopelessness prevails. The condemnation is absolute.

In the third *Lady Chatterley* Connie and her lover reject utterly and with gladness the England of Tevershall and Wragby Hall, the world of the managers and the world for whose ugliness the managers must bear most of the responsibility.[4] They do so obviously with Lawrence's approval. Mellors, unlike the gamekeeper in the first version, expresses what

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[3] See F. R. Leavis. *"Anna Karenina" and other essays* (1967) p. 240. It might of course be argued in reply to this charge that one of the main themes of the novel is the tragedy of the years following the War to end all Wars, a tragedy of which Clifford is one of the most conspicuous victims. Any cruelty in the way he is presented is not then the author's, it might be said, but simply the cruelty of his own fate. Possibly. But it seems to me that Professor Leavis is right and that the "animus" he talks of is particularly evident in the conversations between husband and wife. It would be difficult to contemplate without wincing the thought of conversation in which a cripple was reminded that there are men who are "physical failures" and others who are not, difficult, that is, unless one were carried away by feelings of hatred and malevolence towards the cripple. Yet this is how Connie on more than one occasion speaks to her husband and in doing so she is presented with evident sympathy and admiration. Clifford, on one occasion, wishing to be "nice to her", reads from a scientific-religious book, the theme of which is the slow evolution of matter into the realm of spirit:

> "She listened with a glint of amusement. All sorts of improper things suggested themselves. But she only said:
> "What silly hocus-pocus! . . . It only means *he's* a physical failure on earth, so *he* wants to make the whole universe a physical failure. Priggish little impertinence!" (ch. 16)

The Clifford of the first version is in no way more intelligent or humane than the Clifford of the third. Yet Connie, for all her usual frankness, has always a natural scrupulous delicacy when talking to him. Lawrence doesn't invite us to amuse ourselves at his expense in the way characterised in the above quotation.

[4] Not only of course the world of Tevershall and Wragby. In all three versions of the novel Clifford is an energetic and resourceful captain of industry and a Cambridge-educated intellectual. In the third version he is also a successful author of prose fiction. Lawrence has made him as representative as possible of the culture of upper-class England.

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we know and could have guessed anyway to be Lawrence's own beliefs about contemporary industrial "civilisation":

> I'd wipe the machines off the face of the earth again, and end the industrial epoch absolutely, like a black mistake. But since I can't, an' nobody can, I'd better hold my peace, an' try an' live my own life: if I've got one to live, which I rather doubt. (ch. 15)

The third *Lady Chatterley* is impressive! And there is something fiercely salutory in the positive unhelpfulness of Mellors' (and Lawrence's) considered opinion of modern English life, in the "punch and fight" which are here a refusal to compromise with essential human needs or hold on to false hopes:

> They talk a lot about nationalisation, nationalisation of royalties, nationalisation of the whole industry. But you can't nationalise coal and leave the other industries as they are. . . . Even under a Soviet you've still got to sell coal: and that's the difficulty. (ch. 19)

Forty years after this was written (which was during the period of the Sankey Report and Tawney's *Acquisitive Society*) the unhelpfulness seems, apart from anything else, like a very remarkable political realism.

YET THE UNHELPFULNESS is not only of the positive kind which we find here, of the kind, that is, which can remind us of Arnold's scepticism with regard to all social "machinery." If Lawrence overreaches himself in the third version and stands in his own light, it is because of the unhelpfulness too of what he has to say to the individual trying, in Mellors' words, to "live his own life." We know that at the end, having rejected Tevershall and Wragby Hall, Connie and Mellors will settle for farming, that they will realise the town-dwelling Englishman's nostalgic dream and become members of what we can now only think of as a privileged and fortunate minority. (If a comparison with Arnold seems relevant here one could almost say that it is with the Arnold of the *Scholar Gipsy*.) We are not shown how the individual might "live his own life" while living, as most of us have to live, in Tevershall or its suburban equivalent. We are not shown, in other words, what a positive choice can be like, the best conceivable choice that an individual can make for himself, given the *circumstances* of his life, in the far from ideally satisfactory conditions of the world as it is. We *are* shown this in a number of stories which, from this point of view, resembles one another and which

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seem to me for this reason superior to *Lady Chatterley: Daughters of the Vicar, Fanny and Annie, You touched me* and *Mother and Daughter*. We are shown this also in *The First Lady Chatterley*.

Oliver Parkin, the gamekeeper in the first and second versions of the novel, is a workman who has a rooted objection to being or seeming anything else. He is not like Mellors, a man who is capable of speaking "educated" English.[5] His obstinacy springs from his hatred and mistrust of the ladies and gentlemen who come to shoot the pheasants he rears and who patronise him with loud voices, and from a revolt against the conditions of life he experiences as a lorry driver working for a Sheffield steel foundry. At the end of the novel we are told that he has become an active member of the Communist Party. For Connie, Parkin is "culturally of another race" and the decision to become his wife is made with immense misgivings and after long contemplation of all that the choice involves. The Clifford of this version is a friend and companion for Connie and their life together leaves her free. The spaciousness of Wragby Hall enables her to have her own rooms and to furnish them elegantly. Isolated in the ugly Midlands, she is none the less not too remote from the life of London and the continent. Her companionship with Clifford, furthermore, is a matter of constant deliberate, delicate adjustments. It is in fact against the empty burden of her freedom and against an excess of good feeling and "understanding" between Clifford and herself that she finally revolts. In the very difference between herself and Parkin we are able to see what draws them together, what it is that makes it possible for each to recognise the uniqueness of the life in the other.

CONNIE, throughout the novel, is torn between her lover and her paralysed husband. Yet the uncertainty and constant ambivalence of judgment are not registered as confusion on her part or on the part of the novelist, nor even as agony, or strain. On the contrary, in *The First Lady Chatterley* the effect is at times one of high-spirited comedy, of a kind almost wholly lacking in the third and of a clarity and freshness of registration which we find only in Lawrence's finest writing. One could say in fact that it is the ambivalence of *judgment* and, going with this, the novelist's fidelity to swift changes of real instinctive appraisal which make the freshness and clarity of effect possible:

> Ah if she could be in the cottage with him now, just lighting the lamp! Perhaps they would have—she tried to think of something really common—bloaters, yes bloaters for supper, grilled bloaters. The house simply reeked of grilled bloaters. And he sat with his elbows on the table in his shirt sleeves and picked bits of bloater bones away with his fingers, and drops of tea hung on his fierce moustache. And he said:
>
> "These 'ere bloaters is that salty, they're nowt but brine. Pour us another cup o' tea, lass."
>
> And he would nudge his cup towards her. And she would rise obediently to get the brown teapot from the hob to pour him his cup-a-tea. . . .
>
> But she laughed to herself at the picture of the bloaters and the cup-a-tea. She would still love him because of the loveliness of his flesh-and-blood being. . . . She would love to sleep with him. He wouldn't even wear pyjamas. Probably he slept in his day shirt. But curiously, nothing would make him physically unattractive.
>
> But if they lived together they would humiliate one another. She, because she was in another world of culture than his. And he, because his state of nature would ignore so much of her; and he had no goal, no onwards in life. He was static. . . . (pp. 91-2)

The simplification of issues in the final version leads often to a blurring of outline and a blurring of what in the first version are vital distinctions. Reality takes on a nightmare or phantom quality or is merely an irritant to raw nerves:

> The fault lay there, out there, in those evil electric lights and diabolical rattlings of engines. There, in the world of the mechanical greedy, greedy mechanism and mechanised greed . . . lay the vast evil thing, ready to destroy whatever did not conform. (ch. 10)

It is perhaps significant that the realism in Mellors that can seem all the more remarkable now that forty years have gone by should take the form of *general* impressions.

THE *First Lady Chatterley*, though less ambitiously prophetic than the third, gives us more of the essence of modern

[5] Some readers are disconcerted by the way in which Mellors can switch so easily from educated English to dialect speech. However, Mr William McCance, the art critic and painter, who was born and educated in the Scottish coalfields, has told me that he finds this perfectly natural and even on occasions unavoidable. It was Mr McCance, incidentally, who in conversation with Lawrence probably gave him the idea for an episode in the novel. His own father was killed in a mining accident and his widow, like Mrs Bolton in all three versions of the novel, deprived by the owners of the full compensation on the grounds that he must have panicked and run.

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England.[6] And in saying this one may suggest an answer to the inevitable question: why should Lawrence have made Lady Chatterley find a lover so different from herself?

One answer I have half suggested already: the difference is itself a condition of the recognition of what is unique in the other. One is reminded here of other novels and stories by Lawrence, perhaps most obviously of the long short story which Lawrence wrote a year before beginning the *First Lady Chatterley*. It is in fact *The Virgin and the Gipsy* which, for Professor Leavis, provides the touchstone by which to judge the final version of *Lady Chatterley:* "The point of the comparison", he writes, "is perhaps plain enough . . . its essential aim commits it, for success, to the achievement of *The Virgin and the Gipsy*; that of disengaging unambiguously the fact, and the crucial significance, of desire—of indi-

[6] Not only of modern *England*. In re-writing *Lady Chatterley*, Lawrence sacrificed the description of Connie's journey through France at the time of the hay harvest:

> Yet the country they drove through was strange and fascinating, as if the world had forgotten it. How strange and remote France was! And sometimes they stayed in a village inn where the men came in at evening and drank wine. She heard the guttural sound of the dialect, and a certain nostalgia came over her for the warm blindness of life like theirs. She saw them sitting with knees apart and loosely clenched fists resting on their live animal thighs. That was how Parkin sat. . . . (p. 189)

Compare too with the exasperated description of Paris in the third version, "weary of its now mechanical sensuality, weary of the tension of money, money, money," etc., these observations:

> How beautiful the midsummer flowers were in the Luxembourg Gardens, so brilliant and so purely decorative! Not at all wistful and a little amateurish as the very lovely and abundant flowers were in Hyde Park! Not in the very least like the pathos of the gardens at Wragby. Fine, splendid, showy, jaunty! She liked them very much. and the thin-legged boys playing games with a ball and crying out with such pseudo-sportsmanlike alertness—they might have come out of a Fourteenth Century picture, the clothing merely a little different.
>
> For the first time, even, she rather liked the way the men looked at her: looked to see what she would be like to sleep with. . . . Then, after about a week the excitement passed, and though Paris did not cease to be sympathetic, it became depressing. These men, these men, like creatures roving restlessly in Hades, in a sort of after-life, seeking for something in a woman that they had really ceased to want, they were depressed and depressing. They were really terribly disheartened. Only they kept up the old woman-hunt, which no longer really interested either them or the women. Only they could think of nothing else. In their souls they could discover no new impulse. (pp. 164-5)

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cating desire in the sense of compelling a clear and clean and reverent recognition".[7] Yet *The First Lady Chatterley* (While obviously also similar in "essential aim") carries on, so to speak, from *The Virgin and the Gipsy* and explores the possibilities of the kind of relationship which by comparison seems merely hinted at in the earlier story. Lawrence explores, for example, what it is that makes for profound differences of feeling, outlook and character between the different classes of society, though this is not to say that Connie herself is led progressively deeper into the affair with Parkin by sociological curiosity. She is mortified, when she visits Parkin in his Sheffield lodgings, by her hosts at tea who assume that she is like the socialist Lady Warwick and has merely come to hob-nob with the workers. What leads her, or rather allows her to be led, so much further into intimacy with Parkin than Yvette is ever led with the gypsy is an unusual strength of character of the kind which brings out the best and the worst in those she meets. Connie brings drama into other lives, drama which is essentially revealing. The sociological revelation, if one can call it that, is given by means of dramatic confrontations, such as that which takes place over tea in Parkin's Sheffield lodgings. Bill Tewson, her host, doggedly and good-naturedly fights down his embarrassment and at the same time takes advantage of her presence by seeking confirmation of a cherished belief:

> ". . . I know we're not refined nor none of that. We're not *gentry*. But take most of the feelings—they're the same, aren't they? Most of your feelings are the same as most of ours, aren't they? I don't mean you personally, because your father was a painter and painters are more free anyhow. That's how I can understand you might like to come here—something new for you, like, to see us in our own homes. . . . But take even Sir Clifford! His feelings and my feelings, are they so very different?"
>
> Constance had thought many things during this tirade. So! They took her visit for a sort of bohemian curiosity. And they didn't mind, they put up with it. And they had not the faintest suspicion that she was Oliver's lover. The sly little devil, he had not let them suspect in the slightest. Even the woman didn't suspect. They thought it was bohemian curiosity and boredom. She longed to say to their noses: "I'm pregnant by this Oliver Parkin here: been pregnant for three months."
>
> At the same time the queer white flame of earnestness on Bill's face opposite her was pathetic, pathetic. Were his feelings the same as Clifford's? Good God, no!
>
> "Yes!" she said in her soft, composed voice.
>
> "Eh—" he started. "Yes!"
>
> "Yes!" she repeated.
>
> He stared at her with those bright, grey, intense eyes for some moments as his tension slackened.
>
> "You mean to say there *is* a difference between my feelings and those of a man like Sir Clifford? You mean to say there is?"
>
> "Yes!"
>
> "There *is*? And a big difference? Big enough to matter?"
>
> "Yes!"
>
> He sank slowly back in his chair, his face very pale and as if bewildered. Then he quickly rubbed his forehead and ruffled his hair so that it stood on end. Then he gave a queer, quick, deep little laugh as he looked round, half-rueful, half-roguish at Parkin.
>
> "It's what tha towd me, lad!" he said. (pp. 240-1)

Lawrence of course offers no solution to the problem weighing on Bill Tewson's mind: why there should be these differences. Yet the novel is an immensely honest *airing* of the problem. The clean fresh air of Parkin's, Connie's and Lawrence's honesty blows through every page.

I have said that it is less ambitiously prophetic than the third version. One could put it another way and say that it exemplifies Blake's dictum concerning truth. The artist's vision, which is at the same time the social historian's vision, can be seen in such minute particulars as Parkin's hands when Connie sees them for the first time after he has moved to Sheffield: "She was shocked when she saw his hands scarred and swollen, almost shapeless. They had been so quick and light." "It's cruel", Mrs Tewson explains, "you know, when you're not used to it. Handlin' that iron all day long, an' those raw edges an' all, oh, it's cruel at the best of times. . . . "

> "It takes a bit o' gettin' used to", he admitted slowly.
>
> "But why should you get used to it?" she asked.
>
> He looked up into her face now.
>
> "It's what every man has to", he said. (pp. 234-5)

The artist's vision is apparent too in the drops of tea Connie imagines "hung on his fierce moustache" and in the description of Tevershall quoted above: ". . . it gave her a certain feeling of blind virility, a certain blind, pathetic forcefulness of life." The forcefulness, which is at the same time "blindness" and formlessness, is related obviously to the failure of responsibility in those who are responsible for Tevershall's being what it is, the English élite who have let England down, the Sir Clifford Chatterleys with their disastrously conventional and in the worst sense conservative devotion to ideals and to "forms." The relation is obvious, though it is characteristic of Lawrence's control over what he has to

[7] See *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist*, Chatto & Windus (1955), pp. 293-4.

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say in this version that the relation is not insisted upon.

Lawrence's control over what he has to say is evident too in the way in which he introduces the so-called obscene words. So too is his gift for comedy. One is tired of hearing that Lawrence lacked a sense of humour:

> "But why?" she said. "Why should you want to go to Canada? You're all right here."
> "Ay!" he said. "I'm a gamekeeper at thirty-five bob a week. Ay! I'm all right! I'm Sir Clifford's servant, an' I'm Lady Chatterley's —" he looked at her in the face. "What do you call me in *your* sort of talk?"
> "My lover!" she stammered.
> "Lover!" he re-echoed. A queer flash went over his face.
> "F—er!" he said, and his eyes darted a flash at her as if he had shot her.
> The word, she knew from Clifford, was obscene, and she flushed deeply and then went pale. But since the word itself had so little association to her, it made very little impression on her. Only she was amazed at the diabolic hate —or fury—she did not know what it was— that flashed out of him all at once, like a cobra striking.
> "But", she stammered, "even if you are—are you ashamed of it?"
> He had been looking at her curiously, watchfully, like a dog that has bitten somebody. His expression slowly changed to one of perplexed doubt.
> "Am I ashamed of it?" he questioned, vaguely.
> "Yes! Even if you are my 'f—er', as you call it, are you ashamed of it? There's nothing to be ashamed of in it, is there?"
> His eyes slowly widened with a slow wonder, and a sort of boyishness came on his face again. She was looking at him with wide, candid blue eyes. He pushed his hat a little off his brow and broke into an amused laugh.
> "No!" he said. "There's nothing to be ashamed of right enough. If there isn't for you there isn't for me." He stood laughing at her oddly, still a little doubtful.
> "Why shouldn't you take me if we both want it?" she said.
> "Why shouldn't I f— thee when we both of us want it?" he repeated in broad dialect, smiling all over his body with amusement as a dog does.
> "Yes, why not!" she re-echoed.
> He looked full into her eyes, and in his eyes a little flame was dancing with perfect amusement. He pushed his hat off his brow again, then pulled it back.
> "It's a winder!" he said.
> She only gazed at him.
> "It's a winder!" he repeated, the smile still flickering and moving all over his face.
> "What amuses you so?" she asked.
> "Yo' do!" he said. . . .
> He stopped suddenly in his laughter, and his whole bearing changed.
> "Ay!" he said seriously. "You're right! You're right! That's what it is to be a proper lady! There's nowt even to laugh at in it! And you're right, you're right!"
> "Then —" she said slowly, "why were you so cross with me?"
> He took off his hat and looked up at her a little bit like a schoolboy.
> "Was I mad with yer?" he asked.
> "Yes!"
> He hung his head and ruminated. Then he said:
> "Let's go an' sit down. Then 'appen I can tell you." (pp. 151-3).

The kind of comedy one finds here and the woodland setting may tempt one to play with the word Shakespearean when describing the effect of this scene. Yet the broad-minded comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* or *As You Like It* seems, by comparison, merely the comedy of the unexpected, the repartee merely the expression of settled attitudes. Parkin, moreover, is neither a "wit" nor a clown. His "pure amusement", his "wonder" and his

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sudden "seriousness" are those of a man who is capable of making a genuine discovery. It is because of this that he can seem "like a schoolboy" and yet, with no contradiction, appeal to Connie as a man.

A COMPARISON between the first and third versions cannot of course conclude without reference to Lawrence's use of the obscene vocabulary and without reference to the question of taste. And here again, it seems to me that Lawrence lost control, in the process of rewriting, over what he originally had to say.

Although in *The First Lady Chatterley*, the offending words are used, it is clear that the Lawrence who wrote this version was aware (as he may have ceased to be later) of the actual impact they can produce—their impact, that is, not only on the minds of those who may shrink from any thought of what they stand for, but on those too who, through long association, inevitably react to the kind of intention that usually dictates their use. Parkin himself speaks as he does with the intention of giving offence. He is astounded to realise that such words can be used in a way that is neither shameful nor offensive. But he realises too that to use them in the way that Connie uses them calls for unusual character and unusual circumstances, circumstances of the kind that give their relationship its value: "That's what it is to be a proper lady!" The Lawrence who wrote this version was closer to the English language than the Lawrence who wrote the third,[8] more aware, that is, of the intention and circumstances that in fact determine the impact of words. He was also, in every sense of the word, closer to England.

The First Lady Chatterley was begun in the autumn of 1926 when the Lawrences were living near Florence, immediately after a visit to England, a visit which was to be Lawrence's last, and to Eastwood and the country of his childhood. The second version was written in the following spring and the third—the authorised version, so to speak, authorised by Lawrence and now by the Law Courts—during the autumn and winter following that. Why Lawrence altered the novel three times is a matter mainly for speculation. But that he altered it disastrously is, in my view, beyond question.

[8] He was closer also to the English language than when he wrote *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, or at least when he wrote the following passage: "The words that shock so much at first don't shock at all after a while. Is this because the mind is depraved by habit? Not a bit. It is that the words merely shocked the eye, they never shocked the mind at all. . . . People with minds realise they aren't shocked and never really were." The disingenuous distinction between "the mind" and "the eye" is not characteristic of Lawrence's thinking at its best.

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New Directions in Philosophy of Science — By STEPHEN TOULMIN

IT IS ALREADY CLEAR that the 1960s were one of those remarkable decades which historians of ideas will in due course have to scrutinise with microscopic care. In a dozen different fields, it was a watershed. Intellectual, artistic and social movements which dominated their respective fields throughout the first half of the 20th century finally petered out or ran into the sand, to be replaced by other streams running in quite different, and often quite opposite directions. For some 50 years, the worlds of the mind and of art had been dominated by static, structural, a-historical, abstract—in many cases mathematical—patterns and procedures. Now we suddenly find ourselves faced with the beginnings of a new humanism. This shows itself in a preoccupation with the concrete and the historical, in a fresh determination to grasp the dynamics of change, in a sense of the complex interactions between different aspects of human life and culture, and a novel concern with "function"—not in the *quasi-physiological* sense, of early 20th-century functionalist anthropology or the functional architecture of the 1920s, but in an *evolutionary* sense, focused on the "adaptiveness" of science, technology and the arts to the changing needs and conditions of human existence.

In a curious way, which deserves closer examination, the attitudes of professional philosophers of science serve as a kind of litmus-paper, recording the nature and quality of this redirection. To cite one extreme illustration: Mr Lewis Mumford recently published in *The New Yorker* a series of essays called "The Mega-Machine," which demonstrated how both scientific ideas and practical techniques have developed from the Middle Ages on, on the assumption that human beings were free to observe and manipulate their world *with impunity*; and which pleaded for a greater sense of the organic *interconnectedness* of all things—ourselves included—as the prerequisite for any future civilisation that should not be self-destructive. Until recently, all but a few philosophers of science would have dismissed Mumford's essays as none of their concern. The themes on which he writes—the cultural origins of the 17th-century scientific world-view, the presuppositions of 19th-century technology, the impact of urbanism and population-growth, and so on—would, in their view, have lain entirely outside their field of professional interest. No doubt Mumford's earlier books were excellent bedside reading, but the issues they raised did not have a serious *academic*, still less a *philosophical* dimension. Laying them aside for a moment of leisure, the philosophers would conscientiously return to their real business of analysing (*e.g.*) the logical structure of theoretical physics, the nature of hypothetico-deductive systems, and the alternative interpretations of the probability calculus.

THESE ATTITUDES have not yet been wholly abandoned; but the direction of change is at last obvious and undeniable. Few academic philosophers would yet recognise Mumford as a philosopher of science, yet equally few would any longer sweep his arguments aside as being essentially non-philosophical. On the contrary: over the last 25 years, internal developments within the philosophy of science itself have brought its exponents to a point at which they are having to tackle, within the heart of their own subject, a whole range of questions that interlock closely with Mumford's social concerns. The *rationality* of conceptual change in

STEPHEN TOULMIN *divides his time between Michigan State University and his English home in Sussex. He has written extensively on philosophy and the history of ideas, and has just completed the first volume of a comprehensive re-analysis of epistemology in the light of 20th century science and history, under the title of "Human Understanding." His most recent contribution to* ENCOUNTER *was an essay on "Ludwig Wittgenstein" (January 1969).*

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the natural sciences, the historical *interdependence* of philosophy and science, the manner in which the *social organisation* of the scientific professions influences the critical judgments of scientists and the practical assessments of technologists: during the last 10 years, such questions have graduated from being the fringe concerns of a few philosophical heretics to a position of central philosophical significance. And if we compare a representative batch of current new books in the philosophy of science with (say) the writings of the Hempels and Carnaps, Braithwaites and Nagels of the 1950s, the change of focus is unmistakable.

How are we to account for this change? It would be trendy but inaccurate to announce that professional philosophers of science have recognised the need to be "relevant." In point of fact, the beginnings of this change within academic philosophy go back at least 10 years, and the contemporary apostles of "relevance" owe as much to the earlier writings of the philosophers concerned as the other way round. So let me attempt, here, to dig more deeply for the roots from which this new style of philosophising has sprung and try to throw some light, in the process, on the origins of the new intellectual world of the 1960s more generally.

FOR THE LAST CHANGE of comparable depth, we must go back to the very first years of the century. At that time, there was a widespread revolt against history, psychology and their affiliates, in favour of more abstract conceptions of "form," which were to be intrinsically "significant." From small beginnings, this revolt spread across the fields of European culture and intellectual life, until it approached the scale of a new Reformation, and it was pursued with much the same moral fervour and determination. From Nietzsche to G. E. Moore, from Wagner to Webern, from Kelvin to Einstein, from Flinders Petrie to Radcliffe Brown: in painting and architecture, poetry and political criticism, as much as in philosophy, our grandfathers struggled to free themselves from the dust and rubble left by the 19th century, to strip away the superfluities and meaningless decorations of traditional bourgeois culture, and to redefine the essential tasks of their respective activities.

Then as now the philosophers of the exact sciences were early in the field. As early as the 1880s, Gottlob Frege was denouncing any tendency to confuse the true *formal* concerns of logic and mathematics with irrelevant considerations from history and cognitive psychology. It was all very well calling the principles of logic "laws of thought," but it was an illusion to suppose that either historical research into the origins of logic, or psychological experiments on child development, could teach us anything about the intellectual foundations of (say) the principle of non-contradiction. On the contrary: the philosopher's prime duty was to strip away the historical and psychological accretions which veiled "concepts in their pure form" from "the eye of the mind." With this Platonist manifesto, Frege launched his programme for reforming philosophy, beginning with the purification of logic and conceptual analysis. And by the 1950s, the resulting reformation had come to play a dominant part not only in the philosophy of physical science but (in the U.S.A., at least) in the methodology of the social sciences too.

THE STEPS BY WHICH this Formalist Reformation took hold, and spread across intellectual and artistic life, form a chapter in 20th-century cultural history by themselves. Some of the cross-connections were personal, *e.g.* Arnold Schoenberg's acknowledged debt to Karl Kraus: others were doctrinal, *e.g.*, the rejection by sociologists and anthropologists of the "evolutionistic" tradition founded by Herbert Spencer on Lamarckian foundations, and since fallen into sad decay at the hands of the "Social Darwinists." One way or another, however, the results of these new formalist redirections very soon began to reinforce one another. The philosophers of the Vienna Circle drew encouragement from the abstract mathematical formalisms of relativity physics and quantum mechanics; and their own formal analyses of "inductive logic," and of the "propositional structure" of scientific theories, were taken in turn as justifying new a-historical styles of theorising in sociology and other human sciences.

True: in all this, much lip-service was paid to the idea of "functionality," in the anthropology of Malinowski as much as in the architecture of Gropius and Corbusier. But the implicit metaphor of "function" was in each case a purely static and physiological one. The "functions" of cultural practices and kinship-systems were explained in *synchronic* terms, as the working expression of static, unchanging social structures and interactions; while a glance up Park Avenue is enough to remind one that, far from being a genuine *Gebrauchskunst,* the *Bauhaus* style soon became the most abstract, Cartesian system of design that architecture has ever known. (A Mies van der Rohe office-block is the pure structural representation of Descartes' geometrical coordinate-system.)

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Whatever its origins, the effects of this early 20th-century "modernism" were clear enough. All the way across the field, from logic and mathematics to the human sciences and the fine arts, the essential tasks of intellectual and artistic activity were redefined in static, structural, a-historical, non-representational, and wherever possible mathematical terms.

NOWHERE WERE THE EFFECTS of this reformation more far-reaching than in the philosophy of science. There at any rate (it seemed) all subjective issues of taste and value could be set on one side, and the systematic analysis of "objective validity" could be pursued with the same purity and rigour as Frege's "pure forms" of mathematical concepts and Hilbert's "axiomatic systems." By the early 1920s it was an unquestioned presupposition for philosophers of science that the *intellectual content* of any truly scientific theory formed a timeless "propositional system," like that of which Russell and Whitehead had given a prototype in *Principia Mathematica.*

So, throughout the first half of the 20th-century, the key terms in the philosophy of science, as in theoretical sociology and anthropology, were "structure" and "system." The task for professional philosophers was to analyse the synchronic, logical relations holding between different propositions within particular static cross-sections of a science. In due course, every other natural science worthy of the name would presumably achieve the axiomatic articulation that Hertz and Mach had demonstrated in the case of classical mechanics. Meanwhile, it was enough for philosophers to concentrate on the internal logical interrelationships within such ideal systems, paying only occasional attention to the transitory problems of method and strategy through which less refined sciences were struggling towards that axiomatic goal. So convinced were they of the essential priority attaching to questions about *propositional structure* that they were prepared to brush aside all questions about *conceptual innovation.* Philosophers were to be concerned solely with questions of logical justification: methods of discovery were a matter for psychologists alone.

LOGICAL MODELS and analyses continued to dominate professional philosophy of science until well into the 1950s. Where for two generations a theoretical preoccupation with social "systems" and "structures" kept sociologists focused on *synchronic* issues and relationships and delayed the moment at which they were prepared to tackle once again the increasingly urgent (but *diachronic*) problems of social and cultural *change*, philosophers of science used their slogan, "There is no logic of discovery," to hold at bay those questions about the historical developments of science, and the rationality of conceptual change, which their younger colleagues were beginning to press upon them. As for the suggestion that they should pay more attention to the *sociology* of science, and consider *(e.g.)* how the institutionalisation of scientific disciplines has influenced the forums and criteria by which the adequacy of new scientific ideas are judged: when T. S. Kuhn first gave wide currency to this suggestion (in the first edition of *The Structure of Scientific Revolution*, published in 1962) it gave rise to cries of indignation which have still not entirely subsided. Yet, whatever one thinks about Kuhn's own "revolutionary" theory of scientific change, one thing is by now beyond doubt. The diachronic issues dealt with in Kuhn's book are not only legitimate but inescapable. And, over the last 10 years, questions about *conceptual change* have edged the older questions about *logical structure* aside, and are moving towards the centre of the contemporary philosophical debates.

The problem of conceptual change became inescapable, the moment philosophers recognised that the *rationality* of any natural science involves something more than the *logical coherence* of the propositions forming its current intellectual cross-section. For—as a few of us had been insisting all along—scientists display their rationality as much through the manner in which, and the circumstances in which, they are prepared to *give up* one set of concepts and hypotheses in favour of another, as they do by their ability to judge the formal consistency of their current beliefs. This being the case, we should be paying just as much attention to the intellectual procedures by which—in historical succession—different families of scientific concepts displace one another in the course of time, as our immediate predecessors paid to the logical relationship within particular intellectual cross-sections of science. So the philosophy of science must come down from its formal quasi-mathematical perch and recognise that the *historical* development of the natural sciences has a genuine relevance to the *philosophical* understanding of scientific procedures.

THE RESULTING transition, from the formal analysis of logical structures to the historical analysis of rational development, is the most striking feature of the philosophy of science at the present time. It is making itself evident

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in a dozen ways: for instance, by the establishment of a new international quarterly, *Studies in History and Philosophy of Science* (first issue, May 1970) edited jointly by Gerd Buchdahl of Cambridge and L. L. Laudan of Pittsburgh. It has led also to a revived interest in some earlier philosophers whose significance was underestimated during the dominance of the symbolic logicians. Buchdahl and Laudan, for instance, are also collecting and editing the historical and philosophical works of that formidable mid-19th century Master of Trinity, William Whewell.[1]

As we can now see, John Stuart Mill's initial ascendancy over William Whewell was an historical aberration: the victory of publicity and readability over genuine profundity and understanding. Where Mill's grasp of natural science went little beyond the sophisticated use of permutation and combination in causal investigations, Whewell brought to bear the full weight of a vast historical knowledge and a subtle philosophical mind to demonstrate how theoretical concepts are put to use in the rational organisation of scientific understanding. True: Whewell himself had his blind spots. Anglican orthodoxy reinforced his Kantian preoccupation with theoretical physics, and so blinded him to the merits of the Darwinian theory. He also had his literary weaknesses. The 1,400 pages of his monumental two-volume *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* lacked the elegance of Mill's *System of Logic*, just as Sidgwick's comprehensive *Methods of Ethics* lacked the dash of Mill's best-selling essays on *Liberty* and on *Utilitarianism*. Still, it is a reproach to academic philosophers that Whewell's work should have been neglected for so long; and the present collection of his historical and philosophical writings is one of the more valuable products of the current fashion for reprinting neglected classics.

Gerd Buchdahl figures also as the author of a rich and complex new book on *Metaphysics and the Philosophy of Science*,[2] in which the new cross-fertilisation between philosophy and the history of science is put to scholarly use within the history of philosophy itself. Buchdahl's theme is the development of epistemology and metaphysics from Descartes to Kant. This, of course, is a subject which hundreds of college text-books have covered in the service of introductory courses on Modern Philosophy. Yet to re-read the 17th- and 18th-century philosophical classics in the light of Dr. Buchdahl's analysis is, in many respects, to read them for the first time. No one to my knowledge has previously examined at the same length, or with the same profundity, the ways in which the central preoccupations of Descartes and Locke, Leibniz, Hume and especially Kant—scientific and philosophical alike—arose out of the same fundamental intellectual concern. Their common aim was to lay bare the basic presuppositions and implications of the New Science, and to correct its intellectual procedures in the light of this analysis. Inevitably, the balance between philosophical and scientific considerations shifted between 1620 and 1790. Descartes was fashioning the programme for a theory of physics which was successfully constructed by Newton only after his death. Kant faced, rather, the retrospective task of explaining just how Newton's spectacular success had been possible in the first place. But this very shift, from the stage of geometrical manifesto to that of transcendental critique, can itself be properly understood, only by looking at the philosophical and scientific stories alongside one another.

THE NEW BOOK on *The Principles of Scientific Thinking* by Rom Harré,[3] of Oxford University, carries the same story up to our own day, treating the interaction between philosophy and the methodology of physics as a topic of continuing relevance even for 20th century physics. From its very beginnings, physical theory as we know it has been vexed by conceptual difficulties created by Newton's original adoption of a "corpuscular" picture of matter. This picture was criticised at the time by Leibniz and the Cartesians, on the grounds of its arbitrariness; and, by the mid-18th century, Boscovich had already shown that one could preserve all the explanatory successes of Newton's theory, while at the same time replacing his arbitrary "particles" by an intellectually more consistent theory of "fields of force." In a limited way, Boscovich's ideas were taken up by Joseph Priestley, and later by Michael Faraday, and so became lineal ancestors of 20th-century "field" concepts in physics. But Harré claims that the full depth of the difficulties created by the Newtonian corpuscular picture, and the philosophical liberation provided by Boscovich's rival world-picture, have still to be fully appreciated. In addition to the "forms and qualities" which 17th-century corpuscularians set themselves the task of deciphering, physics is inescapably committed (in Harré's view) to investi-

[1] *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*. By W. WHEWELL. Edited by L. L. Laudan. Frank Cass, 2 vols., £12 12s.

[2] *Metaphysics and the Philosophy of Science*. By GERD BUCHDAHL. Blackwell, £5 5s.

[3] *The Principles of Scientific Thinking*. By ROM HARRE. Macmillan, £4 10s.

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gating the nature of the "active powers" by which the objects of the physical world act upon one another.

In this, Harré concedes, he is basically carrying further ideas already implicit in Kant's *Metaphysical Foundations of Natural Science.* But, in the course of his argument, he is able to give us some valuable new sidelights on the intellectual task of theory-building in the physical sciences, and to remind us how far the ideas and methods of theoretical physics still raise broad and general questions of natural philosophy, as well as narrower and more specific questions of intellectual technique. Harré's discussion of the many different kinds of *models* that have a legitimate use in scientific theorising is especially valuable. Those behavioural scientists who have for so long taken as their methodological diet the thin gruel of logical empiricism can afford to learn just how much more intellectual nourishment the *actual* theoretical methods of physics comprise!

YET THE CENTRAL problem of conceptual change still remains to be dealt with. The logicians' programme for philosophy of science may be running into the sand, but no fully satisfactory analysis is yet available of the "diachronic" aspects of science: that is, of the occasions on which, and the considerations in the light of which, one fundamental set of scientific concepts is rationally displaced by another. In just what terms the process of conceptual change should be analysed, and by just what tests scientists properly decide what conceptual innovations should be accepted and what rejected, are matters still very much in dispute.

A representative sample of the current debate can be obtained by taking the recently-issued second edition of Kuhn's *Structure of Scientific Revolutions*[4] together with the new collection of essays, *Criticism and the Growth of Knowledge,* edited by Imre Lakatos and Alan Musgrave of the L.S.E.[5] In his second edition, Kuhn includes a postscript (originally prepared for the Japanese edition of his book) in which he considerably waters down his earlier striking claims about the role of "intellectual revolutions" in the development of scientific thought. Many of his readers (he complains) took too seriously and literally the chapter of his first edition in which he described "revolutions" or "paradigm-switches" as "changes of world-view", whose effect was to introduce absolute rational discontinuities into the scientific argument. He never intended (he now protests) to suggest that the mutual incomprehension between scientists of succeeding generations was ever more than *partial*; and he never meant to deny that scientists had "good reasons" for adopting some new conceptual scheme or "paradigm" in place of an older one. The point of calling paradigm-switches "revolutionary" (he now says) was simply to underline the fact that the "good reasons" advanced in support of major conceptual changes "cannot be cast in a form that fully resembles logical or mathematical proof."

Now, any author is at liberty to re-interpret the things he wrote 10 years before, in the light of his readers' misunderstandings. In Kuhn's case, unfortunately, the revolutionary theory of conceptual change which he was earlier "misunderstood" to be advocating was a great deal more interesting and exciting than his own re-interpretations now allow. His present account of the difference between "normal" and "revolutionary" changes in science, in fact, simply reduces it to the distinction between those (propositional) changes which call for some kind of a quasi-deductive justification, and those other (conceptual) changes which go beyond the scope of existing deductive procedures. And, if this had indeed been all that Kuhn ever meant by his use of the phrase "scientific revolutions," that phrase would have been highly misleading; for its effect would then have been to disguise a valid (but a-temporal) *logical* distinction in irrelevantly *historical* fancy dress.

In his new postscript, Kuhn certainly retreats further than he need have done from his original position. As the essays in the Lakatos-Musgrave book show, the debate about scientific change turns on someting much more than elementary logical distinctions, and the men involved are still a long way from achieving an agreed line of attack. The debate turns on two main groups of issues. **1.** In the first place, how are we to set about describing the historical transitions by which one set of scientific concepts succeeds another *at all*? This is an historiographical issue, having counterparts in other branches of history also; and over this point legitimate doubts can be raised, *e.g.*, whether the term "revolution" can ever serve as anything more than a very general descriptive label or signpost, marking off periods when the continuing processes of historical change were, for once, producing unusually rapid and

[4] *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (2nd edition, enlarged). By T. S. KUHN. University of Chicago Press, $6·00, £2 14s; paper $1·50, 14s.

[5] *Criticism and the Growth of Knowledge.* Edited by IMRE LAKATOS and ALAN MUSGRAVE. Cambridge University Press, £3 10s.

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deep-seated reorientations of intellectual authority and allegiance. **2.** In the second place: even given some agreed mode of description, how do questions about "rational choice" and "good reasons" find a place in the resulting theoretical debate? Over this point, the participants in the Lakatos-Musgrave symposium are in complete disarray. Karl Popper and Imre Lakatos still insist that rational judgments involve "normative" standards, which scientists bring to their inquiries from outside; though Lakatos himself concedes that the "methodological research programmes" employed by different scientists may have to be revised, or even abandoned, in the light of actual experience. Kuhn, by contrast, argues that scientific standards of rational judgment can be discovered only by looking at the intellectual procedures of scientists themselves: they emerge from, and can be defined only in terms of, the collective professional activities of working scientists. As for Paul Feyerabend: he regards the lingering desire of the other participants to rescue some kind of "rationality" for judging conceptual novelties as a mere hangover from an older-fashioned intellectual puritanism which is better abandoned. All attempts to place "rational" limits on intellectual speculation involve, for him, the same misplaced authoritarianism as corresponding attempts to place limits on the advocacy of political reform. His own preference is for "liberating" the whole process of conceptual innovation—that is, for what he himself has christened *Wissenschaftstheoretische Anarchismus.*

In this discussion of conceptual change, connoisseurs of the recent socio-political debate may recognise echoes of broader and more obviously topical issues. And, in fact, the current professional debate in the philosophy of science is no more completely independent of contemporaneous discussions in sociological theory and political ideology than was the case 50 years ago. The radical students at Columbia University who declared that we need "a new *paradigm* of society" were deliberately reapplying Kuhn's terminology in the political field—even though in an interpretation that he now disowns. Meanwhile, Paul Feyerabend has been content to see his students in Berlin drawing parallels between the processes of political and intellectual reform. Up to a point, there are of course quite genuine parallels between the two debates. By describing society as a "system" and concentrating attention exclusively on synchronic relationships between the parts of this "social system", theoretical sociologists made the same mistake as philosophers of science did, when they treated the intellectual content of any science as a "propositional system" and

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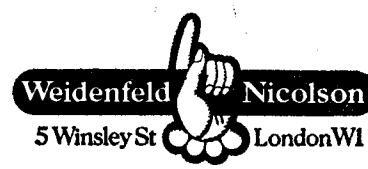

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concentrated attention exclusively on the "logical relations" within single temporal cross-sections of the science.

Correspondingly, socio-political theorists and philosophers of science alike now face the task of making good the consequences of their earlier errors. Whether we concern ourselves with social, political or intellectual change, the same problem faces us. Within what forums, and by appeal to what standards, can the authority of established concepts or institutions be challenged? Where on the spectrum between tyranny and anarchy can we identify the point at which *either* natural science *or* practical politics can remain what it has always been at its best—that is to say, a truly "rational" enterprise?

IN BOTH SOCIOLOGICAL theory and philosophy of science (I have argued) questions about historical change were set aside at the turn of the century, in reaction against the historicism of the German idealist tradition and against the misconceived "evolutionism" of Spencer and his successors. What we now have to do is to take up the discussion once again at the point where it broke off some 60 years ago. Whether we are concerned with conceptual change in scientific disciplines, or with cultural change in primitive societies, or with institutional change in complex, industrialised states: in each case, the difficulty we now have in explaining the *grounds of rational criticism* springs from half-a-century's failure to analyse clearly the historical processes of social and intellectual evolution.

How little progress we have made in this direction is apparent from Kuhn's own last word about his present position, in his closing contribution to the Lakatos-Musgrave symposium. For he there writes, on page 264:

> It must already be clear that my view of scientific development is fundamentally evolutionary. Imagine, therefore, an evolutionary tree representing the development of the scientific specialties from their common origin in, say, primitive natural philosophy. Imagine, in addition, a line drawn up that tree from the base of the trunk to the tip of some limb without doubling back on itself. Any two theories found along this line are related to each other by descent. Now consider two such theories, each chosen from a point not too near its origin. I believe it would be easy to design a set of criteria—including maximum accuracy of predictions, degree of specialisation, number (but not scope) of concrete problem solutions—which would enable any observer involved with neither theory to tell which was the older, which the descendant. For me, therefore, scientific development is, like biological evolution, *unidirectional and irreversible.*

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Yet, if this is what Kuhn regards as an "evolutionary" theory of conceptual change, we are indeed still back in the 19th century. The belief that organic evolution is not merely irreversible but *unidirectional,* and that this unidirectionality is a measure of "progress", is precisely the mistake that Lamarck and Spencer made but which Darwin avoided. It was on just that rock that the evolutionistic theories of late 19th-century sociology and anthropology foundered. By hanging on to this last relic of earlier providentialism, evolutionary sociologists and Marxists alike distracted attention from the detailed mechanisms of social and cultural change, and dazzled us instead with sweeping doctrines about the All-Embracing March of History.

IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE today, as in social and political philosophy, we badly need to understand better than we do the detailed processes of variation and selective perpetuation by which ideas and institutions change and displace one another. In this more modest sense, we badly need to develop an "evolutionary" perspective on the processes of social and cultural change. Just what such an improved understanding would involve is another, and much longer story. But, however far we yet have to go, this survey of the current literature shows that philosophers are at any rate coming to grips at last with some of the right questions.

The Doomsday Men

By John Maddox

THE MEN WHO USED TO PARADE in Oxford Street with sandwich boards announcing that THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND! have long since been snatched away by the demands of full or relatively full employment. There are times when their place seems to have been taken by a group of writers and talkers who proclaim that the cataclysm round the corner will be brought about by the consequences of modern technology. Some think that DDT and other chemicals now widely used will bring about disaster. Some put their money on the paradoxical way in which the fertilisers which help to grow more food may also accelerate the natural processes by means of which lakes grow old. Others say that the Population Explosion as it is called will bring the most severe threats. The United States has in the past few years been especially afflicted with this talk of Technological Doom, and there are many members of Congress who are prepared to fight in the environmental crisis with all the methods at their disposal except those likely to involve substantial increases of taxes or other costs. Even the British Government has bowed to the way the wind is blowing by calling the old Ministry of Housing and its associates the Ministry of the Environment.

Why should there be this fashion? And should it keep us awake at night? These are serious questions, but the Doomsday literature is unfortunately not much help, even if some of it is so riddled with inconsistency that it does provide something of an assurance that only the most superficial readers will permanently take fright.

Mr Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock*[1] is in the best traditions of this lightweight vein on the Doomsday literature. Its announced function is to describe the "shattering stress and disorientation that we induce in people by subjecting them to too much change in too short a time." Future shock—the "disease of change"—is already rife. Mr Toffler says that his book is intended not merely as a pathology of the disease but an aetiology and a method of cure or at least of prophylaxis as well, which is another way of saying that he first sets out in the best Puritan tradition to scare people out of their wits and then to tell them that disaster may be avoided first of all by halting "the runaway acceleration

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[1] *Future Shock.* By ALVIN TOFFLER. Random House, $8·95; Bodley Head, 50s.

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that is subjecting multitudes to the threat of future shock" and then, at greater deliberation, by setting up a variety of social institutions that make the cure seem even more dreadful than the disease.

The diagnosis may be mistaken, but its method is now so widely used that it should be recognised for what it is—over-writing. Thus "technology feeds on itself"—"unless wielded with extreme care . . . the gift of weather control can prove man's undoing"—"man will be able, within a reasonably short period, to redesign not merely individual bodies but the entire human race"—and "millions sense the pathology which pervades the air but fail to grasp its roots." The evidence for all this consists of anecdotal material about New York taxi-drivers who spend their energy (and money) on rodeo competitions, tales of Californian cults and communes, and quotations from other prophets—C. P. Snow, Professor Barry Commoner, and Dr René Dubos (see below). Mr Toffler seems as frightened as Spiro T. Agnew would be at the more liberal or at least more open attitude towards homosexuality and the way in which "the United States is a nation in which tens of thousands of young people flee reality by opting for drug-induced lassitude." He has some horror stories to tell about the way in which it may soon be possible for a woman to produce children by buying a frozen embryo from a shop and popping it in the uterus, and of the way in which molecular biology has made it possible to control human brains with chemicals; but luckily there is no foundation for these assertions. There are trite generalisations about the nature of society such as "as the number of social components grows and change makes the whole system less stable, it becomes less and less possible to ignore the demands of political minorities — hippies, blacks, lower middle class Wallacites, teachers or the proverbial little old ladies in tennis shoes" and empty prescriptions such as "we need to initiate . . . a continuing plebiscite on the future." It is a great pity that such a massive work of scholarship as this — five years of research for the Russell Sage Foundation and fifty pages of bibliography to show for it—should have been so misspent.

Mr Gordon Rattray Taylor, fresh with his success with a book called *The Biological Time-Bomb*, has a more coherent prophecy than Mr Toffler's, but one which is equally misleading.[2] Mr Taylor's method is to make a

[2] *The Doomsday Book*. By GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR. Thames and Hudson, 42s.

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sombre recitation of the ways in which disaster could happen. Radioactive wastes could escape into the atmosphere, pollution of all kinds could become dangerous and the population of the world could increase to a point at which one of a dozen catastrophes could happen. Sheer starvation is the least likely of Mr Taylor's horrors, for he has been much impressed with the way in which natural populations of some kinds of animals fluctuate in size for reasons unconnected with the food supply. Stress, says Mr Taylor, is the danger, and he asks that people in Britain should accept as an objective of social policy a population of merely 30 million fifty years from now. "From a biological point of view, the earth is already overpopulated or nearly so" is unhappily the kind of generalisation that is at once a truism and a nonsense. The pressure of the human population on the natural environment would naturally be less if numbers were smaller, as devotees of the Garden of Eden will affirm. But are simply biological points of view the only ones that matter? And how much economic progress and social improvement are people willing to forgo for the sake of a pretty biological balance?

SCAREMONGERING such as that in which Mr Toffler and Mr Taylor specialise is by now almost a social phenomenon in its own right. It is a dangerous phenomenon which serves to panic innocent poeple but also to distract attention from urgent problems, even some of those over which the Doomsdaymen wring their hands. To find some way of stabilising the population is, for example, important, which is why it remains a constant puzzle that the Tofflers and Taylors never quote the cheerful evidence now coming to light which shows *declining* birth rates not merely in countries such as the United States but also in places such as Hong Kong and Singapore, where increased prosperity seems actually to have *moderated* the pace of growth.

Underlying the conflict about the merits of technology lies a serious but simple political point—impoverished or backward communities are the last to worry about technology and its consequences. Is this mere ignorance? Will the blacks in South Africa eventually come to appreciate the solicitude with which the Nationalist Government seeks not to disturb their traditional society with too much prosperity? Or is it as true now as a century ago that technology is a means of allowing poor sections of the population to live like their betters? To be sure, it is incumbent on those who consider technology to be a humane leveller to anticipate the cost of the social progress stemming from technology; but that is quite a reasonable demand to make of them.

Dr René Dubos of the Rockefeller University falls into the same trap as Toffler-Taylor, but in a much more interesting way. He is at least a good enough biologist not to be tempted to elevate crude observations about some animal species into generalisations about people. His latest book, *Reason Awake—Science for Man*,[3] is a series of lectures delivered at Columbia University. Dr Dubos is a scholarly man, and his pessimism is at once gentle and urbane. Like the more vivid writers, he has "become convinced that industrial societies will inevitably meet disaster if they continue producing more and more of everything, for larger and larger numbers of persons, as they have been doing at an ever-increasing rate during the past century." He is alarmed at the stresses that the growth of population will bring, the damage that will be done to the environment and the shortages of resources other than food that will in due course cast their spell on civilised life. He yearns for a steady state, and is downcast because the universities and the other institutions in which scientific research is carried on have remained far too detached from the problems which their work creates. But with good-will and a little luck, he concludes, it should be possible for scientists to help point the way towards a more stable society.

All this is unexceptionable, of course, and Dr Dubos is a learned man even if a little too distrustful of the rationality which is sometimes thought to distinguish the physical from some parts of the biological sciences. Yet here again the urgency of the message will seem to readers to depend on the aptness of the analysis. How serious are the problems and is the neglect of them as real as it is said to be? And in any case, does not the way ahead require not merely what might be called a change of heart on the part of scientists but a great deal of hard-headed work by heads of government, city mayors, social workers, politicians and even the ordinary people who consume the products of what is sometimes called social engineering?

Buckminster Fuller, whose achievements in 75 years go beyond the geodesic dome, also wags an admonitory finger at society, but is more cheerful about the prospects that people

[3] *Reason Awake—Science for Man*. By RENE DUBOS. Columbia University Press, $6·95, 63s; paper, $2·95; 27s.

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will respond.[4] There are times when Mr Fuller even comes close to believing that technology in the shape of better designs for cities may help to solve the problems which technology has created or sharpened, which would earn him many black looks in Toffler-Taylor circles. But here again the argument is strangely incomplete—the need is not for new forms of democracy (Toffler), different values (Taylor), better methods of choosing from among the fruits of technology (Dubos), or technological sleight of hand and foot (Fuller)—but for a more diligent application of the social machinery which, like technology, has evolved in the past five thousand years.

The notion that a solution will eventually spring from a consideration of the way in which decisions about technological developments are at present guided by the machinery of government is one of the refreshing themes of two books also now published in Britain—*Beyond the Ivory Tower* by Sir Solly Zuckerman[5] and *Science and Society* by Hilary and Stephen Rose.[6] The first of these is another collection of essays which seeks first of all to suggest what science is like by describing how it functions in fields such as the unravelling of the evolution of human beings and which then goes on to ask how choices should be made. Zuckerman turns out to be with those who hold that science is a more or less free-living activity, the consequences of which cannot accurately be predicted in advance. On the whole, he considers that society will nevertheless be resilient enough to deal with such problems as arise. The Roses have a similar plan—the first part of which is a careful and absorbing analysis of the machinery for the administration of science in Britain—followed by an argument to suggest that the directions of scientific work are already hedged about by restraints of various kinds (not all of them desirable) and that one present need is to devise other ways of directing the course of development in directions that avoid disaster. In a funny way, the books nicely cancel each other out.

So WHAT IS to be done? First of all, there is a need somehow to see the other side of the coin.

[4] *Utopia or Oblivion.* By R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 60s.
[5] *Beyond The Ivory Tower.* By SIR SOLLY ZUCKERMAN. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 50s.
[6] *Science and Society.* By HILARY AND STEPHEN ROSE. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, 50s, Penguin, 8s.

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Science and technology may be alarming in many circumstances, but they are indispensable. Moreover, there is every reason to think that for the impoverished communities whose continued existence is as much a threat to the stability of the world as any source of atmospheric or other pollution, technology offers as powerful a vehicle for advancement as it has proved to be in Western Europe in the past century. It is improbable, however, that it will ever be necessary to balance this great good against some of the unmitigated evils which even moderates like Dr Dubos foresee. Important though the problems are, the belief that they are almost certain to remain unsolved is a modern version of the old conviction that the future is less familiar than the present. The surprise is merely that expressions of this opinion in book form have recently been so frequent.

The Science of Optics

By Samuel Tolansky

WITHIN recent years there has been a remarkable resurgence of activity in the field of physical optics and optical instrumentation. In every one of the more important European languages (and in Japanese too) numerous books on both pure and applied optics are coming simultaneously from the presses. The group reviewed here constitutes a small batch recently published in Britain alone.

Although, since the turn of this century, there has been a veritable new revolution in optics, this science has a most ancient and hallowed history. It was effectively the first of the physical sciences seriously studied by the ancient Greek geometers. Indeed one can go back further still, for the Bible itself records as the very first statement made by God, on the very first day of Creation, "Let there be Light" —and so optics began.

From the earliest dawning of organised scientific curiosity, man has naturally had a profound interest in the Cosmos, in the outer Universe surrounding us; and very closely and intimately related with this interest has been the emergence of optics and the development of optical instrumentation. It is due to such optical developments that the mighty astronomical telescope has emerged, and with this weapon in the armoury of science has come one of man's grandest concepts: the realisation that our whole Universe is expanding rapidly so that the further away the stars, the faster they retreat from us. The cosmological significance of this discovery is profound.

Moving now from looking outwards to looking *inwards,* since the time of the curious, simple yet powerful, archaic microscopes designed by Leeuwenhoek in the seventeenth century, microscopy has largely taken over the science of biology. Today we have sophisticated industries in Europe, U.S.S.R., U.S.A. and Japan devoted exclusively to the construction in large numbers of a bewildering variety of research microscopes for the biologist. These range from ultra-violet microscopes to infra-red microscopes, from fluorescent microscopes for cancer diagnosis to phase-contrast microscopes for the study of faintly visible objects. Television cameras have come on the scene, replacing the eye at the instrument eyepiece; highly sophisticated particle-counting microscopes are now a commonplace in connection with blood cell studies and investigations of industrial contamination particles. The debt owed by medicine to microscopy is too obvious to need emphasis, when it is recalled that bacteria and other infective agents were discovered with this optical device.

TODAY ALL scientific physical thought is, directly or indirectly, dominated by two fundamental theories which emerged just at the beginning of this century—the Quantum Theory and the Relativity Theory. Each of these basic philosophies of science emerged as

SAMUEL TOLANSKY *is Professor of Physics at the Royal Holloway College, University of London. As well as his* Introduction to Atomic Physics *(Longmans), he has written numerous books on optics, including* Optical Illusions *(Pergamon) and* Revolution in Optics *(Penguin). He has developed an original technique for studying surfaces and has done much work on crystals and on the structure of diamonds.*

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a direct consequence of experiments in optics. Quanta were successfully invoked by Max Planck to account for infra-red radiation and by Albert Einstein to explain light radiation (photo-electric) effects. Relativity was developed by Einstein to explain some curious experimental results which had been reported in connection with the velocity of light.

The best among the scientific brains of the nineteenth century, like the best among scientific brains in every century since the time of the ancient Greeks, have been attracted to optics. From Pythagoras to Ptolemy, from Alhazen to Leonardo, from Newton to Young, from Maxwell to Planck, from Einstein to Bohr, these are but a few of the brilliant galaxy of physicists who have applied their genius to optics and optical problems. It is no exaggeration to say that modern physics rode to its current high peak on the waves of light. The extension of light to the infra-red and on to radio waves on the one side of the visible spectrum, to X-rays and then nuclear gamma-radiations on the other side, are just typical evolutions from that older study, Visible Optics, the birthplace of it all. For all such radiative manifestations are merely the optical phenomena of radiations with different wavelengths. Radio waves can easily be one hundred million times *longer* than the visible light waves; the nuclear gamma-rays, and especially the energetic cosmic rays, can be one hundred million times *smaller* than visible light waves; but it is all optics in one form or another.

I HAVE BARELY mentioned the fringes of the ubiquitous application of optics. Metallurgy and the development of highly specialised alloys owe much to microscopy. The camera lens, designed in bewildering variety, is used basically in almost every branch of scientific research, even ignoring the multitude of other uses ranging from the home ciné to the photo-finish judge on the race course. So highly advanced is modern scientific photography that there is no difficulty in recording successive pictures of objects at high speeds (well over a million a second), while so searching are modern aerial cameras that it is actually possible, from a spy satellite circling above the earth at a height of *100 miles,* to detect and identify two footballs on the ground touching each other! No wonder missile sites can easily be detected. Colour photography is now such a commonplace that we easily forget the technical wonder that it really is. As for military instruments, range-finders, periscopes, infra-red image detectors and a host of other devices are now part and parcel of defence.

SCIENTIFIC PENGUINS

Science and Society
Hilary Rose and Steven Rose
An examination of how science can be harnessed for the good of society, this study by a biochemist and a sociologist invites comparison with Bernal's *The Social Function of Science*, and is described by the *Guardian* as being 'so important that no one can afford to neglect it'. 8s/40p

Man and the Cosmos: The Nature of Science Today
Ritchie Calder
'This is the best book that Lord Ritchie Calder has given his readers, and as good as anyone could want for finding out what contemporary science is about.' *The Times Literary Supplement* 7s/35p

Understanding Medicine
Roger James
A clear and often humorous exposition of how the various bodily systems function and of the rationale on which treatment is applied to disorders. Selecting those diseases which exemplify points of general interest, Dr James makes it possible for the uninformed reader to understand a great deal more about medicine. *Original* 9s/45p

The Invasion of the Moon 1957-70
Peter Ryan
Revised and enlarged edition
As a Penguin Special this book was the first to give the full story of the triumphant flight of Apollo 11 to the moon. This new edition covers the flight of Apollo 12 to the Ocean of Storms and the ill-starred adventure and dramatic recovery of Apollo 13. New photographs in colour and black and white. 8s/40p

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A notable branch of optics is that called Interferometry, in which optical systems exploit interference effects between light waves. It is a subject with an extraordinary, indeed an elegant, economy of means. Merely with a special arrangement of a pair of mirrors, for instance, it is possible to measure the diameter of a star billions of miles away, so distant that it appears only as a single point. Equally, with two mirrors it is possible to delve into the very heart of the extremely tiny nucleus of the atom (less than a million millionth of an inch across) and so to measure nuclear properties.

There are numerous other aspects of optics, all important and all exciting much research activity. We are still very far from understanding in detail the multiplicity of curious functions and reactions of the human eye, that last lens in the chain of observations. Despite a very long history of research activity, there are still conflicting views about the mechanism of colour vision, the behaviour response to optical illusions, the nature of visual pattern recognition, the visual assessment of quantities and so on. And of course the human eye is only one of the multitude of biologically different kinds of eye which occur in nature. Biological vision remains a vast and terrifying subject, as yet hardly touched upon by science. The vision of birds, insects, nocturnal predators and sea animals poses very many unsolved problems.

THEN AGAIN the study and application of optical phenomena have always played their part, a vital part, in the activities of the artist, from the cave drawings onwards. The ancient Greeks, in applying the illusion-correcting principle *(entasis)* to the design of their Temple columns, recognised the artistic significance of geometrical optical illusion phenomena. The discovery of the correct optical, geometrical principles of perspective in drawing by Brunelleschi and Masaccio in the 15th century had an incalculable effect on Renaissance painting. It was Leonardo, in his celebrated Treatise on Painting, who first began to tie together physiological optics, perspective and the findings of the *camera obscura*. This kind of approach gained impetus and by the beginning of the nineteenth century found scientific realisation in Goethe's controversial book, *Theory of Colours* (1810). Although written by Goethe as a determined attack upon Newton's views on the decomposition of white light into spectral colours by means of a prism (promulgated a century earlier), this richly-filled fascinating volume was received, much to Goethe's annoyance, in complete silence by his scientific contemporaries. For Goethe sought to prove that Newton was wrong and failed to convince; he offered a curious Aristotelian alternative which does not stand up to critical analysis.

IN CONTRAST TO the scientists, some artists were quite excited by Goethe's views. In his book, Goethe makes numerous penetrating observations about the physiological sensation of colour, colour contrast, visual after-images, colour-fatigue effects, even on colour-blindness (and this was before Dalton). Even if we reject entirely Goethe's *physical* theory of the orgin of colour, there still remains a great collection of observations of notable value. Goethe's book teems with striking new observations in connection with the subject of vision. Foreshadowing the later Helmholtz theory of irradiation optical illusion, he writes "A dark object appears smaller than a bright one of the same size". It is significant that his contemporary, Turner, the fabulous colourist, went to great lengths to understand and apply Goethe's colour theories about painting. It is on record that he even taught himself German to familiarise himself with the text. Turner was also a Professor at the Royal Academy School and there exist today, in the Tate Gallery, colour exercises prepared by Turner, and used in his lectures, based on what is called Goethe's colour circle. The edition of Goethe under review here[1] is in fact a reprint of the English translation made in 1840 by Eastlake, who was President of the Royal Academy, a painter and an F.R.S. man as well.

What appealed strongly to the painters were the basic psychological values Goethe attributed to different colours. Goethe wrote:

> People experience a great delight in colour. . . . Blue gives an impression of cold and reminds one of shade. . . . Yellow and orange excite feelings which are quick, lively, aspiring and give a warm agreeable impression. The eye is gladdened if a landscape is viewed through a yellow glass. . . . Blue and red-blue produce a restless anxious impression and objects seen through a blue glass are gloomy and melancholy. . . The eye experiences a distinctly grateful impression from green.

It could be that artistic temperament is especially influenced by colour: wasn't it Wagner who drew variously coloured blinds to induce various moods when composing?

The relationship of optics and painting certainly does not end with Goethe and Turner.

[1] *Theory of Colours*. By J. W. GOETHE. Translated with notes by Charles Lock Eastlake. M.I.T. Press, $10·00, 93s.; paper $2·95, 28s.

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The writings about colour of the French chemist Chevreul (1839) played a significant part in influencing the painting theories of the Neo-Impressionist painter Seurat and those who followed him. It was Seurat who in 1884 perfected his then highly original system of pointillism. In this he deliberately exploits the scientific physiological synthesis of very small differently coloured elements of area to create an optical summation fusion, based on the failure of the eye lens to separate individual dots sufficiently close together, according to the distance of the eye from the canvas. Here is the case of an artist deliberately exploiting new optical methods through painting. Despite the novelty of Seurat's approach, the fact remains that Goethe had written with remarkable prevision even 75 years earlier:

> Yellow and blue powders mingled together appear green to the naked eye. Yellow and blue stripes seen at a distance present a green mass. . . .

PROFESSOR RONCHI'S book[2] I can commend as a highly stimulating scholarly review of the history of optics, from the time of the early Greeks up to the triumph of the wave theory of light in the middle of the nineteenth century. The book thus stops before the more recent modern theories of light. It makes delightful reading and is beautifully illustrated. A curious omission is the effective absence of any discussion on the evolution of the microscope, although of course Hooke's contributions to this are duly recognised. Should Ronchi follow this volume with another to cover optics up to the mid-twentieth century, it would surely be welcomed.

The volume edited by J. H. Dickson on Optical Instruments[3] is highly specialised advanced technology and suited to the optics specialist only. Its 561 closely-packed pages consist of 57 technical reports read at a scientific conference in July 1969 at Reading University. New optical instruments, new working techniques, new computing methods and new astronomical instruments form the bulk of the subjects treated. This is for the expert; the layman is warned off.

THE LITTLE VOLUME *Seeing Beyond the Visible*, edited by A. Hewish,[4] is a well-illustrated, well-produced booklet, aimed at the sixth-former and the well-read layman. It consists of seven separate essays, by a number of authors, each being an expanded version of a B.B.C. talk. Although the contents do not deal essentially with visible light, this is nevertheless true optics. After two introductory essays on optics as understood by the layman, there follow two fascinating chapters about long waves, essentially about radio telescopes and their cosmological findings. Here there is a rather long physical jump between sections which could have been remedied by a bridging essay on the infra-red. The next section (on X-rays and crystals) comprehensive though it is, might also have gained from a bridging essay on ultra-violet light. The concluding section is likely to make difficult (though not unsurmountable) reading for the sixth-former. Altogether a highly informative booklet and good value for the price.

Dr Tricker's book on meteorological optics[5] has much entertaining information as well as good solid geometrical optics. Man has always been fascinated by the numerous curious aerial optical effects in the atmosphere, and here they are all described and explained. Mirages like the Fata Morgana, the mysterious *Heiligenschein* (the halo appearing at times round the shadow of one's head), the rainbow, ice-particle haloes round sun or moon, the corona seen round sun or moon, the famous Brocken Spectre, these and many other curious aerial phenomena are fully described in clear language and then accounted for in necessarily more difficult geometry. This is a book to fascinate the physicist or the meteorologist. Most of it is, I feel, too difficult for the layman.

OPTICS, PAINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY by Dr M. H. Pirenne[6] will have a narrow and specialised appeal. It should prove of interest to the teacher of perspective drawing. It discusses the differences between true geometric projection, pin-hole camera photographs and what artists actually paint. The author concerns himself with binocular vision and with the way perspective in pictures is altered by a change of viewing position before the canvas. A lot of space is devoted to a discussion of one painted ceiling and also to the question of the representation of a sphere in painting.

Perhaps these books will lead us to agree that optics is not only the handmaiden to all the sciences, but paradoxically she is the queen of the physical sciences too.

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[2] *The Nature of Light.* By VASCO RONCHI. Heinemann, £6.

[3] *Optical Instruments and Techniques.* Edited by J. HOME DICKSON. Oriel Press, £7.

[4] *Seeing Beyond the Visible.* Edited by A. HEWISH. English Universities Press, 29s.

[5] *Introduction to Meteorological Optics.* By R. A. R. TRICKER. Mills and Boon, £4 4s.

[6] *Optics, Painting and Photography.* By M. H. PIRENNE. Cambridge University Press, £4.

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Seeing Stars

By Patrick Moore

MANY ASTRONOMICAL books have been produced during the past few years. Some are good, some are bad, some are indifferent; they are of various degrees of difficulty, from the straightforward popular work, devoid of mathematics, up to abstruse technical volumes which leave the non-mathematical reader gasping after the initial paragraph. Undoubtedly the spectacular progress in space research has had a great deal to do with this surge of interest; and yet what we may call "pure astronomy" has a fascination which remains unique—even in the days of men on the Moon and rocket probes to Mars.

On the whole, the good books outnumber the bad, and it is pleasing to find that all the seven volumes to be reviewed here are of a high standard; four are outstanding.

Everyone has to make a start in the subject he (or she) chooses to study, and a clear, concise outline, beginning at Square One, is essential. This is the aim of Henry Brinton's *Astronomy for Beginners*,[1] in which he assumes no knowledge whatsoever on the part of the reader. Let it be said at once that the book is a great success. It is unpretentious, and does not claim to contain anything new; but it is so comprehensive, so readable, and so informative that even the expert will enjoy it. Henry Brinton has a gift for imparting knowledge without giving any impression of cramming, and this new book will further enhance his reputation. After dealing with the history of astronomy, and the modern basis of astronomical science, he sets out upon a general description of the Earth, the Moon, the planets, the stellar system, and the galaxies; he then turns to the equipment needed by an average amateur, and ends with some notes on space research and astronomical navigation. I recommend it without reservation.

Having digested Henry Brinton, it is time to turn to Gilbert Satterthwaite, who has set out to provide a true encyclopaedia.[2] The title—*Encyclopedia of Astronomy*—is justified. It includes well over 500 pages of text, together with many line drawings and some photographs. Astronomical terms are arranged in alphabetical order; opening the book at random, I find entries such as Gassendi (lunar crater), Gemini (a constellation), Gemini again (this time the name given to the vehicles in the famous U.S. space-flight development programme of the 1960s), Hertzsprung (an eminent Danish astronomer who was responsible for fundamental advances), Saturn (the ringed planet), Solar Wind, Sunspots, Transit Instruments. . . . but why go on? Everything is here, and the book is a positive mine of information as well as being extremely comprehensive and easy to follow. It is worth every new penny of the £6.30 charged for it.

It is, I think, only fair to add that I wrote the Foreword to Satterthwaite's book. I point this out only in case some unkind person accuses me of prejudice. In fact I am not prejudiced; it is my considered opinion that this is the best book of its kind produced for

PATRICK MOORE *has been concerned principally with observations of the Moon. For three years (1965-8) he was Director of the Armagh Planetarium in Northern Ireland, but now regards himself purely as an amateur. He has a private observatory at his home at Selsey, on the Sussex coast, where he continues his observational work. He has lectured and broadcast in many countries, and since 1957 has presented the monthly series "The Sky at Night" on BBC Television. He is Vice-President of the British Astronomical Association, and was its Goodacre Medallist in 1968; he is also a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and in 1967 was elected a member of the International Astronomical Union. He has written a number of books, of which the latest are the "Atlas of the Universe" (Mitchell Beazley) and the new edition of his book "The Amateur Astronomer" (Lutterworth).*

[1] *Astronomy for Beginners*. By HENRY BRINTON. Pelham Books, 35s.

[2] *Encyclopedia of Astronomy*. By GILBERT E. SATTERTHWAITE. Hamlyn, £6 6s.

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a great many years, and since obtaining my copy of it, a few weeks ago, I have referred to it constantly. It will be of equal value to the beginner, the serious amateur, and the student. I imagine that it will become accepted as a standard work.

THE LANGUAGE OF SPACE, by Reginald Turnill[3] (of Television fame) is not so extensive—but neither is it so expensive. It provides a convenient résumé of the terms used in space research—indeed, the sub-title is 'A Dictionary of Astronautics'—and anyone who intends to follow the broadcast commentaries of the next Apollo Moon-shot, at present scheduled for 31 January 1971, will be well advised to have it by them. Again no prior knowledge of the subject is assumed; again the writing is fluent and accurate. The only real weakness in the book is the complete lack of illustration. Photographs are not needed (indeed, I suspect that some books contain pages of photographs which are included merely for effect), but some line drawings would have been a great help to the novice. No doubt the book will run to several editions, and I suggest that the publishers would be wise to add some line diagrams. However, this criticism is comparatively minor, and the book is extremely good value.

So much for the books which cater for the beginner (though, as I have pointed out, the two latter earn a place in any library, amateur or professional). John Glasby's *The Dwarf Novae*[4] comes into a somewhat different category. True, there is a general introduction to the whole subject of variable stars; but the book is concerned entirely with one small class of variable, and, as such, is aimed at the serious theorist and the practical observer.

Variable stars are interesting objects. As their name implies, they brighten and fade over short periods—unlike our own refreshingly stable Sun, which shines unchanged for year after year, century after century. Some variable stars are as regular as clockwork; others are erratic, and one never knows quite what they will do next. Into this category come the dwarf novae, which suffer sudden outbursts which make them flare up to temporary eminence before they decline again. In fact, all of them are much too faint to be seen without a telescope, and our knowledge about their behaviour is far from complete.

[3] *The Language of Space*. By REGINALD TURNILL. Cassell, £2 2s.
[4] *The Dwarf Novae*. By JOHN S. GLASBY. Constable, £3.

Tomorrow's World
Raymond Baxter and James Burke

A collection of the most intriguing week-by-week reports on the fast-changing world of medicine, science and technology from BBC tv's *Tomorrow's World*, updated and expanded beyond the television material.

Topics include the exploration of the sea-bed and its potential; air, land, and space travel of the future; tomorrow's educational, agricultural and medical equipment; and the development of new foods to keep the world's ever-multiplying population from starvation.

42s.

The Mind of Man
Nigel Calder

Published to coincide with the transmission of a major BBC tv scientific programme recently shown on BBC 2, this is a lucid and up-to-date account of research into the human mind.

Nigel Calder describes recent discoveries which have shed new light on the mechanics of sleep, memory, sexuality, creativity, and all the processes that govern our actions, sensations and emotions.

45s.

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BBC PUBLICATIONS

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Astronomy is still just about the only science in which the amateur observer can still carry out valuable work. Variable star research is one of the amateur's strong points; and this applies particularly to objects such as the dwarf novae. John Glasby is himself a well-known observer, and Director of the Variable Star Section of the British Astronomical Association, so that he is well qualified to act as a guide to others. In this new book he describes the various types of dwarf novae, and gives some comments as to the causes and effects of their strange outbursts; he then goes on to discuss individual stars, and collects the information in a way which has not, to the best of my knowledge, been done before. If you want to find out all about, say, RX Andromedae, TZ Persei or SU Ursae Majoris, you need do no more than consult these pages. It would be idle to pretend that the book will be of interest to the casual dabbler; it will not. But to anyone who is seriously interested in this branch of astronomy, it will be regarded as indispensable.

DIFFERENT AGAIN are the two volumes edited by Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, and called simply *Astronomy*.[5] These consist of reprints of the Friday Evening Discourses held at the Royal Institution, and present a magnificent survey of the changing aspect of astronomy since 1851, when the Discourses began, and 1936, which is as far as Volume Two takes us. The first Discourse given here (that of 28 July 1851) was given by the then Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy; the last (that of 11 December 1936) was given by Sir Harold Spencer Jones, who then held the position of Astronomer Royal. Sir Harold dealt with large telescopes—including the 200-inch Palomar reflector, whose fame has now spread all over the world, but was then still in a comparatively early stage of planning.

The Royal Institution Discourses are in a class of their own; probably there is nothing else like them, and for this reason alone the two volumes now presented to us would be a unique record. All the astronomical Discourses for the 1851-1936 period have been included, and this was clearly a wise move on the part of the editor and publishers. To list the names of all the famous astronomers represented here would take too long, but they include men such as James Nasmyth, who, with his colleague Carpenter, produced the first classic book about the Moon to be published in English; Sir William Huggins, pioneer of stellar spectroscopy; R. A. Proctor, the great "astronomical communicator" of Victorian times; Sir Norman Lockyer, of solar fame; the fourth Earl of Rosse, who measured the heat of the Moon; Sir Robert Ball, G. H. Darwin, J. C. Kapteyn, George Ellery Hale, Sir Frank Dyson, and those two great astrophysicists of near-modern times, Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington. The Discourses are, by their very nature, summaries of work in progress; and in these two volumes the work is described by the people who were busy doing it.

IT IS FASCINATING to look back at some of the ideas held in past times—and at some of the forecasts. Witness Nasmyth, in his 1864 Discourse, discussing the possible scene that would confront an astronaut standing on the Moon: "When we seek to picture to ourselves the wild and unearthly scene that would be presented to our gaze, we must search for it in the recollection of some fearful dream." How could Nasmyth know that only just over a century later, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin would in fact be standing on the lunar surface, describing it to the waiting world a quarter of a million miles away?

Quite apart from this, the Discourses give a connected and coherent picture which will be invaluable to all astronomical historians. The print and presentation are first-class, and so are the illustrations. Unfortunately, there is absolutely no clue on either volume as to the price of the books. Possibly the publishers are somewhat sensitive about it!

Let us hope that in the future the subsequent Discourses will also be issued in book form. Much has happened since 1936. When I myself gave the 1969 Discourse, I selected as my title "Survey of the Moon". The picture that I could present was very different from Nasmyth's in his Discourse of 105 years earlier; in no other period of history has astronomy changed so much and so quickly—except, perhaps, in the far-off times when Galileo first used his primitive telescope to look upward at the stars.

THE LAST BOOK to be reviewed here is different from any of the others. *Space through the Ages*, by Cornelius Lanczos,[6] is "a history of geometrical thinking", beginning with the Greeks, such as Pythagoras, and following through to Einstein and his theory of relativity. It is mathematical, and there is no sense in pretending that any of it will be intelligible to the

[5] *Astronomy*. Edited by SIR BERNARD LOVELL. The Royal Institution Library of Science, 2 vols. Elsevier, £10.

[6] *Space Through the Ages*. By CORNELIUS LANCZOS. Academic Press, £4, $11·50.

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non-technician; subjects such as tensor analysis, Riemannian geometry, and abstract spaces are not for the layman, and cannot be learned in five minutes. But to anyone who is mathematically equipped, it will provide much food for thought; and it too must take its place among the more important scientific books published in recent times.

Nowadays, it seems to be the fashion for reviewers to do their best to find points of criticism. I am no exception; but adverse comment is more or less absent from this present review simply because I have found practically nothing to criticise. All the books are worth-while, and anyone who studies them all, starting out with Henry Brinton's introduction and ending with Lanczos' mathematical formulae, will be able to consider himself astronomically well-equipped. In a world where there is so much to criticise, it is pleasant to be able to end upon a note of hearty congratulation to all concerned.

The Primrose Path

By Michael Pearson

"Man, who began in a cave behind a windbreak, will end in the disease-soaked ruins of a slum."
H. G. WELLS

AS MATTERS STAND at present, we won't need the ultimate stupidity of a nuclear holocaust or a war waged with chemical and biological weapons in order to prove Mr Wells right once again. On the contrary, the processes by which we are most likely to fulfil his prophecy are by now well under way. They are almost too familiar to relate: pollution of our air and water, chemical contamination of our foodstuffs, limitless urban development, ceaseless exploitation of rapidly-declining stocks of natural resources, overpopulation on a world scale—it's all becoming old hat. And that in itself presents a problem of some proportions—a public relations exercise of considerable complexity. How *do* you persuade *Homo sapiens* to live up to his name?

The insouciance with which our present situation is regarded by the vast majority of people is a never-ending source of astonishment and frustration to those who are fully aware of the facts. But the public memory is short, the threshold to boredom is low, and interest in a single topic is not maintained for long. Not surprisingly, "ecological crisis" stories do not fare well in this context. In addition, we live in the Age of the Expert, the Age of Infinite Delegation of Responsibility. Given this particular *zeitgeist*, it is virtually impossible to convince anyone of the fact that "somebody" (preferably an Expert) is not "doing something about it." There are also those, and they are many and powerful, who have a vested interest in maintaining the *status quo*. To them, it is vital that humanity should keep its feet planted firmly on the Primrose Path. Much time and energy is consequently devoted to the stoking of Panglossian fires and the suppression of "awkward" reports. Finally, there are the incurable optimists for whom "it will all come right in the end." There is nothing to be done for them except to hope that one day the lenses will fall out of their rose-coloured glasses.

It is, of course, true that the problem will soon be brought home to people in more direct terms, but by then it may well be too late. The insidious nature of many of the "crisis components"—particularly the pollutants and contaminants—will see to that. At present, for example, a man may be well aware of the unpleasantness of Oxford Circus during the rush hour, but he may not know that every meal he has eaten for the past decade or more has contained a range of chemicals whose effects in the long term may be just as deleterious as those of the hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and lead he imbibes in roadside fumes; nor may he be aware of the presence of harmful contaminants in his water supply,

MICHAEL PEARSON, *who trained as an agriculturalist (Leeds University), has just completed five years of ethological research at the University of Sussex. He recently resigned from his post as a Research Fellow due to a growing disenchantment with the world of scientific research. He now lives in North Wales.*

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contaminants which pass untouched through the (so-called) purification systems.[1]

Clearly, *any* attempt to inform the general public about the situation should be lauded, and it is fortunate that increasing numbers of writers are directing their attention to the matter.

The ramifications of the topic are endless, and this is reflected in the varied treatments it has received in several recently-published books. Broadly speaking, these fall into three categories: descriptive and predictive; analytical and denunciatory; and remedial.

THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE work in the first category comes, not surprisingly, from the Ehrlich stable.[2] Starting with the statement that U.N. predictions concerning the world population in the year 2000 are too high—as a drastic rise in the death rate is likely to intervene—the authors proceed to make their point with a series of ecological horror stories that make sobering reading.

An equally harrowing tale is unfolded by Professor Dorst,[3] although here the emphasis is on the problems of land utilisation and plant and animal conservation[4] (one of the animals concerned being man). Man's crass mismanagement of his own environment is also extensively documented in a collection of writings edited by Harold W. Helfrich.[5] Again, the impact is hard and the outlook generally pessimistic. Finally, the National Academy of Sciences has produced a detailed report[6] on the present world situation with regard to natural resources. Much of the material simply emphasises the depressing statements made by the other writers.

In most current texts, documentation is taken from international and U.S. sources. However, John Barr[7] has produced a disturbing account of the situation we face here in Britain. In this case, the accent is on the visual, auditory, olfactory, gustatory and tactile insults with which the population of Britain is at present being regaled. But the overall story is the same as elsewhere. That story is outlined in the introduction to *The Environmental Crisis.*

> The sixth decade of the twentieth century finds mankind confronted by an unyielding paradox. Many people have concluded that because we are at the pinnacle of technological achievement, with an amazing list of accomplishments to our credit, our scientific ability to control and shape our environment is without limit. Yet, even as our technical ability grows there is a steady and seemingly inexorable deterioration of our environment. The rising crescendo of discord created by unplanned and unforeseen technological by-products is beginning to penetrate the ears of even the most optimistic. Man's footprints are on the moon, but on earth hardly a stream remains free of pollution, palls of smog shroud our cities, pesticides telescope their deadly effects through worldwide food chains, beauty falls before the omnivorous advance of urban sprawl, and unrest and violence dominate our decaying cities and illustrious universities.
>
> Today's problems may be but the tip of an iceberg, that portion of a vast ecological catastrophe visible in the daily reporting of TV,

[1] The contaminants are not always esoteric chemicals with polysyllabic names. Current "recycling" water supply systems, which are not always as efficient as they should be, add a nasty ring of truth to graffiti on the walls of Mississipi township washrooms: "flush the toilet, they need the water in St. Louis."

[2] *Population, Resources, Environment.* By PAUL R. EHRLICH and ANNE H. EHRLICH. W. H. Freeman and Company, $8·95, 84s.

[3] *Before Nature Dies.* By JEAN DORST. Collins, 63s.

[4] "A large daily newspaper requires enough wood every year to cover 988 acres." What price ENCOUNTER now?

[5] *The Environmental Crisis.* Edited by HAROLD W. HELFRICH, JR. Yale University Press, $7·50, 68s; paper $1·95, 18s.

[6] *Resources and Man.* National Academy of Sciences—National Research Council. W. H. Freeman and Company, $5·95, 56s; paper $2·95, 24s.

[7] *The Assaults on our Senses.* By JOHN BARR. Methuen, 50s.

A History of Chemistry

Volume 1 Part 1

J. R. Partington

This is a work of prodigious scholarship, providing the background to Partington's four-volume classic *A History of Chemistry.* In Part 1 Professor Partington surveys the teachings of the Ancients from the Greek philosophers of the sixth century B.C. to the Egyptian astrologers of the first and second centuries A.D.
The hundreds of references to the works of the Ancients and manuscripts which quote them, along with a myriad of strange and fascinating details on the theories and observations of the first scientists make this '. . . a landmark in the literature of historical chemistry.'—*Nature*

£10

Macmillan

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radio, and newspaper. Beneath the surface, yet to be discovered by most of our citizens, lies the mass of a still more serious problem—the potential destruction of the balanced natural system that sustains life on this planet. This threat, in all its aspects, to the quality and even the very existence of life constitutes the environmental crisis—the central problem of modern man.

BUT THE UNHAPPY effect that man is having on his environment is only one side of the story. To rephrase a remark of Winston Churchill's, we shape our environment, and afterwards our environment shapes us. The psychosocial aspects of this feedback have recently been the subject of a thoughtful study by René Dubos.[8] Pointing out that our susceptibility to experiential factors is such that "each one of us actually becomes only one of the many persons he could have been," Dr Dubos bemoans the environmental uniformity and experiential poverty that follow in the wake of technological progress.[9] The problems arising from the monoculture of the human being remind one forcibly of those described by agriculturalists in relation to the monoculture of crops: at first, yields are high and profits considerable, but eventually an inexorable decline sets in, leading to what can only be described as the "dust-bowl personality."

Dr Dubos is primarily concerned with the harm currently being done to the "nurture" components of the nature/nurture matrix, although he does note that the "nature" components are also taking a severe beating. The latter point has not escaped the ardent evolutionist Robert Ardrey. In his latest book,[10] Ardrey draws heavily (and perhaps a little too enthusiastically) on ethological evidence to show that we are not giving sufficient rein to our animal heritage. Our preoccupation with the niceties of civilised life prevents us from even acknowledging, let alone answering, the Call of the Wild. Ardrey concludes, with some justification, that

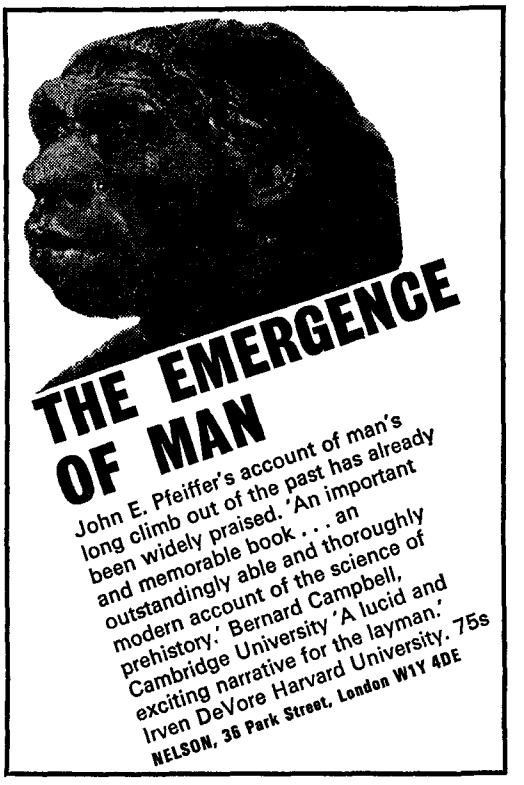
> if we do not enlarge our concepts of innate human need. . . . then our societies will either lapse into apathy or explode into anarchy.

IN THE FACE of revelations concerning the disastrous consequences of our (compara-

[8] *So Human an Animal.* By RENE DUBOS. Charles Scribner's Sons, $6·95; Rupert Hart-Davies, 45s.

[9] Dr Dubos pursues a similar theme in *Man, Medicine and Environment* (Penguin, 6s), although there he examines environmental effects from the standpoint of the biomedical sciences.

[10] *The Social Contract.* By ROBERT ARDREY. Collins, 50s.


THE EMERGENCE OF MAN
John E. Pfeiffer's account of man's long climb out of the past has already been widely praised. 'An important and memorable book . . . an outstandingly able and thoroughly modern account of the science of prehistory.' Bernard Campbell, Cambridge University 'A lucid and exciting narrative for the layman.' Irven DeVore Harvard University. 75s
NELSON, 36 Park Street, London W1Y 4DE

FUTURES

is a quarterly journal. Its concern is the long-term future of society, with emphasis on Futures Research, Technological Forecasting and Futurology. In the December issue a social psychologist, Abraham Moles, assesses modern man's motivation in *The future-oriented society;* Selwyn Enzer of the Institute for the Future, USA, describes *A case-study using forecasting as a decision-making aid,* and Henry Winthrop, Professor of a university department of inter-disciplinary studies, puts forward the concept of *Total environmental management* as an approach to the dilemmas of the affluent society. There are regular features on yesterday's predictions, scientific speculation and science fiction, and reports on activities, conferences and publications.

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tively) *peaceful* existence on this planet, it seems ludicrous to consider the possibility of large-scale warfare. But Congressman Richard McCarthy leaves us little choice in the matter. In an account of U.S. policy with regard to chemical and biological warfare (CBW),[11] he produces some disturbing revelations. At Fort Detrick, for example, just one of the many CBW establishments in the U.S.,

> research and development workers spend some $20 million a year *producing* such diseases as pneumonic plague. . . . pulmonary anthrax. . . . and botulism toxin, *one ounce of which, effectively dispersed, could kill every human being in North America* [my italics].

When one further finds that a U.S. Congressman (Congressman Sikes)—an elected representative of one of the most "advanced" countries in the world—has stated that

> the current U.S. CBW budget is comparatively small and should be expanded to include the development of counter-agents and antidotes as well as promotion of public education and the distribution of gas masks,

one realises the full extent of our present folly.

In *The Environmental Crisis,* F. H. Bormann and G. K. Voigt point out that

> our present situation has not befallen us overnight. It has grown from two great forces which feed and reinforce each other: (1) unrestricted growth of man's numbers on a planet with finite capacity to provide for man's needs and absorb his garbage and (2) unrestricted technology coupled with an attitude of exploitative dominance of his environment.

TIME AND AGAIN, these two factors are mentioned as the *bêtes noires* of the contemporary world,[12] and it is clear that if any remedial action is to be taken then these *must* be the primary points of attack. It is, of course, true that not everyone holds to this view: there are still those who cling to the hope that technology can provide all the answers and that even greater population levels can be sustained.[13]

But *Population Resources Environment* is studded with illustrations of the fact that continued reliance on technological "muddling through" leads only to a vicious circle of problem and solution—every solution begetting yet another problem and every problem proving yet more difficult to solve[14]. The Ehrlichs have little patience with those who preach technological salvation: all too often, they say, "the faithful" suffer from disciplinary myopia and over-specialisation.

> Many of the solutions put forth by technological optimists are based on ignorance of ecology, demography, anthropology, and so forth. Those who see a panacea in nuclear agro-industrial complexes are simultaneously required to ignore, among other things, economics, the scale of the problem, the state of reactor technology, the potential ecological damage, and an entire spectrum of political and social problems.

So what is the answer? In the first place, *world* population control is absolutely essential. But, as the Ehrlichs point out, this is *not* a panacea. If population growth were stopped tomorrow, a host of other problems—poverty, racial tension, urban blight, environmental decay, warfare—would remain. What is required—and this is a point which is constantly reiterated by commentators on the current world situation—is a total transformation of human *attitudes,*

> especially those relating to reproductive behaviour, economic growth, technology, the environment, and conflict resolution.

So profound are the changes which will have to occur that the Ehrlichs, in discussing them, apologise for the "unrealistic" nature of their proposals. But how else could one introduce the concept of *de-development* of the U.S. and other developed countries? How will the denizens of Madison Avenue be persuaded to reject all that they hold most dear and co-operate in a nation-wide advertising campaign to promote such a programme? How indeed?

> Society has always had its visionaries who talked of love, beauty, peace, and plenty. But somehow the "practical" men have always been there to praise the smog as a sign of progress, to preach "just" wars, and to restrict love while giving hate free rein. It must be one of the greatest ironies of the history of *Homo sapiens* that the only salvation for the practical men now lies in what they think of as the dreams of idealists. The question is: can the "realists" be persuaded to face reality in time?

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[11] *The Ultimate Folly.* By RICHARD D. MCCARTHY. Gollancz, 48s.

[12] The dominant and exploitative attitude to nature inherent in the western world-view has been the subject of a detailed analysis by Professor Black *(The Dominion of Man:* Edinburgh University Press, 30s), who traces its development from Judeo-Christian origins.

[13] An echo (albeit faint) of this attitude can be found in *Population Control* (Pelican, 7s), a collection of papers edited by Anthony Allison.

[14] Reliance on a technological panacea is also complicated by the fact that the scientific and technological machine can be likened to a large and dangerous ship adrift without a helm—a point clearly made by Steven and Hilary Rose (*Science and Society:* Penguin, 8s), who make a timely plea for the provision of a helmsman and pilot.

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Other Books Received

Alexander B. Adams. *The Eternal Quest.* Constable, 30s.

Jonathan Allen (ed.). *March 4: Scientists, Students and Society.* M.I.T. Press, 18s., $1.95.

Sir Christopher Andrewes. *Viruses and Cancer.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 55s.

S. A. Barnett. *"Instinct" and "Intelligence".* Penguin, 10s.

W. D. Borrie. *The Growth and Control of World Population.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 60s.

Ritchie Calder. *Man and the Cosmos.* Penguin, 7s.

Enrico Cantore. *Atomic Order.* M.I.T. Press, £5.17s. $15.00

C. S. Chedzey (ed.). *Science in Management.* Routledge & Kegan Paul, £5.

L. Jonathan Cohen. *The Implications of Induction.* Methuen, 75s.; Barnes & Noble, $12.00.

A. C. Crombie & M. A. Hoskin (eds.). *History of Science,* Vol. 8. Heffer, 42s.

Maurice P. Crosland (ed.). *Science in France in the Revolutionary Era.* M.I.T. Press, 93s., $10.00.

F. H. George. *Computers, Science and Society.* Pemberton Publishing Co., 30s., paper 15s.

K. Theodore Hoppen. *The Common Scientist in the Seventeenth Century.* Routledge & Kegan Paul, £2.15s.

L. S. B. Leakey & Verne Morris Goodall. *Unveiling Man's Origins.* Methuen, 32s., paper 14s.

James Martin & Adrian R. D. Norman. *The Computerized Society.* Prentice-Hall, 100s., $10.95.

Patrick Moore (ed.). 1971 *Yearbook of Astronomy.* Sidgwick & Jackson, 35s., paper 20s.

John E. Pfeiffer. *The Emergence of Man.* Nelson, £3.15s.

Roland Pressat. *Population.* C. A. Watts, 15s.

E. Emmet Reid. *Chemistry Through the Language Barrier.* Johns Hopkins Press, 95s., $10.00

W. Kenneth Richmond. *The Concept of Educational Technology.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 60s., paper 25s.

Arturo Rosenblueth. *Mind and Brain.* M.I.T. Press, 65s., $5.95.

The Times Astronomical Correspondent. *The Night Sky 1971.* The Times, 5s.

Tucker, Cook, Iyer & Stacey. *Global Geophysics.* English Universities Press, 45s.

Paul Vaughan. *The Pill on Trial.* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 36s.

Geoffrey Vickers. *Freedom in a Rocking Boat.* Allen Lane, The Penguin Press, 50s.

Malcolm Warner & Michael Stone. *The Data Bank Society.* Allen & Unwin, 60s.

Herbert Wendt. *Before the Deluge.* Paladin, 18s.

AUTHORS

George Woodcock's latest book *Canada and the Canadians* has recently been published by Faber. He is now working on a study of Aldous Huxley. Among his other books are *William Godwin* (1946), *The Writer and Politics* (1948), *Kropotkin: The Anarchist Prince* (1950). His article on Prondhon appeared in the September 1969 ENCOUNTER....

Michael Holroyd's book, *Lytton Strachey By Himself,* is to be published this Spring by Heinemann in England and by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in America....

Aharon Megged's book *Fortunes of a Fool* was published in England by Gollancz in 1962 (and by Random House in the United States). His latest book, *The Living on the Dead,* was published this year by Jonathan Cape. He is now working as Cultural Attaché at the Embassy of Israel in London....

Derwent May has been literary editor of *The Listener* since 1965. He is the author of two novels, *The Professionals* and *Dear Parson* (both published by Chatto & Windus)....

IN the November issue of ENCOUNTER (p. 87) **Max Beloff's** book is reviewed by **Asa Briggs** under the title of *"Britain's Liberal Empire 1897-1921".* This is in fact the sub-title, the correct title being: *Imperial Sunset, Volume 1, Britain's Liberal Empire 1897-1921.* It is published by Methuen at 65s....

The Nature of Light

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Canada

Between Pole & Parallel

By George Woodcock

IT WAS WINTER when I came back to Vancouver. Back from Tokyo with its Siberian dust-winds; from Hong Kong where violets bloomed by the footpaths of the Peak and Japanese tourists moved in rigid squads behind flag-bearing mini-skirters; from Singapore, where the girls of the Leningrad Ballet thumped out *Swan Lake* at 80° on the open-air stage of the National Theatre and tree-frogs outchanted the Russian lady accompanist banging a piano long ruined by Malayan humidity. Behind Singapore, memory held a grey Calcutta—straggles of paid demonstrators shouting down Chowringhee behind ragged red flags. A Punjab sunny with winter—mounted Nihangs, wild-eyed with bhang, galloping through the countryside with curved swords and polished iron shields to rouse the Sikhs for a holy war to conquer Chandigarh. The crystalline Himalayas—the Dalai Lama up in his eyrie of Dharamsala, declaring "the human will is stronger than steel" and telling me for the first time in the nine years I had known him that at last he smelt on the winds of world conflict a hope for Tibet.

Yet now, back home, as I went down from the University headland to walk the wide yellow beach of Spanish Banks, with its memories of Vancouver and Quadra forging a friendship out of initial enmity, the familiar city had a look as exotic as anything I had seen in five months of the Levant and farther Asia. Like dove-blue silk the smooth waters of Burrard Inlet shimmered over to the light-housed northern shore and the winter-dark coast mountains, houses scattered like sugar cubes on their shaven slopes and groins below the thin snow of a dry winter. Westward the view broke through the range, up the misty reaches of Howe Sound to the white peaks and ridges receding, layer beyond blueing layer, into the wild distances of Garibaldi Park. Eastward up the Inlet, the wilderness had maintained a kind of consulate in the great fist of primeval forest by which Stanley Park closed in the Narrows over which the Lion's Gate Bridge leapt in a splendid tracery of vermilion steel. Beyond the Park, curving around the sandy sickle of English Bay, the tall white blocks of the city clustered like an ethereal San Gimignano against the mauve background of yet other and higher mountains. The light had that soft pearliness which J. B. Priestley, standing near the very spot where I stood now, had once insisted to me was peculiar to Vancouver. In that substantial light, the buildings seemed insubstantial, dissolving, a city half-perceived in a waking and still unfocussed vision.

I HAD CAUGHT THAT LIGHT and that mood before, and caught also the light of steely grey days when the buildings fronted the bay like a barricade of hostile granite. But today there were unfamiliar details. Close inshore floated a hundred American widgeon, handsome tobacco-brown birds with pale blue bills and glossy green patches behind their heads. I had never seen them here before. And out in the Inlet, where a rusty Greek freighter steamed slowly in towards the grain elevators of the inner harbour, and a scarlet tug dragged in the opposite direction a great yellow scow piled high with orange-coloured cedar sawdust, I saw a sleek and shining head break the surface of the water, and disappear, and surface again near enough for me to be sure that it was a seal and not the bobbing tip of a sodden log. Out on Vancouver Island, where I once lived, I had often heard the seals at evening below the cliff where we built our house laboriously with our own hands. They slapped the water with their tails as resoundingly as if a rifle were being shot off along the beach. But seals rarely enter the busy waters of Burrard Inlet; I had seen only one other in twenty years. The combination of the seal and the unfamiliar birds and the magical light gave the scene—or the conjunction of the scene and my perception—an almost epiphanous intensity. And then, with a soft and unducklike whistling, the widgeon took wing, and the seal moved out of sight in pursuit of the shoal he was harrying.

I GOT BACK INTO THE CAR and went on, looping along Point Grey Road past turreted Edwardian villas of painted wood, crossing False Creek jammed tight with wintering salmon trollers, following the esplanade of English Bay with its earnest central Europeans taking constitutionals (the spring migration of hippies had not yet arrived), and driving into

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the Park through dark tunnels of coniferous umbrage. At Brockton Point I got out in front of the squat lighthouse and watched a flock of little black-and-white ducks—scaups and buffleheads—that looked like painted bath toys as they bobbed in the broken water of the changing tide. They were familiar; some as individuals I had probably seen before, for hundreds of them winter every year in the salt waters that probe the heart of Vancouver. To look at them, and to see that the speculators had grabbed from the bears no more of Grouse Mountain since I left for Asia, gave me a comfortable feeling that all might be not far from well in this peculiar city where a million people form Canada's third metropolis, in the shadow of mountains beyond whose ridges the wilderness stretches to the Arctic Sea.

There is a pendant to my story of the returning British Columbian. Two days later I travelled the same route. Down on Spanish Banks the water looked grey, the city as flat and motionless as a stage curtain; the widgeon had gone, and I waited a moment vainly for that round and shining seal head to break the water. I went on. At Brockton Point the toy-like scaups and buffleheads no longer swam in the changing tide. They were washed up, dead, among the driftwood and the knotted ropes of kelp that littered the foreshore. Later, it was revealed, they had been killed by insecticide poured into the storm drains somewhere in the city. The local paranoiacs embroidered the story, and their embroidery was curiously different from what it would have been ten years ago. Then, certainly, Khrushchev would have figured sinisterly somewhere in the explanation. Now no one remembered Russia, or even China. The poison, it was said, had come from America. Americans were destroying our heritage!

TRAVEL MAY TEACH one a great deal about foreign countries; it teaches (see Kipling) as much about one's own, and this lesson takes two forms. One's personal feelings become simplified into ideas or magnified into symbols by the very fact of absence, so that to return is subjectively to see anew both oneself and one's setting. But objectively absence also gives time for trends and tendencies to make themselves clearer in the setting from which one has withdrawn temporarily, and in this way one is acutely aware, on coming back, of changes in the collective mind and the collective life that would not have been so evident if they had revealed themselves gradually, day by day. And so, having been invited more than a year ago to write a Vancouver Letter for ENCOUNTER, I am glad to have let those months go by, to have left and returned, and to be writing through the eyes, as it were, of a revenant, but a revenant privileged to resume his recognised place in the scene to which he returns.

The opening of this letter will have suggested some of the things that struck me most forcibly on that return. They were not, in fact, the curiosities that had crowded my mind when I left five months earlier, or the rare sensational Canadian headlines I had seen in foreign newspapers. The radicals had captured and then killed the Canadian Union of Students, and campus activism had sunk to a low level, from which even the American intervention in Cambodia did not markedly raise it. Our sole overt black-white battle—the bizarre incident in which West Indian students had smashed the computers at Sir George Williams University in Montreal—had led to an interminable trial, enlivened by voodoo black magic rites directed against the prosecuting counsel and to anti-Canadian riots in Trinidad.[1] In mid-winter the militant Quebec separatists (led, it since appears, by FLQ terrorist militants) had taken the opportunity of a police strike to go on the streets. A small riot of taxi-drivers and students resulted in a minor orgy of looting to end which the Union National provincial government was forced into the face-saving gesture of calling on Federal troops to restore order. Few people at the time foresaw that this was a preliminary skirmish on the part of the FLQ[2] for the kidnapping of British Trade

[1] After a year, the West Indians have been found guilty, and sentenced to heavy fines and deportation; the Trinidad government paid the fines, but in Port of Spain, the ripples of the verdict have swollen into the breakers of Black Power revolt. Caribbean resentment of the trial—which was impeccably conducted—is aggravated by the heavy Canadian control of industries in the West Indies, and the growing Canadian control of local banking. In effect, Canada is to the West Indies, economically, as the United States is to Canada.

[2] Political terrorism is not such a new thing in Canada as the nation's apologists suggest. Fenian terrorism in the 1860s culminated in the assassination of the political leader Darcy McGee on the morrow of Confederation. Doukhobor terrorism was for years a commonplace of British Columbian life, with dynamitings, arson, and incidental deaths on a scale still unmatched by the FLQ. Doukhobor militancy has diminished since 1962, but only a few days ago two men of the radical Sons of Freedom group were imprisoned for the possession of explosives and six women were sentenced for arson. Canada has always been more affected by the general violence of North American life than Canadians are inclined to admit.

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Commissioner Cross and of Quebec Labour Minister Pierre Laporte, later strangled with grotesque symbolism in a golden chain, which drew such startling attention to the internal dissensions of Canada and especially of Quebec.

More than such incidental matters, I was impressed by the wider patterns of loyalties and antagonisms that were shifting the politics of the nation and making even so naturally talented and idiosyncratic a statesman as Pierre Trudeau their largely unwilling agent.

Coming back, I noticed in myself, and in others, the complications that loyalties develop in an enormous, loosely federated land. If, in my feelings on returning, I had experienced a great emotional satisfaction on coming back to the *patria chica* of British Columbia rather than to the federal motherland of Canada, I was reacting like an amazingly large number of other Canadians, who find it hard to love uniformly a land four thousand miles across.

NON-CANADIANS, observing the fanatical local loyalties of the inhabitants of Quebec, usually fail to realise that in this very fact the Quebecers are quintessential Canadians, different only in the degree of their passion from their fellow countrymen. Geographical isolation and different historic traditions have preserved the idiosyncratic differences of Canadian provinces to a degree unknown any longer in the American states. Quebec, set apart by language, is only more extreme in its distinctness than British Columbia, looking towards the Pacific and cut off by the long mountain crestline called—and nobody who has not lived in British Columbia knows how appropriately—"the Great Divide"; or than Saskatchewan, where a majority of the people have ancestries and cultures other than French or English; or than Newfoundland, which only became part of Canada in 1949 and retains the remnants of a rich local folk culture.

A nation-wide survey of Canadian attitudes, carried out at the end of 1969 by a team of reporters and researchers employed by the *Toronto Telegram*, turned up an astonishing pattern of regional loyalties.

> In the Maritimes no less than 52% of the people thought of themselves first as Nova Scotians or New Brunswickers or Prince Edward Islanders, and only afterwards as Canadians. 34% of the people in the prairie provinces declared their local loyalties stronger than their national ones; 28% of British Columbians felt their land within the mountains more important than Canada; only in Ontario, which identifies with the concept of Confederation more closely than any other region, was the fraction of local patriots negligible.

This upsurge of local loyalties, partly triggered off by the example of the less militant forms of Quebec separatism, partly provoked by the economic troubles of the prairies with their vulnerable wheat-based economy, is nothing new in Canada. Like the anti-American nationalism which is paradoxically emerging at the same time, it has been one of the developing influences out of which modern Canada has evolved. Regional rivalries and resentments have always been strong and—particularly in the last half century—they have shaped the country's peculiar political patterns.

ON THE SIMPLEST level, *East* and *West* are deeply emotive words in Canada. To most prairie farmers and most British Columbian lumber men, "Easterners" are the railway magnates and bankers, Ontario industrialists and Ottawa politicians, who maintain the tariffs that keep profits low in the large areas of Canada that rely on primary production. But East and West are relative terms. A woman from Edmonton in Alberta whom I met in the Arctic (where incidentally *"Southerners"* are hated) told me indignantly that when she arrived in Vancouver nobody would accept her as a Westerner. To British Columbians, the West—God's Own Country, as their flamboyantly fundamentalist and Social Credit Premier "Wacky" Bennett constantly reminds them—begins in the high passes of the Rockies.

What Westerners (by any definition) mean by "the East" is really central Canada, the so-called Golden Wedge, the core region of southern Ontario and western Quebec, centred on the triangle of Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa, which forms the financial, industrial and political power centre of the country and which (apart from British Columbia with its vast natural riches) is the wealthiest part of Canada. The real Easterner—the Maritimer whose province is washed by the Atlantic tides and whose region has been afflicted for decades by a chronic depression that keeps the standard of living down to a half that of Ontario—shares the Western view of the Centre (and Toronto especially) as the privileged economic tyrant.

Out of the West, more dramatic and active in its alienation than the exhausted Atlantic provinces, have sprung the radical minority parties that play an important role in Canadian politics as provincial governments and as federal third parties. Social Credit—in political practice far removed from the visions of Major Douglas and the *New English Weekly*—has been so long in power in Alberta and British

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Columbia that it seems immortal. The summer before last, when Bennett of British Columbia went to the polls after 17 years in office and the rival parties sharpened their long knives for what looked like the final kill, the only result was that, with a remarkable display of old-style rainmaker's demogoguery, Bennett persuaded the more prosperous trade unionists to desert the standard of the Left (the NDP) and Social Credit went back into power with its largest majority for a decade.

The NDP (New Democratic Party) is itself a western culture, the heir of earlier Pacific Coast and prairie socialist-populist movements. Despite a theoretical predilection for centralised as distinct from federal government, its power base is strictly regional and western. It once ruled in Saskatchewan, is still the official opposition in British Columbia; and it recently defeated the long-incumbent Conservatives in Manitoba to become the "only socialist government" in North America (but mainly because of the upsurge of western discontent over the collapsing Canadian grain market). Many of the voters who put it into office were farmers who had voted Tory in the past—and will continue to do so in Federal elections. This is one of the engaging oddities of Canadian politics, that its Provincial aspect is so detached from its Federal manifestation that it is quite customary for voting patterns to split in this apparently schizophrenic manner. The Canadian voter is a thorough pragmatist, who in the prairies will remember that in Ottawa radical Tories like John Diefenbaker have always stood by western interests, but that provincially it is beneficial to have a local government prepared to defy whichever of the major parties—Liberal or Conservative—has most recently won the game of federal musical chairs.

PIERRE TRUDEAU, the present chairholder in Ottawa, an austere man in office when one remembers the enigmatically attractive figure who danced his way into power in 1968, is riding as precariously as a Cretan acrobat on the horns of the curious dilemma created by the paradoxes of Canadian regionalism. He came forward as a convinced Federalist, the foe of nationalisms large and small, and he is on record as opposed to the creation of anything resembling a centralised or a uniform state. "You cannot hold vast countries like this together by unifying them," he has said, "they will inevitably split up." And: "I feel that in the decades to come this will be the source of Canada's great strength, that we have not made uniform all of Canada. . . ."

How far Trudeau will succeed in maintaining his Federalist anti-nationalist position it is difficult to say. Circumstances have already modified it, and he has had to take into account the erosion of much of his original base of support. Many Canadians nurture a sense of having been betrayed by this golden boy of fifty who appeared to promise so much. In fact, Trudeau promised very little explicitly. To keep Canada together as a confederation was one of his two avowed intents; to abolish the more glaring prohibitions on individual liberty was the other. He has done his best to fulfil both, but in other directions he has shown himself a pragmatic, economy-and-efficiency-minded politician whose plans for the future appear even less lustrous than those of his pedestrian predecessor Lester Pearson, and who has been busying himself for more than two years mainly with reforming governmental procedure and very cautiously shifting the direction of Canadian foreign affairs and defence policy in the direction of neutralism.

Many of the enthusiastic thousands who accepted Trudeau at that extraordinary Liberal leadership convention in the lost age of the flower children when he emerged from obscurity into power have left him in bitterness. One no longer sees signs of Trudeaumania on Canadian campuses, either among the academics who flocked to his cause or the students who helped to bring out the great Trudeau vote during the last election. The artistic and literary fraternities almost universally regard him as a *vendu* to the Philistines, since his policies of economy have militated particularly heavily against those institutions for aiding the arts and disseminating a national culture in which Canadians took so much pride—the Canada Council (which last year was able to award no fellowships to artists); the National Film Board (which has had to make drastic cuts in staff and productions); and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (which has been forced to lower its formerly high standards by competing for sponsors with the commercial networks). Other special groups feel that Trudeau's libertarian changes in Canadian laws have not gone far enough. The other day women bearing symbolic coffins trekked from all parts of Canada to demand an end to all restrictions on abortion; and there were lively re-enactments of suffragette days as screaming demonstrators were sawn away from the rails of the public gallery in the House of Commons to which they had chained themselves.

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IN OTHER DIRECTIONS the current appears to go well for Trudeau in spite of the dramatic crisis which followed it in Montreal with the outburst of FLQ terrorism. The recent victory of the Liberals in the Quebec provincial elections was in part an acknowledgment by French Canadians that he had made them once again a power in Ottawa. There were other factors at work, of course: *e.g.* the fears of the English, Jewish and Italian minorities, comprising about 20% of the voters; the personal appeal of young Robert Bourassa (who after all bears a surname famous in French Canadian history),[3] and inroads made by the *Créditistes* into the rural strongholds of the Union Nationale. (The *Créditistes* are heretical Social Creditors whose appeal to the marginal farmers and small-town shopkeepers resembles that of the Poujadists in France.) And in one important way the triumph of the Quebec Liberals was even at the time only a conditional one. Working-class Montreal went entirely separatist, and, though René Lévesque's *Parti Québecois* won only 7% of the seats in the Assembly, it gained 23% of the votes and stands second in terms of actual popular support; its low standing in seats was due to the gerrymandering of constituencies by Maurice Duplessis of evil memory to give more weight to rural than to urban votes.

One can hardly attribute the recent FLQ actions entirely to the results of these elections, since this small secret society has been following a varying terrorist line since 1962, and, while it has kept its operations remarkably secret by using a pattern of cell organisation like that originated by the French neo-Jacobin Louis Auguste Blanqui more than a century ago, its members never concealed their plans of proceeding by cumulative and selective terror to the attempt to destroy the present order in Quebec. But the FLQ certainly calculated that discontent with the disproportion between the votes and seats gained by the separatist *Parti Québecois* had created an opportune atmosphere of disillusionment with democratic procedures.

The FLQ *(Front de Libération du Québec)* is not a mass movement, though it cherishes a mystique that it stands as the Secret Voice of the People. Its active militants may number less than 200, but it has probably 2,000 committed sympathisers among students and radical trade unionists. Though its methods superficially resemble those of anarchist terrorists, its ideology is totally unlibertarian—a naïve combination of Marxism, Blanquism, and Guevarism, aiming at a revolutionary dictatorship in which the assassins of Laporte and the captors of Cross would doubtless become the Dzerzhinskis of Quebec. In the beginning there were close links between the FLQ and *colon* terrorists from Algeria. Lately there has been evidence suggesting a shifting of allegiances towards Cuba and the Palestinian guerrillas, who have certainly been training some FLQ members.

The attitude of Québecois in general can be gauged by the results of the Montreal municipal election held during the crisis. In spite of the lingering sense of fear and the presence of soldiers in the streets, a record poll returned Mayor Drapeau, who had demanded the imposition of the War Measures Act, with 92% of the total vote. This meant that the very people who had voted for the *Parti Québecois* now supported a strong line against the terrorists, and the opposition Frap party, damned by its own endorsement of the FLQ manifestos, received no seats at all in the 52 member council. Montreal's action fairly represents Quebec feeling *at the moment.* Most Québecois are appalled at the murder of Laporte, and (for the time being at least) even the legal separatists of the *Parti Québecois* have gone into eclipse.

One aspect of the crisis which people outside Canada do not fully appreciate and which the French Gaullist press has deliberately obscured is that it represents a bitter internal rift *within* Quebec society even more than it represents a hard-core minority rejection of Trudeau's Federalism. The militants of the FLQ are mental casualties, not of English-Canadian oppression, but of the old Jansenist, priest-dominated Quebec which still survives in the rural areas and the small towns. Quebec has a highly stratified élitist society, quite unlike anything else in Canada. Members of its highest stratum are now in effective control of the Federal government in Quebec City, and of the municipal government of Montreal. This élite has long had links with the English-Canadian power structure, and its members are moving into key positions in industry, transport, and finance, which the old English-speaking élite of Montreal are gradually abandoning to them. It is this new Francophone élite that will manipulate the capital Bourassa hopes to attract; and hatred of it, even more than hatred of the English, has provoked the FLQ and those who imagine (Kerensky-like) that they can use the FLQ for their own ends, to attempt to ruin Bourassa's plan for effectively ending the reces-

[3] Henri Bourassa (1868-1952), founder of *La Ligne Nationaliste,* was Laurier's great opponent in Quebec and advocated the idea of a French "nation" within a Canada freed from imperial ties. He was never, in the strict sense, a separatist.

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sion which has kept unemployment in Quebec for a long time about the 10% mark.

The likely result of the crisis in Quebec, on which the rest of Canada looks with a kind of horrified paralysis, is a long swing back into traditional Quebec conservatism. The legal separatists of the *Parti Québecois* will suffer from their failure to take a clear stand of any kind in the past weeks. The *Créditistes* under their intensely reactionary leader Réal Caouette will gain ground in the rural areas and in the smaller towns. Like all minorities, the French in Canada magnify their grievances (though in fact they are better off than the Maritimers). But their dignity is offended by the FLQ attempt to persuade them that they are *nègres blancs;* and they are much too pragmatic a people for more than a minority of them to desire, in the last count, the economic suicide of total independence. They will, nevertheless, extort the highest possible price for staying in Canada.

THAT PAYING PRICES brings results even in this era of supposedly purified politics is evident from another recent Liberal victory, in the tiniest Canadian province of Prince Edward Island, where the promise of a multi-million dollar federal-provincial development programme resulted in the almost total elimination of the Conservative opposition. But the Maritime provinces, whatever their resentment of central Canada, have for generations seen themselves as a depressed area whose people can only hope to prosper by the grace of the more wealthy parts of the country; and in consequence they have never moved away—even provincially—from the two traditional Canadian parties, Liberals and Conservatives.

The Maritimes are in fact client provinces because they have no longer very much to offer to the economy of the country in general. Their mines are worked out, their farms are exhausted, their forests are shrinking, their fisheries are declining; only their export of bright and vigorous young men is flourishing. The situation is and always has been different in the West, where great quantities of exportable products—wheat, oil, gas, minerals, the lumber of the Pacific rain forests—are produced and will continue to be so. British Columbia is rich enough to afford contemptuous stances towards Ottawa, and frequently strikes them. Saskatchewan and Manitoba are still vulnerable because of their considerable dependence on international grain markets; but they retain the traditional attitude of defiance, and hard times see them not—like the Maritimers—waiting with long-suffering patience for relief, but clamouring loudly against injustice and indifference in Ottawa and shouting against that perennial enemy, the Canadian Pacific Railway.

They have been clamouring and shouting through two harvests, and 1970 has been another restive year. The government has bowed to pressure so far as to subsidise at least some nongrowing of grain. There have been large sales of surplus wheat to Russia and Peru. The edge of immediate hardship has been blunted. But the prairies are likely to remain distrustful of Trudeau, whose bilingual policies aroused deep resentment among the large Slavic and Germanic minorities (and particularly among the vocal Ukrainians); and if he loses the support of Quebec the voters in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta may well turn the scale against him. No government incumbent in Ottawa has ever been sure of prairie support. Radicalism and localism are endemic there, and every concession made to Quebec becomes the source of grievance in those great plains where the harshness of nature is highly conducive to paranoia.

WHAT TRUDEAU IS IN FACT trying to do is to create a Canada in which all the parts will be roughly equal, both economically (hence the growing concern with disparities of income where Maritimers earn roughly half as much as Ontarians) and politically (hence bilingualism and the attempt to dissolve the dependence of Indians on the reservations and to turn them into average Canadians like any other). Once that is achieved—and in itself it is a Gargantuan task—Trudeau hopes to see a Federal society in which the welfare functions of the state will have devolved on the Provinces, and the Federal government will deal only with matters of obvious common concern.

WHAT, APART FROM turbulence in Quebec, militates against this attempt to create a kind of grand North American Switzerland is the presence below the border of the hated-and-loved Great Neighbour. Canada as it exists came into being in 1867 because the colonies which composed it feared American aggression. Today most Canadians are conscious of deep though difficultly definable differences from their southern neighbours, while the Canadian attitude towards the United States has always varied between a cautious and imitative friendship and downright hostility. Nowadays the hostility is moving into the ascendant, and as a consequence nationalism is becoming very strong in Canada, especially among the intellectuals and the young. One can become a

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nine days' hero merely by quarrelling with an American in print, as I found to my surprise when I became involved in a paper fight with Anthony West of the *New Yorker,* and the literary nationalists mobilised in my support with a great reiteration of what is now the in-slogan: *"Close the 49th Parallel!"*

There are—God knows—enough reasons for Canadians to fear American domination, cultural, economic and political. No European country has yet awakened to find that (largely through its own tariff policies which, ironically, encouraged American companies to open branch plants) more than half its industries and most of its oil have passed into foreign hands. Canadian feeling about this situation has forced Trudeau (somewhat reluctantly it appears) to make a start—with uranium mines, specifically—in the direction of reducing American control. Similar regulations are now being imposed on other mining developments in the North, and Trudeau's statement of Canadian claims to a wide jurisdiction in the Arctic Seas is a further step that has won the approval of the Canadian Nationalists and, indeed, of Canadians in general. Undoubtedly the recent highly publicised Royal visit to the Arctic was intended symbolically to reinforce the idea of Canadian sovereignty over this vast emptiness.

But there are many people in all parties (though especially in the NDP, among the New Left, and among the radical prairie Tories) who would like to see a more widespread attack on American influence. More Canadian content is being demanded in radio and television. International trade unions are under attack even in the labour movement. The large numbers of American professors in Canadian universities have become the subject of embittered outcry. The extreme and vocal nationalists (like those who cluster around the Winnipeg magazine *Canadian Dimension)* are few and have little direct influence. But one has only to listen to the radio hot-line shows and to talk to students to realise what a great and increasing ground-swell of national feeling there is. In the *Toronto Telegram*'s survey, 81% of the Canadians polled regarded the prospect of joining the United States as disastrous; the proportion among students was 93%; and 42% of the students went so far as to class the United States as the main threat to the existence of Canada.

Canadians in general distrust the American system of government, with its tendency towards presidential autocracy (though Trudeau seems to be pushing the Canadian system in that direction); and there is great opposition to American adventures in South-east Asia. One finds little hatred of individual Americans. Draft-dodgers, and even deserters from the United States, have been allowed fairly free entry; and American student radical missionaries were welcomed on Canadian campuses until it was found that they were boringly obsessed by American problems and were as little interested as their straight compatriots in Canadian questions.

I HAVE YET TO SEE *"Yank Go Home!"* written on Canadian walls, but there are other and more bizarre forms in which belligerence comes to the surface. To loud student applause a nationalist professor recently orated publicly in Vancouver on the possibility of war to regain Canada's control over her economic resources, and shouted, *"We beat the pants off them in 1812, and we'll do it again!"* And to underline their disagreement with President Nixon's claim that the United States had never lost a war in 190 years, five hundred young Canadians from Vancouver mounted the first foray across the border since 1814 when they marched into the state of Washington, occupied the frontier village of Blaine, and hauled down the American flag to the accompaniment of mild rioting. The Canadian authorities made low-toned apologies. But most individual Canadians were amused and slightly elated, and there was great talk on the hot-line shows of the glorious days when "we" captured Detroit and whacked the Yanks at Chateaugay. There have been other slight border incidents since then. Beneath such farce lurk real grievances and a growing determination to change radically the relations between Canada and a United States whose condition increasingly appals French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians alike. If any guarantee that Canada will remain united were needed, it is to be found in the American threat that created Canada in the beginning.

But in the process Pierre Trudeau may find the Federation of his dream turning into the Nation of his nightmare. For the price of unity and independence may turn out to be a drastically increased centralisation and a loss of regional influence. It is precisely this threat that makes so many of us draw back before the final implications of Canadian nationalism. For it is our dilemma that the very regional qualities and loyalties and interests we find good in Canada and wish to protect against continental uniformity, are precisely what will be endangered by our efforts to establish more impregnably the identity of Canada.

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

The Illusion of Objectivity

By Robert Gorham Davis

IN "The Vulnerability of the American University" [ENCOUNTER July], Oscar Handlin gives a sharp, informed look at weaknesses of higher education in the United States. He is less worried by student activists than by teachers and administrators ready to surrender the university to practical social services or to the kind of politicisation which the new men of the New Left seek to enforce.

His eloquent minatory conclusion is printed in emphatically black type. Here is his own elevated sense of what a university should be in contrast to the disintegrative tendencies he has described earlier. But in affirming this he stops being analytically descriptive, and falls back on the resounding, ritualistic high-order abstractions that we have learned to expect in senior faculty statements deploring disruptions and politicisation: "detachment, . . . scholarship for its own sake, . . . goals of rationality . . . uncovering the truth."

Such formulae are good only for consoling those who use them. They do not convince the young, and they certainly do not help resolve anything intellectually, since what they seem to evoke has not been a reality in the universities and could not be. This is especially so in the realm of ideas or truth, which such statements make their native ground.

Professor Handlin properly attacks academics who let themselves be "swept along by the heterogeneous armies of the young toward destinations which none of them foresee." But the concluding paragraphs suggest that before leftists began applying the thumbscrews, academics *were* in control of things intellectually, were happily aloof from the *Zeitgeist*, and insofar as they moved, moved toward a destination which they *did* foresee. This is anything but the case.

Professor Handlin alludes to the increasing material prosperity of professors, but he does not relate this boom to the production or overproduction of ideas which went along with it. In the decades after 1945 there was tremendous expansion in the opportunities open to teachers: Fulbrights abroad, and other grants of all kinds; endless Conferences and Symposia; Consultantships; Government appointments; Editorships (including the editorship of lucrative text books), a chance to write first for the innumerable academic quarterlies, then for *Harper's* or *Atlantic*, then for *Life*, *Playboy* or *Esquire*.

It was difficult for professors to resist careerism because it had merged with professionalism. Activities in one area led to opportunities in another, as a scholar became a "name," a much-competed-for "star." What fed all these activities were ideas, not so much practical ideas as dramatic, "relevant," "innovative" ideas that provoked discussion. A recent article described in detail how Margaret Mead and her stable of assistants operate in this respect. When Miss Mead has a new idea, it is tried out before a seminar; then, if it works, before a larger academic audience; then, perfected, before a mass audience. The process often takes only a few weeks. Speed is important, because the climate of opinion changes rapidly, and the moment of relevance may pass.

The need to be "with it," the preocupation with the trendy, the fashionable, the *zeitgeistlich*, also affects the curriculum. Professors with any reputation are allowed to give their own courses in their way. Not only do Black Power advocates teach African studies: existentialists teach Existentialism; romantics, Romanticism; mythophiles, mythology. With the requirements disappearing as a result of student pressure, students can take what they like, and they flock naturally to the more modern and fashionable subjects.

Many of these courses, especially in the arts and literature, actually teach irrationalism. In those distribution or general education courses still required, students are rarely given the sustained training in logic and methodology that might equip them to approach "rationally" the fashionable ideologies, and perhaps even resist them. But bright students who do have such training in advanced courses in sociology and philosophy are unlikely to respond to Professor Handlin's concluding appeal, for reasons that I shall give.

TODAY, IN THE HUMANITIES and social sciences, professors are anything but detached. But if by some magic, by repeating these formulae, they could become detached, if they gave up their other-directed excitements, if they began to practise as well as preach the kind of purism Professor Handlin urges, what would this really mean?

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Professor Handlin cites the fumbling remarks of a distinguished social scientist in a major university who, when confronted by leftist students, showed himself utterly naïve politically, his principles undefined, his attitude governed by wistful sentimentality. But this may have other implications than those Handlin suggests.

If mastery of his discipline did not enable this professor to confront in a rational and principled way a situation which is part of the subject matter of his discipline, what kind of goal of rationality is he presumably leading his students toward? Does rationality work only within a "detached" discipline, and not outside it, and only so long as the emphasis is on the discipline for its own sake, for "ends and values of its own"? Is the *l'art pour l'art* argument in aesthetics being transferred defensively to the social sciences?

Is rationality really primarily a goal in itself, an end? Or is it instrumental? Is it a mode of testing and developing methodologies that are used variously to achieve, reconcile, sustain and defend goals, ends, satisfactions, modes of experience that are not themselves determinable or assessable by pure reason? Is not the particular form that rationality takes in any project affected by the ends of the project and the materials with which it deals? Is rationality, which has so unfavourable a connotation in the verb "rationalise," the same as wisdom, as reason?

A new rationality, the rationality of the natural sciences—anti-dogmatic and experimental—emerged in the Renaissance. But this did not make easier the task of reconciling reason, imagination and "the affections," a problem with which Francis Bacon himself struggled in *The Advancement of Learning*. At the height of the Age of Reason, David Hume could say, "Reason is, and ought to be, the slave of the passions, and can never pretend to any other office than to serve and obey them." This assertion is shocking because of its language, but if properly understood is not easily refuted. The problem of reason is explicit in all Blake's prophetic poetry (much taught in the universities) where the usurping god Urizen ("Your Reason") is the chief villain.

Peter Gay says that "the problem of the Enlightenment lay in the attempt to reconcile ethical and empirical trends." Like 18th-century *philosophes*, rebellious students identify ethics and politics. If teachers set too narrow a standard of rationality, students will reject it in the name of theorists taught in their own humanities courses: Blake, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Nietzsche, Freud, Sartre, and many others. If teachers make Professor Handlin's "goal of rationality" too absolute, we find ourselves entering the realm of the Goddess of Reason that Robespierre worshipped at Notre Dame or the Hegelian Idea, or some other universalist, totalitarian philosophy, in place of the empiricism that most of these social scientists actually practise.

I DO NOT RAISE THESE QUESTIONS in order to try to make heavy philosophic weather of a few phrases that Professor Handlin felt that he could employ with confidence, since they turn up in nearly all faculty statements opposing politicisation. But it is striking that political scientists who can be brilliantly analytical, sophisticatedly critical, within their own disciplines, feel that these virtues must be sacrificed in propagandist demands for their own freedom and right to be "detached." Their ablest students, well aware of the discrepancy, are not impressed by the arguments.

These students have read, for instance, such basic texts as Talcott Parsons' *The Structure of Social Action*. They know how complex is the relationship between rationalism and empiricism, between logical analysis and the stubborn irrationality of history. Whatever it may achieve in limited empirical inquiries, a scholarship devoted simply to "uncovering truth" can hardly tell us how to extract what is true in Marx, Weber, and Pareto and put it all together in one grand composite, nor can it enable us to decide who is right in the arguments of our own period among, for instance, Sartre, Camus, Merleau-Ponty and Lévi-Strauss. Any attempt at a coherent sociology is a form of social action and therefore, indirectly, of political action. This applies with varying degrees of indirectness to other disciplines, too.

I think that faculties would be in a much stronger position intellectually and socially if they acknowledged this interrelationship. I am as much opposed as Professor Handlin to seeing universities politicised on the South American model, with faculties torn apart by factional dissension over immediate political issues of the moment, or to seeing universities yield to pressure on admissions or requirements in such a way as to make any serious intellectual standards impossible.

But the fight against anarchist Irrationalism and leftist Totalitarianism in the universities is inextricably political and intellectual at the same time. Usually it is contended that "as an individual private citizen" a professor may fight anarchism or totalitarianism politically, but that when he practises his discipline, he should be

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completely detached and objective. This is impossible. The struggle goes on within the discipline too, inescapably. It is not simply a struggle between pure objectivity and rationality on the one hand, and various forms of engagement or activism, of programmatic irrationalism and totalitarianism on the other. It is a struggle between different sets of values.

When American liberal historians like William Leuchtenberg and Richard Hofstadter speak out courageously at turbulent, threatening intolerant mass rallies at Columbia, what they say—though definitely political—is not separate from what they say in their classes or their books. Nor should it be. It takes its strength from a long-matured, coherent sense of American experience in which fact, values, imagination, social responsibility and moral choice are indissolubly fused. This is the tradition of Parrington, Van Wyck Brooks, F. O. Matthiessen. It inspired the American Studies programmes which developed rapidly at the end of the 1930s and flourished for two decades. Their purpose was not so much objective scholarship as the recovery of a sense of American identity now largely lost again.

It is so also with the teaching of literature. Literature as such, Northrop Frye insists, cannot be taught. There are no agreed laws of literature that can be set down rationally and detachedly. We teach criticism, and when we discuss critically the individual work we are always also talking about something else, too: linguistics, the psychology of the imagination, morality, manners, society. These are all controversial matters, involved with even more basic values. The interrelationships are evident enough in a critic like Leslie Fiedler who is always successfully "with-it". They are equally present in the New Critical theories of the autonomy of literature. These were taught dogmatically for two decades in the universities and then vanished in the 1960s because they were based on theories of the relation of the individual to society which teachers and students no longer found adequate under sharply changed social pressures.

The kind of intellectual freedom that Professor Handlin supports is inseparable from a democratic society and government that protect individual freedoms through law and tradition. The relation is not merely external, in the sense that the government acts as a shield, since if it were replaced forcibly by what some student minorities advocate the present form of education would disappear and the professors, if they were not put up against the wall here, would find themselves in the situation of their colleagues in Russia or China.

This is looking at it negatively. More intrinsically and fundamentally, higher education and the society that supports or permits it are based on certain common assumptions, held to be creative and value-making, which affect the form that ideas take in various academic disciplines—including the forms of rationality itself.

THIS INTERDEPENDENCE, as I said, should be acknowledged. There is nothing scandalous about it, nothing that needs to be hidden. On the contrary, it could be a source of strength, not merely politically and socially, but in the realm of the academics' most immediate concern: the realms of ideas, of thought, of "truth". It would certainly not weaken them before the students. Much of their irresoluteness in dealing with students comes precisely from not acknowledging it. The disruptive students are convinced of the relationship anyway, and the majority of the students, who so often go along with the minority because they have no strong alternative convictions, need to have such relationships clarified, affirmed. They would welcome this. It would give them a securer basis on which to form positions of their own. Such acknowledgement would help faculties to control, if not their destinies, at least their curricula. It would encourage them to act more resolutely to sustain their values, but only through such forms of action, including the intellectual and the political, as are consistent with those values.

A Reply

By Oscar Handlin

TWO small points and one large one in response to the thoughtful comments by Professor Davis.

1. The power of temptation. Resistance is easy when the devil is not bidding and virtue becomes scarcer when the stakes are raised. I agree. Such purity as prevailed when I began to teach in the depressed 1930s has no counterpart in the still-affluent 1970s. Nevertheless I refuse to accept the determinism that explains the sale of an academic soul by the size of the offer. The primary fault no doubt lies in the weakness of individual commitments to scholarship; but flabby academic standards also contribute to the power of temptation. I am far from suggesting that professors ought not to lecture outside their

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own institutions, or write textbooks, or consult, or edit or contribute to general magazines. I have engaged in almost every one of the activities mentioned in Professor Davis's fifth paragraph. But the university community has an obligation (which it has not heretofore fully honoured) to insist that such activities should not be at the expense of teaching and scholarship and that they maintain the minimal level of honest craftsmanship expected within the professional discipline.

2. *What the young want.* I do not know. Neither do they. All the data show that the great mass of students enter the university without clearly formulated goals but with a vague longing somehow to be stirred intellectually or emotionally in ways that recognise their adulthood. The overwhelming majority do respond to the humane content of the curriculum, deficient and poorly taught as it is. In so far as they could, they continued to study at Berkeley, Columbia, and Harvard while the riots went on. (An anecdote: during the Harvard strike I continued to lecture; and in one large class I noticed one of the strikers, red arm-band and all. "I am just auditing, not taking the course for credit," he explained.) The faculties and administrators were delinquent in their willingness to sacrifice the rights and interests of the studious students in their haste to buy off the savage activists.

3. *High-order abstractions.* Detachment, rationality, truth—perhaps the words are tired; but I cannot believe that we have no further use for them.

The intellectual freedom Professor Davis and I support finds its most congenial soil in, but is not inseparable from, a democratic society. The university antedates democracy; and in most of the world today it struggles to exist without the law and tradition that protect individual freedom. The governmental forms of the future everywhere are, at best, uncertain. Ought the university as an institution take a clear-cut political stand? Should the German universities of 1930 have come out against Hitler? Put in its extreme form, the questions suggest the answer: the universities lack the power to affect important political issues; they can rarely do more than protect their own interests. The failure of the German professoriate lay not in the inability to keep the Nazis out of office but in the unwillingness to stand by the high-order abstractions of rationality and truth when academic life was coordinated with the rest of society. The university exerts only a marginal and indirect influence upon the economic, social and political forces that operate around it. It can best utilise what influence it possesses to guard the freedom of its members.

So much for tactics. As to values, appeals to democracy, law, and tradition can, in the end, be as empty of meaning as appeals to rationality and truth. In the one case as in the other, it is not the abstractness of a statement that makes it ritualistic but the gap between the words and the reality to which they should conform. The teacher's task is to establish connections.

THERE ARE ANSWERS to the questions Professor Davis asks; but this is neither the place nor the occasion to deliver them. I prefer rather to explain why I used with confidence the phrases he quoted. My reading of history and my personal experience have endowed the words "truth" and "rationality" with reality. Historically, they locate the enterprise that engages me in a line of development that reaches back through Abelard to the academies of Babylon and Athens. In that context, abstractions do have weight. In my own university, for instance, the change in the wording of the seal from *Christo et Ecclesia* to *Veritas* was a momentous act of liberation; and I feel no greater obligation in life than to protect that achievement.

I recall the response of my colleague Gaetano Salvemini to the raising of this question twenty-five years ago. Salvemini, at first, did not get the point for his interlocutor was a liberal member of our department who had unacknowledged reasons of his own for doubts, yet who sincerely wished to know. Was the historian ever justified not in distorting or falsifying or concealing evidence, but just in temporarily withholding the evidence to serve some larger purpose? To make the issue clear, he finally conjured up a hypothetical document: suppose it would be an enormous help to Mussolini and set back the cause of Italian democracy? Salvemini then understood, although he could hardly credit the fact that a Harvard professor would raise such a question, and the answer was blunt and unequivocal: *Though the heavens fall!*

Now, the point is this. Salvemini was credible. Every detail of his personal life and every word he wrote—whether for other scholars or for the general public—bore witness to the insistence that the truth be discovered and told.

And perhaps if words like detachment, rationality and truth have become ritualistic and lost credibility, it is because too few professors have been willing to go down the line for them.

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LETTERS

"The Abuse of Psychiatry"

PROFESSORS have, I feel, the right to be anything except illiterate. They can be obscene but not absurd. Professor Henry Miller fails his literacy test when he states that "the whole of the psycho-analytic doctrine seems to me a monstrous imaginative fabrication, based on no more than a few grains of anecdotal data" (ENCOUNTER, October). This block dismissal of psycho-analysis (and also other dynamic psychiatry) takes place some fifty years after, for instance, the foundation of the Tavistock Clinic, London, and decades after that of C. G. Jung's institute in Zürich.

Jeux d'esprit can be very enjoyable, provided that they are inspired by wit. Not so with this stunt-thesis.

CHARLES JANSON

Uppat, Brora,
Sutherland

I MUST ADMIT MYSELF mystified by the implied correlation between my illiteracy and my scepticism about psycho-analysis. As for the Tavistock and Jung clinics, their existence strengthens the hypotheses of "dynamic" psychiatry to about the extent that the philosophy of Joseph Smith is validated by the splendours of Utah's Mormon Temple.

HENRY MILLER

London

Folk Tales

MR JOHN HOLLOWAY ["The Folk Tale", October] has been misled as to the story of Maclaine of Lochbuie and the servant (Gorrie was his name) who let a stag escape. Maclaine had his servant castrated, not flogged. Gorrie later seized the Chief's only infant son and ran to the top of a high cliff. He said that he would throw the infant over unless Maclaine himself was castrated. The Chief agreed. When the father's *sine qua non* were held aloft in proof, Gorrie jumped with the infant.

The bowdlerised account which Mr Holloway found in the book destroys the whole point of the story, which I take to be the symmetry of Gorrie's vengeance.

Castration was an old Hebridean way of showing disapproval. The custom has somewhat fallen into disuse lately.

D. S. MACPHAIL

Keep Hatch Farm,
Wokingham, Berkshire

London Town

SIMON JENKINS, in his article "The Decline and Fall of London Town" (ENCOUNTER, October), seems baffled by "how far the public is already prepared to go to retain for instance, works of great art such as the Leonardo cartoon for the nation, and yet appears totally apathetic about the disappearance of the uniquely English art that is enshrined in so many London buildings." Surely the reason for this is that a nation-wide appeal was launched for the retention of the Leonardo cartoon, which caught the imagination and enthusiasm of the public.

Is it not possible to launch a similar appeal for the preservation of our architectural heritage? The funds which would, one hopes, result, could be administered by such bodies as the Georgian Group and the Victorian Society who are badly in need of money to continue to do battle with those who wish to destroy our finest buildings, squares, and streets.

NICOLAS VAN DEN BRANDEN

London

Anglo-Irish Cricket

I AM VENTURING to point out an error in the excellent article "Anglo-Irish" by James Morris in the October 1970 number of ENCOUNTER. In the second last paragraph he says that W. G. Grace once "drove a cricket ball from the Trinity College pitch" through a window of the Kildare Street Club. The incident referred to was a stupendous hit by Morrow when playing for the Gentlemen of Ireland (probably an entirely Protestant team) against the Gentlemen of Scotland in the College Park in 1912, or perhaps 1911. The bowler was Lockhart, brother of the late Bruce Lockhart, who specialised in googlies, and was killed in the First World War. Lockhart bowled a full-pitch to leg and Morrow let fly. A schoolboy spectator, I vividly remember the ball sailing magnificently over the Nassau Street railings, and the tinkle of glass as it entered the Club.

I don't think W. G. Grace ever played cricket in Ireland. Ascribing the hit to him was characteristic Irish embroidery on the part of whoever told James Morris the story.

W. R. AYKROYD, C.B.E.

Queen Anne House,
Charlbury, Oxford

Sharing Views

IN VIEW OF the recent discussion of my views in your columns, and the quotations from my articles (including an ENCOUNTER article) by Vice-President Agnew, I think your readers may be interested in the following letter which I sent to *The New York Times* (published on 30 September, 1970):

"The Sept 23 news analysis of President Nixon's stand on campus disorders unwittingly gives a

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London/New York

HOW IS IT *that transatlantic time grows shorter but the intellectual distance appears to become longer? But perhaps it is one of those Nietzschean "eternal recurrences": every Anglo-American experience is a voyage of surprise and confusion, full of the shock of non-recognition. When I arrived last in Manhattan my mind was full of the European reports of the ecological doomsday in which the cumulative American pollution was darkening even the New York weather. How upsetting, therefore, it was to walk through the quiet and peaceful mid-town streets (new traffic patterns had just been promulgated), to window-shop along the crisp and tidy avenues (cleaner certainly than London), and to bask in the incredible autumn sunshine.*

It makes small difference whether the stereotype of the transatlantic traveller is "pro-American" or "anti-American": the first confrontation with reality will confound it; and this has been so ever since Dickens and Mrs Trollope tried to come to grips with facts and fictions in a perplexing new world.

This time, as I flew off from London, I was given no dark prophecies but high hope. A young and progressive English publisher, with impeccable transatlantic expertise, had just returned full of optimism. He had spent several weeks with the Black Panthers. He found them "the best and most inspiring thing that has come out of America in years. . . ." He told me to read the just published memoirs of Bobby Seale, "Seize the Time"—and I had it on my lap, resting during take-off on my fastened safety belt, along with a batch of all the enthusiastic London notices.

The commentators in the New Statesman *were, of course, the most ingenious. If John Morgan was so impressed with the Free Breakfast programme as to present the Black Panthers as a kindly band of welfare workers, R. H. S. Crossman detected that they were in fact "John Locke's Black Disciples", evidently busy elaborating a new theory of civil government based on a social contract to defend natural rights. The* Economist *noted with satisfaction "a puritanically strict code of behaviour" and, even more important, "supporting evidence. . . that the Panthers are dedicated to working within the law and the constitution in their socialist struggle against the capitalist power structure. . . ." Also: their "humanity comes across strongly." For Anthony Howard in the* Observer *and the reviewer in* Tribune, *it was that strong whiff of "socialism" that was so "vigorous and attractive."* Tribune *observed "It is hard to comprehend the vitriolic hatred that the Black Panthers arouse. . . ." And the* Observer *paid this tribute: ". . . they have a coherent and rational political philosophy which has far more in common with socialism than with racialism." The* Guardian, *as always, was not far behind, trying to keep pace with all the other lively minds. As Jonathan Steele wrote, "they have inevitably called forth that heavy-handed mixture of panic and overkill which the American Establishment reserves for anything that sounds vaguely Socialist. . . ."*

ARMED WITH THIS *light-hearted mixture of political hope and intellectual sympathy which we of the English establishment always reserve for the slightest sign of transatlantic progressivism, I approached the young Black in Jackie Coogan cap and Marlon Brando leather jacket who was selling newspapers at the bus arrival depot in mid-town Manhattan. For a quarter I bought a copy of the weekly organ of the "Black Community News Service", and I was thanked with a clear-voiced* All Power to the People! *At the neighbouring newsstand I was elated also to be able to purchase a small library of other relevant literature: The Trial of Bobby Seale, the Manifesto of the Black Panther Party, Eldridge Cleaver's Post-Prison Writings & Speeches, Soledad Brother, etc. etc.*

Oh, the bitter shock of non-recognition! I read every line of every page of The Black Panther *for Saturday, 14 November 1970, and I came away still searching. Searching for a sign of the kindly concern for hungry children who need free breakfasts, for the Lockean constitutionalists, for the rational socialist philosophy, for the strong whiffs of humanity.*

One is first struck by the pictorial "art work". On the first page there were four silhouettes of a machine gun bearing the over-printed text: DEATH TO THE FASCIST PIGS/SHOOT TO KILL. *On page two there was an armed Panther guerrilla with a grenade in his hand. On page three there were more armed Panthers, now with pistols and Molotov cocktails. Ditto page four and five. Page six has a cartoon of a small massacre of "pigs", and pages seven and eight have four more drawings of more armed Panthers. Page nine features a cartoon strip relating the Soledad murder of a California judge, portrayed here in all his porcine inhumanity. The "Free Bobby Seale" text on pages ten, eleven, and twelve I will return to in a moment. On pages sixteen, seventeen, eighteen and nineteen, more guerrillas with weapons and slogans ("All Power to the People. . . .Death to the Pigs. . . . Shoot to Kill"). Finally, on the back page, a full-page drawing of a child guerrilla, armed to the teeth, whose message is: "Just wait until I get a little bigger so that I can wear my Daddy's hat and shoot my Daddy's gun." Presumably he will then be at full masculine strength after all those Panther free breakfasts.*

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. . . A Reading of The Black Panther

THE THRUST *of the published texts is a little more puzzling than this elemental obsession with violence and its virile symbolism. Given the rather desperate legal situation which so many Panthers are in—on trial from coast to coast on charges of bomb plots and murder—it is rather difficult to understand why (short of some unconsciously operating suicidal will to Death and Martyrdom) they should want to reinforce the arguments of Sheriffs, District Attorneys, and F.B.I. men all over the country. The liberal community at home—and especially abroad—is predisposed to believe in police frame-ups of innocent militants of an oppressed cause. (Peter Jenkins in the* Guardian *found it no less than "inconceivable" that a philosophical Panther like Angela Davis could really be mixed up with guns and killings.)*

In New Haven, for example, Bobby Seale's defence against his complicity in the murder of Alex Rackley, a fellow Panther, has been that the foul deed was the irresponsible act of George Sams, a "madman" who had no business being in the Panther movement, given his background of "mental instability." Yet in the Black Panther newspaper there is an article by a Brother who is detained in Washington's St. Elizabeth Hospital (the John Howard division for the "criminally insane"), and he writes:

> *"Read on brothers and sisters and you be the judge as to whether this text reflects the inarticulate ravings of deranged maniacs, or the true and beautiful observations of a freedom loving people."*

The John Howard brother goes on to argue:

> *"So called terrorism is the answer. Sabotage and destruction are our tools. Teach us how to construct the bombs that deliver the death blow, and we will plant them. Teach us to shoot straight and to develop our Guerillas potential, and we will attack and fade back into the night. . . . We will no longer consider ourselves criminals, but political prisoners made to suffer by an arbitrary racist society.*
>
> *They say we are suicidal. If this be true, then we must conquer. The Japanese of World War II presented a suicide oriented culture to the world, and struck fear in the hearts of the oppressors in this country."*

AGAIN, AS The Black Panther *reports in its account of "the New York 21" trial (still, as I write, in session), "the Panthers are on trial because of their political ideology." They have denied all the "alleged evidence" (the seizure in Panther headquarters of explosive materials allegedly intended for the bombing of three department stores and a subway station), and have denounced the black witness as "a pig" and "a nigger." The case against them is based only on "police lies" and "fascist distortions." Yet one of the 21 Panther defendants, Michael Tabor (also known as* Cetawayo)*—making elaborate use of the right of free speech which the Fascist dictatorship was supposed to have repressed long ago—feels moved to issue a warning: ". . .there is not much time left. . .the hour is late and the situation is desperate. . .if we don't move now, tomorrow it may be too late. . . ." The warning is to "the oppressor" under the slogan: "Either we are going to get it now or there's going to be nothing left for anybody."*

> *". . . So when we break his laws, when you say forget his laws, when you pass scorn and contempt upon his laws, when you throw mud in his face, you are in actuality engaging in the process of liberating yourself because you are destroying your enemy, and this is what we have got to get hipped to."*

If a philosophy of illegality will prove to be a hopeless defence in a court of law, there are even more depressing contradictions to come. The Panthers are destroying themselves by misusing and abusing the very public freedoms which they deny exist. At a New Haven rally for the defence of Bobby Seale, Michael Tabor (himself on trial and free on bail) argued, and with a polemical excess which went beyond normal rhetorical exaggeration to the wilder reaches of political paranoia:

> *"How many here think America ain't fascist? Is anybody here still waiting for Sieg Heil, is anybody here still waiting for storm troopers? Is anybody here still waiting for an Auschwitz Extermination Camp? . . . look at Hartford, look at New Haven, and Bridgeport, Connecticut. If you want to see an extermination camp, look at Harlem. . .if you want to see an extermination camp all you have to do is think about where brother Bobby Seale is currently languishing, he's in a death camp, he's in a concentration camp. . . ."*

WE HAVE SEEN *the pathetic stages of this revolutionary tragedy so many times before in history. Suddenly there is no Time. The Worst has come. Total Evil is about to Triumph. Every soul must Rise Up. Any Means, however impure, is justified by the Pure End.*

> *". . . the so-called White House building should be seized and all of the pigs who presently occupy it should be taken out on the lawn, and we should set up pits—bar-b-que pits. And we should take long stakes and drive them through their bodies and put them on those stakes, put some charcoal down, put a match to it and have a massive, pig bar-b-que session. . . ."*

If this is the strong whiff of humanity and kindly welfare, of socialism and rational protest, of attractive puritanism and civilized hope, then only those with strong nostrils should read on.

(continued on page 94)

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misleading impression in its statement that I 'share the President's views'.

"My views on the campus crisis were formulated long before Mr Nixon succeeded to the Presidency and have been restated from the point of view of a philosopher and educator, in complete independence of the Administration and its policies. It would have been more accurate to say that President Nixon shares my views.

"Abstractly there is no logical difference between saying 'X shares Y's views about Z' and 'Y shares X's views about Z.' However, in a historical and psychological context there may be considerable difference.

"Naturally, I am highly gratified that President Nixon has endorsed the validity of my analysis of a complex and troublesome set of issues. Since their resolution is so fateful for the health and future of American higher education and the American political process, they should be approached by all discussants in a spirit that transcends partisan political loyalties."

SIDNEY HOOK

Department of Philosophy,
New York University

Nott & Tiger

NEITHER in my article (November 1969) nor in my letter (January 1970) have I suggested that *because* we are human therefore we aren't also animal. But I cannot agree with Mr Lionel Tiger [ENCOUNTER, October] that being human is still not in need of definition. I think, on the contrary, that it will be in need of continual redefinition throughout the ages which, we must hope, are left to human development, if we are indeed to develop at all as a species. The subject may be ancient and even repetitive but it could hardly be boring to anyone who hadn't already closed his mind upon it. That is what Mr Tiger appears to have done—"There is only one human species and that is that." Surely, even if it didn't smell strongly of circularity, that is very uninformative and hardly leads towards a definition?

KATHLEEN NOTT

Horsham,
Sussex

(continued from page 93)

> *"We love to party, we love rhythm, we love the beat of the drum, we love the sound of a finger base guitar, it sounds beautiful. But we think that at this time, the most beautiful rhythm, the most beautiful sound that can be heard is that of the staccato of a machine gun as the bullets penetrate through the bodies of pigs. We love rhythm and we love sound, but we think the most beautiful sounds that can be heard are the sounds of dynamite explosions that rip through the guts of the pigs."*
>
> *And if the source of all this is—as Richard Crossman seems to think—John Locke, then I will merrily burn all my copies of De Sade and Robespierre, Rosenberg and Himmler, Marinetti and Mussolini, Nechayev and Stalin. (No prizes are being given for any other readers' entries.)*
>
> ***M.J.L.***

Agnew, Braine, Tyerman

IT IS NOT quite enough for the media to be free of official controls, although most people would agree that they and other opinion-forming institutions should certainly be that. They are not and probably cannot be free of the controls of those who run them (I do not mean owners, but technicians, editors etc.) because they require technical expertise and high capitalisation to exist at all. One might formulate a law in the style of Professor Parkinson and say that the higher the capital investment needed, the lower the chances of an outsider—say, the author of a book being filmed inducing the filming team to do it his way —are.

The prejudices of the professionals need not be political. They often simply get stuck with cliché concepts long after these have been exploded for those who know anything about the subject under discussion. These habits of unthinking get stronger the lower down the scale of education, as distinct from professional training, the technician is. Things that an editor, producer or correspondent interviewing a non-professional might let pass because of the interest of the subject, may be treated as unusable by a television cutter because of the amateur fashion in which the interviewee behaves in front of the camera. This may be out of lack of understanding that the person or what he has to say is of intrinsic interest; it may be out of habit; it is often out of subjective political or other opinion. The people concerned are usually sure they are being objective.

What is certain is that it is extremely difficult for any view that is not the fashion of the moment to get a hearing in any medium which costs a lot to produce. What is equally certain is that once such an unorthodox view has been heard, it often quickly becomes the fashion for all the imitators. Concern with the environment is a good example of this. I was saying for twenty years that unrestricted use of pesticides, unplanned house-building, unrestrained use of motor cars in large towns etc. etc. were a menace. The same people who wrote me off as a crank are now saying solemnly what I said years ago as if they were telling me something new. It has become the fashion.

This makes the smaller journals, books, foreign broadcasting and films with different sets of prejudices from our own, more and more important. It is through them that the ideas filter towards the mass media.

SARAH GAINHAM

Vienna

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Arabs & Negroes

I READ with great interest Professor Bernard Lewis' erudite sketch of the colour "problem" in Islamic history [ENCOUNTER, August] but found his concluding remarks leaving me with an impression which I trust he would not wish to convey. By merely stating that his purpose is not "to argue the relative wickedness of castration or apartheid as methods of control", he does in fact imply that such a comparison could be argued.

But such a comparison, and hence resisting the temptation to argue it also, would seem to be baseless. The only possible point of comparison between Islamic society and the society of present-day South Africa would appear to be that they both believe themselves to be divinely ordained structures. The number of Blacks in the central Islamic world and North Africa—which are the areas Professor Lewis discusses—was extremely small in comparison to the total population; in South Africa they are the overwhelming majority. No need was ever felt in the Islamic world to "control" them, as is felt in South Africa, and certainly this was not the aim of castration. It might also be possible to infer from the sentence that castration was (*a*) a peculiarly Islamic form of barbarism and (*b*) that it was confined to Blacks. The first, we all know, is not true. On the second, it should be pointed out that not only Blacks were castrated but also "white" Circassians, Turks and Spaniards (often before sale to the Muslim merchants). The number of castrated slaves, out of the total slave population of the Islamic world, was at all times a small proportion; they were chiefly required for duties within the harems and, in this special case, it might be possible to view the ghastly logic of castration as a form of "control."

In no case, so far as I know, was any attempt made to control the number of black people living within the central lands of Islam. Black armies were raised in Egypt, Tunisia, and Morocco. Slaves could marry with their masters' permission and have offspring; they could also be manumitted, either by contractual agreement or as a meritorious act. In the case of the Moroccan *Bawakhir*, cited by Professor Lewis, these black soldiers of Mulay Ismail were actually encouraged to breed in order to build up the number of fighting men. This attempt at selective breeding implies the acknowledgement of superiority in at least one sphere of human activity. I would not feel therefore, that there was any demonstrable relationship as regards slaves between blackness and castration or that where castration was inflicted on black men that this implied a form of control over people deemed necessary (as in the case of apartheid control) *because of* their black skins.

EARLIER IN THE ARTICLE Professor Lewis makes the valid point that "To the Muslims the civilised world meant themselves." Since the blacks known to the medieval Muslim world were mostly slaves, they were therefore (at least on purchase) "unbelievers" and, *ipso facto*, barbarians. The Muslims, as Jahiz pointed out (even if his purpose was satirical) had not come into contact with civilised free Blacks and were therefore in no position to make sweeping judgments. Such contacts did not effectively take place until about the 10th century (and then on a very limited scale) when Arab merchants began to exploit the gold

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trade with Ancient Ghana. The fullest account of this kingdom, by the Andalusian geographer Al-Bakri (writing c.1067), though he is describing non-Muslim practices and court ceremonial is sober and factual. Three centuries later we have the first full description of a Black African Kingdom whose ruler was a Muslim, albeit indulgent to local practice. The celebrated North African traveller Ibn Battuta visited the court of Mansa Sulaiman, sultan of Mali, in 1352-3. Already (in 1324) Sulaiman's precursor Musa had created a reputation for extreme munificence and regal splendour during his pilgrimage to Mecca and had been received by the Mamluk sultan of Egypt, Al-Nasir, before whom he refused to prostrate as protocol required.

Ibn Battuta's account of his eight-month stay in Mali reveals no trace of racial prejudice. The only aspects of life there which he criticises are those which offended Islamic principles: compulsory nakedness of women on being received by the Sultan, pouring dust on the head as a sign of veneration to the ruler and eating of certain prescribed foods. On the other hand, in his balance-sheet appended to his account of Mali, he praises the justice and honesty of the ruler and the security of his domains and the tenacity of the people in observing Muslim prayer rituals and memorising the Quran. No mention of stinking arm-pits, bad digestion, ugliness or sexual promiscuity—indeed he was more shocked by the behaviour of the "white" Muslim Berbers of Walata with women not of their household.

Perhaps Ibn Battuta's balanced approach was in part due to his long experience of strange folk on the peripheries of Islam; he had already been in *Zanj* territory in East Africa. But it is probably also true to say that by this stage of Islamic history distinctions were not based on colour, or even race, but principally on the more Quranic precept of religion. The main period at which colour played a part in group prejudices seems to have been during the most Arab period of the Islamic empire, c. 650-850. Even then it was only an aspect of the larger feeling of Arab superiority (to them, after all, had been vouchsafed God's final revelation) over all non-Arabs.

This, in turn, is partly to be explained (as in the South African case) by the fact that the Arabs were only a very small minority in the midst of a potentially hostile (but not black) majority whom they had conquered. With increasing participation of Persians, Turks, Berbers and others in Muslim government and social and economic life it became impossible to maintain this fiction. Though descendents of the Prophet (Sayyids or Shurafà) continued to enjoy veneration and a *sine qua non* of the caliph in "orthodox" Islam was to be of the tribe of Quraish (the Prophet's own), Arab superiority as such was never again an issue. In its place came the theory, implicit in the Quran, of the superiority of the Muslim, individually and as a community, over the non-Muslim, black, white or yellow.

J. O. HUNWICK

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ED. NOTE: Professor Bernard Lewis will reply to this and other letters in our next number.

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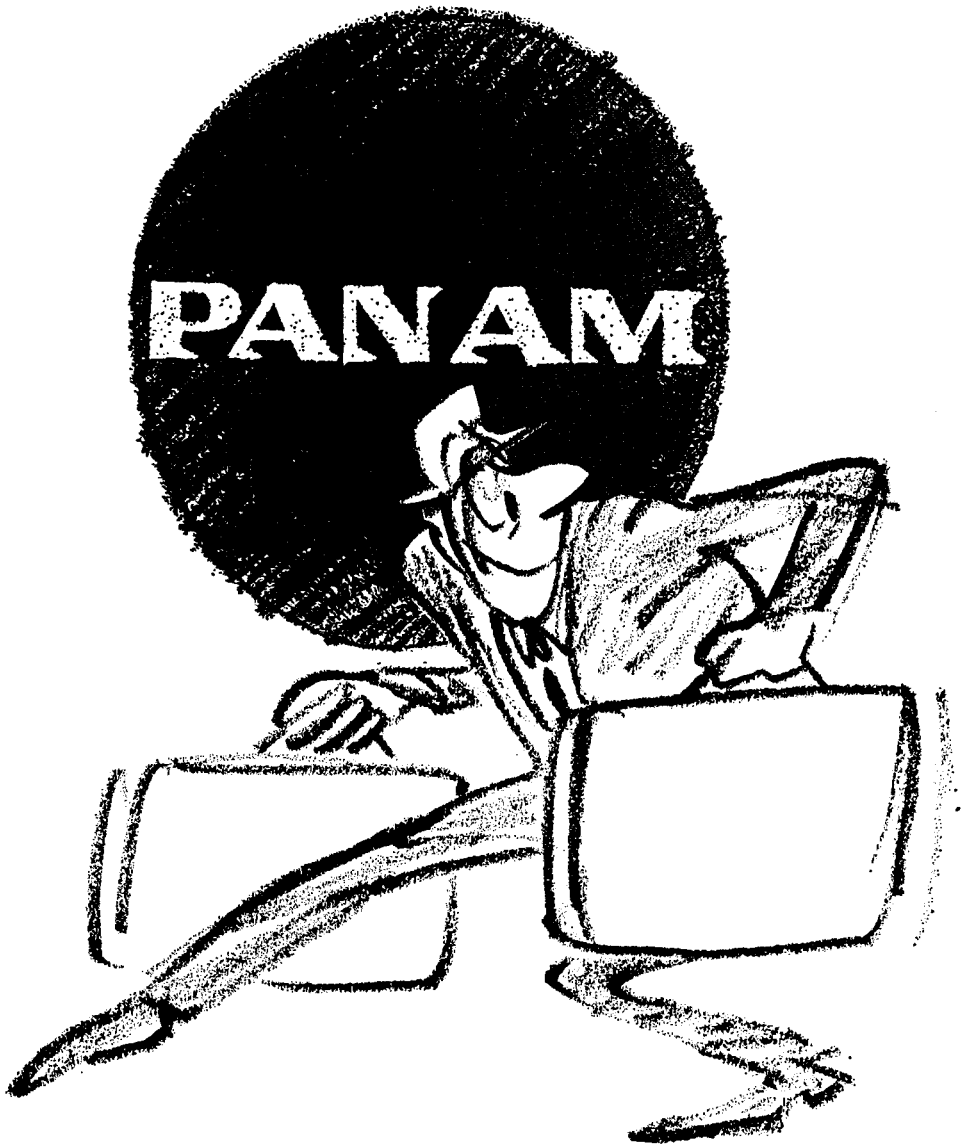

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THE M.I.T. PRESS

America Adopts the Automobile, 1895-1910
James J. Flink

Between 1895 and the late 1920's American civilisation was transformed by the automobile and the automobile industry. In this book, James J. Flink writes about the formation of an American automobile culture during the period from the introduction of the motor vehicle into the United States in 1895, to the opening of the Ford Motor Company's Highland Park plant on 1 January 1910.
117s

March 4
Scientists, Students and Society
Jonathan Allen, editor

A movement of scientists and students concerned about the mis-use of science and the relationship between science and society emerged as a public force in March 1969 when a series of talks and discussions on the subject was held at M.I.T. Among others, Noam Chomsky, Hans Bethe, Francis Low and George Wald served as members or chairmen of panels. This book presents a full transcript of these discussions.
18s paper

Atomic Order
An Introduction to the Philosophy of Microphysics
Enrico Cantore

The intention of *Atomic Order* is to encourage and contribute to the dialogue between philosophers and scientists by discussing a concrete example of scientific discovery according to a method acceptable to both sides. The example chosen is atomic physics, and a systematic method is developed to illuminate the philosophic structure of this science—and science generally—from within. 'A very good representation of the philosophical aspects of modern atomic physics.' —Werner Heisenberg
117s

Moving the Obelisks
Bern Dibner

It is ironical that the ancient Egyptians left behind descriptive and pictorial records of the most prosaic activities of daily life, but very little on their most astonishing achievements: the building of the pyramids and the moving of the obelisks. This book records such information on the latter as we have, together with various conjectures. Contemporary engravings are reproduced throughout.
19s paper illus.

Mind and Brain
A Philosophy of Science
Arturo Rosenblueth

Proceeding from a non-behavioural approach, Arturo Rosenblueth takes mental experiences as central, and probes into their relationship with physical events in the brain and their link with external reality. His fundamental premise is that of a modified dualism in which mental events and the material universe co-exist with a measure of independence.
56s

Science in France in the Revolutionary Era
Described by Thomas Bugge
Maurice P. Crosland, editor

Thomas Bugge, Danish Astronomer Royal, spent six months in France in 1798-99, and while there, made a close study of the post-revolutionary scientific and cultural scene, recorded in the form of 'letters.' *This book presents selections from* the original work, some of which are published in English for the first time. 'Bugge's persistent curiosity and Crosland's scholarship combine to provide an important book for historians of science and education.' *Endeavour.*
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